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The Story of Johnstown:

ITS EARLY SETTLEMENT, RISE AND PROGRESS, INDUSTRIAL GROWTH, AND APPALLING FLOOD ON MAY 31ST, 1889

BY J. J. McLAURIN
Editor Harrisburg Telegram

Prefatory Note by REV. JOHN R. PAXTON, D. D., of New York

Illustrated by
BARON DE GRIMM, GEORGE SPIEL, COULTAUS, A. HEUCHE, VICTOR PERARD, G. E. BURR and AUGUST BRUNO, from ORIGINAL DESIGNS, SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS

HARRISBURG, PA.
JAMES M. PLACE, PUBLISHER
1890

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JAMES M. PLACE,
1889.

INTRODUCTION.

A book on such a subject, written to give a plain statement of facts and do something for a good cause, could have no introduction better than this letter from one of the eminent divines of the age:

57 West Forty-Sixth Street,
New York, *Nov. 4, 1889.*

J. McLaurin, Esq., *Harrisburg, Pa.*

My Dear Sir: I see by Governor Beaver's letter to the publisher that you propose to write a book on the Johnstown Flood. It should be done at once, while the scenes and incidents of those dreadful days are fresh and unfaded in our minds.

Let the story of the awful calamity be put into enduring type for future generations. It ranks among the great calamities of the world and deserves a place in History.

I know no one better qualified for the task than yourself. Having seen it with your own eyes, now let your graphic pen tell the story for unborn generations. I sincerely trust the volume may soon come from the press and a copy of it lie on my table.

Sincerely yours,

John R. Paxton.

If the volume merit the approval of the public, and be the means of relieving distress, the author will be doubly rewarded for a labor which necessarily involved many painful experiences. "The Story of Johnstown" goes forth dedicated to every man, woman and child whose heart has felt for the sorrowing, whose mite has been given to alleviate distress, and to whom the claims of a stricken community can never appeal in vain.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

Any commercial interest that may ordinarily attach itself to a publication issued from our press does not belong to this volume. The book was conceived in a spirit of profound sympathy for a certain class of the survivors of the Johnstown flood, old and young, for whose benefit the profits will be sacredly applied. Over their future life on earth stretches a shadow darker than the leaden clouds which, on that fateful day, swept their domestic circles with a storm of bitter grief, and overwhelmed their peaceful homes with disaster.

To aid these sufferers any personal considerations must yield to the higher instincts of our humanity.

"No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs in beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn
Shines with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes."

This realistic and thrilling history is issued with confidence that the benevolent end sought will be fully attained through the generous response of the great English-speaking public.

JAMES M. PLACE,
Publisher.

HARRISBURG, PA.

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——"My soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourned along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,
Or scaled the cliff."—Young.

A PIONEER CABIN.

GO BACK in imagination a century and picture the region immediately beyond the chief mountain-range of Pennsylvania. Surely the Spanish navigator's enraptured vision of the broad Pacific could not have surpassed the charming prospect. Nature has scattered ideal beauties lavishly. Hills and dales, ravines and rivulets, frowning cliffs and wooded slopes dot the landscape thickly. Few whites have penetrated the dense wilderness, the abode alone of wild beasts or still wilder Indians. Although the eastern part of the State has been settled for three generations, this romantic section continues almost unexplored. Without a disturbing fear of the Caucasian intruder, who is soon to drive him hence, the dusky brave in buckskin and moccasins roams at will. Wolves and panthers

prowl unmolested, and strange birds twitter amid the branches of the trees. Bass and trout sport in a myriad streams, whose limpid waters foam and dash over rocky beds on their tireless march to the sea. Evergreens and flowers bloom in secluded loveliness, "wasting their sweetness on the desert air." Far as the eye can reach the primeval forest waves in majestic grandeur, apparently destined to abide forever. Such is the country awaiting, in the summer of 1789, the precursors of civilization on the western side of the Alleghenies, which seemed the boundary of human hopes and fears and wishes in the vast heritage the prodigal caprice of an English sovereign had vested in a Quaker subject.

Directly after the treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1768, which had so important a bearing upon the future of this Commonwealth, the heirs of William Penn quieted the titles to enormous blocks of land "between the Allegheny Mountains and the Forks of the Ohio." Much of this patrimony was in Cumberland county, from which in 1771 Bedford was set off, embracing an area divided subsequently into Westmoreland, Somerset, Indiana, Cambria, and portions of Blair and Huntingdon. Long prior to this period De Soto gazed upon the Mississippi and the French established themselves at Detroit. James Harrod and Daniel Boone had founded colonies in Kentucky, and Cincinnati boasted of a block-house. A struggling hamlet at Fort Duquesne was to grow into the city of Pittsburgh. Washington had journeyed to Fort Venango, more than a hundred miles up the Ohio—now the Allegheny—river in 1753. Rude trails led from Bedford to others that formed the sole means of communication with Ohio and Michigan. Still the great West was practically as little known as the heart of Africa, save by adventurous Nimrods in pursuit of game, who cared nothing for the wonderful possibilities besetting their rough pathway. It was contrary to the genius of the age that a district teeming with natural resources should remain undeveloped. Westward the star of empire was already speeding, introducing a new order of affairs as it moved toward the Occident. For the brighter era about to be ushered in the Keystone State is quite prepared. The fiat goes forth, and the greasy Seneca and smoky Onondaga give place to the intelligent, aggressive pale-face. The tomahawk yields to the axe of the sturdy farmer, the deer and the fox make way for the sheep and the horse. Fields of golden grain, the log cabin and the plough succeed the trackless wastes, the wigwam and the implements of the chase.

Captain Michael McGuire, perhaps the first settler within the limits of Cambria county, located near the site of Loretto early in 1790. He was followed by Cornelius McGuire, Richard Nagle, William Dotson, Michael Rager, James Alcorn, John Storm and Richard Ashcraft. John Trux, John Douglass, John Byrne and William Meloy were later accessions. The infant settlement endured the privations and hardships incident to frontier life a hundred years ago. Wretched hovels, roofed with bark and chinked with mud, afforded

poor protection against the rigors of a northern winter. Clothing was insufficient and food not to be obtained without incredible toil. Roads, mills, stores and markets were unknown. Savages lurked in the thickets, eager to strike a blow at the detested invaders. Fenimore Cooper's "noble Indian" was not the variety encountered by these immigrants. But they were of stalwart stock, full of pluck and energy, resolute and courageous, heroes without epaulettes, who boldly severed the ties that bound them to civilized life and undertook to make the untrodden wilds subservient to their interest and happiness. The high purpose and patient endurance of these leal-hearted men—advance-guards of the better epoch just dawning—received their appropriate reward. Many of them acquired a competence, lived to bring up their families comfortably, enjoyed the respect attaching to honorable age, and at length descended to the tomb as shocks of wheat fully ripe for the harvest.

Mrs. Alcorn was carried off by the Indians, but Michael Rager reared twenty-seven lusty sons and daughters, and the McGuires populated a considerable portion of Allegheny township. John Storm built the first grist-mill, and a Welsh colony, headed by the Rev. Rees Lloyd, in 1796 settled the ridge seven miles west of the summit. The name of Cambria was applied to the new township as a reminder of the dear old home across the Atlantic. Mr. Lloyd surveyed a town, which he called Ebensburg in compliment to his son Eben. Dr. Benjamin Rush, the celebrated Philadelphia physician and patriot, it is interesting to note, sold the lands to the pilgrims from Wales. A number of Welshmen also selected farms on Blacklick Creek, a tributary of the Conemaugh, and located the village of Beulah, two miles west of Ebensburg. An advertisement bearing the signature of Morgan J. Rhees, printed in a Carlisle paper in May, 1797, is a curious illustration of the inducements the "Cambrian Settlement" had to offer. An exact copy sheds light upon bygone methods of marketing real estate:

"This settlement, although in its infant state, offers considerable encouragement to Emigrants, and others, who have an enterprising spirit, and are willing for a few years to undergo, and surmount difficulties in the acquirement of Independence.

"Several families are now on the land, and many more have engaged to follow in the Spring, when a town named BEULAH, one mile square, will be laid out; 395 acres of which will be given and sold for the sole benefit of the first settlers, viz.: for public Buildings, Schools, a Library, the encouragement of Agriculture, and Manufacture, and 200 acres in the settlement for the dissemination of Religious knowledge.

"Such institutions, it is presumed, must have a tendency to promote the welfare of the settlement, and be of public utility to the neighborhood in general—a neighborhood which the late John Craig Miller, Esq., did not hesitate to declare, would become in time, 'The Garden of Pennsylvania.' The situation is certainly healthy, fertile and pleasant. The surveyor, J. Harris, Esq., certifies 'that the spot on which the settlement is formed, consisting of 20,000 acres, is in quality good, and in general, sufficiently level for cultivation; that most of the tracts (400 acres each) are altogether tillable, that the whole is proper for pasture and wheat, abounding in meadow, which may be watered by numerous streams.'

"Colonel Elliott asserts, 'that this land is peculiarly adapted to grass, and that it is fit for any kind of cultivation.'

"Patrick Cassiday, Esq., testifies, 'that at least one-fourth thereof will make meadow; that on an average it is level enough for farming; that the hills are of the richest soil, and that it abounds with durable springs and runs, which are sufficiently large for water works.'

"Many of the settlers, now on the spot, confirm the above testimonies. The great weight of timber is the principal objection. The trees, however, are of the best quality, and consist of the Sugar tree, Cherry, White Walnut, Hickory, Chestnut, Linn Beech, Poplar, Ash, Oak, Cuucmber, Birch, and Hemlock or Spruce.

"The distance from navigable streams, according to P. Cassiday, is as follows: From the Frankstown branch of the Juniata 13 miles, from the west branch of the Susquehanna 13 miles, from the Clearfield Creek 14 miles, from Chest Creek 8 miles, and lying on the Conemaugh and Blacklick, which empty into the Allegheny river.

"The imagination may figure to itself numerous advantages arising from such a situation, but there are real ones to be expected from this spot. It is on the Juniata road from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, about 230 miles from the former, and near 80 miles from the latter. This route to the westward is likely to become the most public on account of its being more level and equally near. It avoids the Sideling hill, the Tuscarora, the Shade and the North mountains. The portage from the Juniata to the Conemaugh is likewise the shortest between the Eastern and Western waters. This will of course cause it to be a natural deposit for stores, and it is not out of the scale of probability, but BEULAH, being in the centre of a new settlement, will in time be a manufacturing town, a seat of justice, and a considerable mart for inland trade.

"At present it is supposed that 500 families may be supplied by different proprietors with farms, within a moderate distance of the town. Those who are anxious to have situations in its vicinity may be suited by applying to Morgan J. Rhees, on the land, or to W. Griffiths, No. 177 South Second street, Philadelphia, who will either sell or grant improvement leases. Terms of payment will be rendered easy to the purchasers, and every possible encouragement will be given to the industrious labourer and mechanic. Saw and grist mills will be immediately erected; and in the course of next summer public buildings and the cutting of roads will employ a great number of hands, all of whom will have it in their power to become proprietors of part of that soil, which they clear and cultivate.

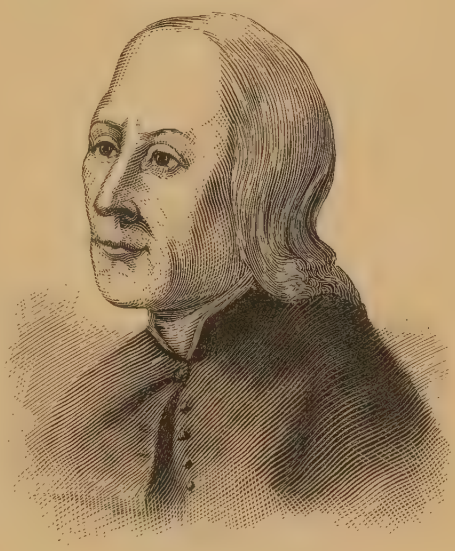
"Every purchaser of a tract or patent of about 400 acres, is entitled to one acre, or four lots, 58 by 125 feet each, in the town. Professional men and mechanics, by building a house with a stone or brick chimney, and becoming residents before the first day of October, 1797, shall have the same privilege. No ground rent on the lots will be required from those who purchase in the settlement, or build in the town, previous to that period.

"Five hundred Lots of the above dimensions are now for sale, at ten dollars per lot, payable in cash or valuable books. The books are to form a public library in the town, for the use of the settlers, and all the money arising from the sale, will be laid out for the purposes above mentioned.

"Indisputable titles will be given by the subscriber, as soon as the number and situation of the lots are known, which shall be determined by lottery on or before the first day of October next."

Beulah grew rapidly for a season, maintained a church, and had a weekly newspaper — *The Western Sky* — the parent of Cambria journalism. Like Jonah's gourd, it sprang up in a night, as it were, and died young, dropping out of sight when Ebensburg was chosen as the fountain of justice. Not a house or street is left to denote the pristine glory of this Pennsylvania edition of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" or Ossian's faded Balclutha.

To a priest of foreign lineage, the story of whose career sounds like a romance of the middle ages, Cambria owed much of its early importance. Clergymen figured prominently at the outset of its existence, three establishing towns years before the county was organized. The Welsh adhered to the faith of their ancestors, the German element was principally Amish in belief, and it was reserved for one zealous missionary to plant the Catholic religion on a firm basis. A remarkable man was the Rev. Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin. The son of a Russian prince of the highest rank, who married the daughter of a Field-Marshal under Frederick the Great, from infancy he held a commission in the Russian army. Europe had been ravaged by incessant wars, the French revolution was about to convulse the continent, and his parents decided that the young Prince de Gallitzin should visit America to gratify his desire to travel. With the Rev. Mr. Brosius he landed at Baltimore in August, 1782. A train of peculiar circumstances directed his mind to ecclesiastical study. Renouncing his brilliant heirship, he placed himself in the charge of the venerable Bishop Carroll, completed a theological course, was ordained and labored a year or two in Maryland. Hearing of the settlements near the Alleghenies, he turned his course thither late in 1789. Selecting a commanding location, he instituted Loretto and gathered around him thousands of faithful adherents. For forty-two years he exercised pastoral functions, toiling unremittingly and spending a princely fortune to further the cause for which he had sacrificed home and ease and luxury. Churches, schools, a seminary, a college and a priestly order were literally created through his marvelous efforts. "A Defence of Catholic Principles"—the ablest of his published works—circulated largely in the United States and Europe. Disease prevented him from riding on horseback in his declining years. Instead of using this as an excuse for idleness, he had a sled constructed, in which he visited every corner of his boundless parish. Two horses, one ridden by a lad, drew this rustic conveyance, which held a bed on which the illustrious passenger sat or lay. Summer heats or wintry blasts did not deter the veteran herald of salvation from these fatiguing journeys, that he might administer the consolations of religion to the sick, the sorrowing or the



FATHER GALLITZIN.

dying. A historic incident was the subject of a drawing, which is exceedingly rare. It depicts the meeting of Father Gallitzin and Father Henry Lemki, whom Bishop Kenrick, of Philadelphia, had sent to assist the revered priest in his unwearied labors. The event is best told in the language of Father Lemki, who labored assiduously in Cambria county for fifty-one years and died on November 29th, 1885:

"I rode across the country on horseback to Munster, where I stayed all night with Peter Collins. This was in the beginning of October, 1834. Next morning Mr. Collins sent his son Thomas, a mere stripling, to guide me through the woods to Loretto, where I expected to meet Father Gallitzin. We went along quite a piece, when the boy pointed his finger at something ahead and shouted, 'There he comes!' Then I saw two horses drawing a kind of sleigh, with an old man sitting on a bed. He had on the clerical garb, and I stopped my horse as we met and said:

"'You are Father Gallitzin, the priest of this parish?'

"'By the grace of God, yes,' he answered.

"'Then,' I continued, 'I have a letter from Bishop Kenrick appointing me to assist you. I am the Rev. Henry Lemki.'

"Father Gallitzin greeted me cordially, and asked whether I would go to Loretto or accompany him to celebrate mass at the house of a member of his congregation, four miles away. I turned and went with him. His conversation was most edifying, and we reached Loretto together in the evening."

The engraving portrays the scene with striking fidelity. The patriarch in the sleigh wears the hat plaited for him by the good Sisters. His face expresses the benevolence his self-denying life exemplified, as old settlers love to recall it. Father Lemki's attitude betokens earnestness and gratification. The tedious journey had ended, and he beheld the man who was to be his trusted associate and spiritual adviser. The boy with outstretched arm is Thomas Collins, of Bellefonte, the famous railway contractor and iron manufacturer, the embodiment of integrity, sagacity and push. The urchin on the lead horse is Hugh McConnell, of Munster, father-in-law of 'Squire Parrish, of Gallitzin, who survives at a goodly age to repeat his reminiscences of the first pastor of Loretto. The Collins dog had followed his young master and was viewed suspiciously by the watchful canine guardian of Father Gallitzin.

The devoted father died at Loretto on May 14th, 1840, aged seventy, passing away calmly and serenely. He who might have revelled in lordly halls was content to lodge thirty years in a humble cabin, practicing the most rigid economy to feed the hungry, clothe the naked and minister to the distressed. His transformation from a gay prince to a devout ascetic might well compare with the conversion of Paul, the astonishing change in St. Augustine, or the miracle of grace which turned a drunken tinker into the immortal dreamer of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Blessings of widows and orphans showered upon him, nor will the pious example of Gallitzin cease to be cherished while virtue and humility are enshrined in the affections of the race. He slumbers in the churchyard of his loved Loretto, a unique stone monument

marking his grave, which the care of the Brotherhood keeps green. His vestments are preserved at Ebensburg as precious mementoes.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: This was a man!"

Along the Conemaugh Valley, deeply and sublimely grand in diversified scenery, small clearings began to appear. The untutored red men sought other retreats, and the closing years of the eighteenth century found the in-

MEETING OF FATHER GALLITZIN AND FATHER LEMKI, IN 1834.

habitants, who had just been annexed to the new county of Somerset, planning for a separate judicial organization. Their dream was fulfilled by the Act of March 26th, 1804, which detached 670 square miles from Huntingdon and Somerset for this purpose. The spirit of progress had borne fruit, and thenceforth on the map of Penn's wide domain was to be inscribed the name of CAMBRIA COUNTY.

II.

EARLY SETTLEMENT.

General Campbell's Application — Original Survey of the Site of the Coming Metropolis — Fac-Simile of the Return to the Land Office — Transfers and Changes of Property — Duplicate of the First Patent — Arrival of Joseph Johns — Points in the Life of the Founder of the Town — Removal to the Country — His Death and Burial — Laid to Rest in a Secluded Nook — Aboriginal Remains — Pioneers of Civilization — Hopes and Aspirations.

"Joy gaily carols where was silence rude,
And eager throngs invade the solitude."—Anonymous.

JOHNSTOWN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

APRIL 3rd, 1769, is a date never to be forgotten by residents of Cambria county. On that day General Charles Campbell, of Philadelphia, filed an application in theLand Office, at Harrisburg, for a lot that was to become the birthplace of a prosperous community. The quaint old book recording the transaction spells the name "Campble," and indexes the order as No. 1683. The tract lay at the junction of two streams, to which the names of Little Conemaugh River and Stony Creek had been given. United they formed the Big Conemaugh, though all three were once included in the comprehensive title of Kiskiminetas River, into which they emptied. Thomas Smith, deputy of Surveyor-General John Lukens, surveyed the Campbell and adjoining properties, returning the former to the Land Office in these words:

A Draught of a Tract of Land called Conemaugh Old Town; situate on the East side of

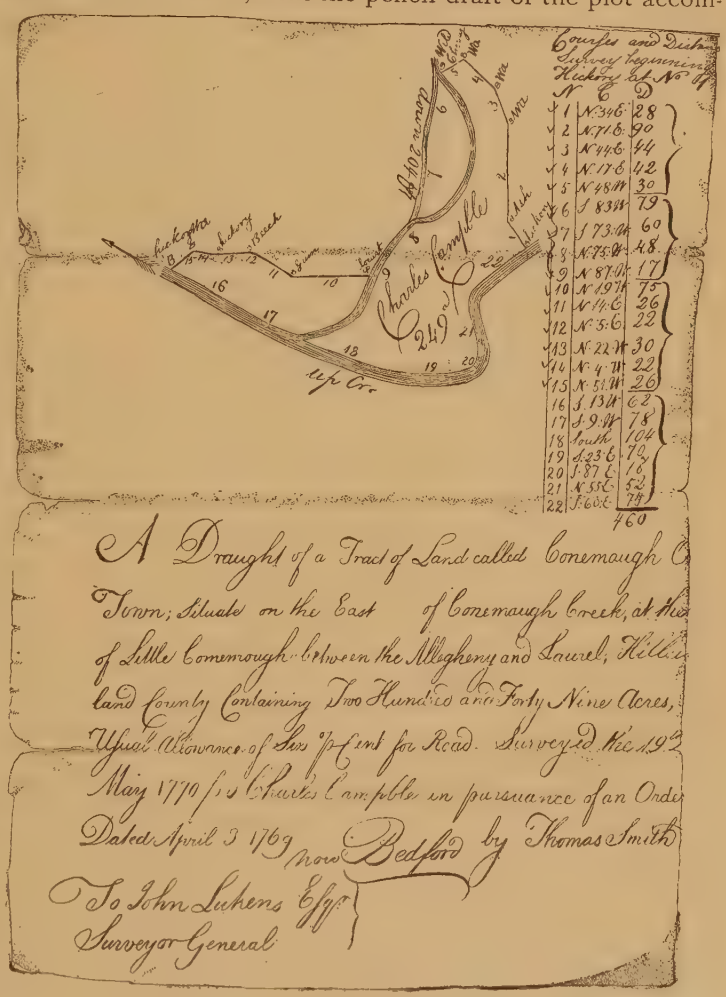
Conemaugh Creek, at the Mouth of Little Conemaugh : between the Allegheny and Laurel Hill : in Cumberland County : Containing Two Hundred and Forty-Nine acres, and the Usual Allowance of Six P Cent for Roads : Surveyed the 12th Day of May 1770 for Charles Campble in pursuance of an Order No 1683, Dated April 3rd : 1769

Now Bedford

To John Lukens Esq :
Surveyor General

by Thomas Smith D S

An exact fac-simile of this return, with the pencil draft of the plot accompanying it, is inserted herewith. The paper is discolored and frayed at the edges, while the writing is as legible as on the day it was penned by fingers long crumbled into dust. Mr. Smith gained distinction by compiling a valuable legal manual. He was elevated to a judgeship and wore the ermine creditably. The patent for the tract was not granted until the Campbell land changed hands repeatedly. Who were the various proprietors is mentioned in the document. It is recorded in a musty old volume in the Department of Internal Affairs. A literal transcript reads thus:


Courses and Distances
Hickory Bottom No 19
N. C. D.
1 N. 34 E. 28
2 N. 71 E. 90
3 N. 44 E. 44
4 N. 17 E. 42
5 N. 48 W. 30
6 S. 83 W. 79
7 S. 73 W. 60
8 N. 75 W. 48
9 N. 87 W. 17
10 N. 19 W. 75
11 N. 14 E. 26
12 N. 5 E. 22
13 N. 22 W. 30
14 N. 4 W. 22
15 N. 51 W. 20
16 S. 13 W. 62
17 S. 9 W. 78
18 South 104
19 S. 23 E. 72
20 S. 87 E. 16
21 N. 55 E. 52
22 S. 60 E. 74
760
Charles Campble
249
Conemaugh
Laurel Hill
A Draught of a Tract of Land called Conemaugh
Town; Situate on the East of Conemaugh Creek, at the
of Little Conemaugh between the Allegheny and Laurel Hill
land County Containing Two Hundred and Forty Nine Acres,
Usual Allowance of Six P cent for Road. Surveyed the 12
May 1770 for Charles Campble in pursuance of an Orde
Dated April 3 1769 Now Bedford by Thomas Smith
To John Lukens Esq
Surveyor General

ORIGINAL SURVEY OF JOHNSTOWN, MADE IN 1770.

The Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. To all to whom these Presents shall come Greeting.

Know ye That in Consideration of the sum of Forty-three Pounds Seventeen Shillings

lawful money paid by James McClenachan into the Receiver General's office of this Commonwealth there is granted by the said Commonwealth unto the said James McClenachan, a Certain Tract of Land called "Conemaugh Old Town" situate on the East side of Conemaugh Creek at the mouth of Little Conemaugh between Allegany and Laurel Hills in Bedford county Beginning at an Hickory at Big Conemaugh Creek, thence by a Mountain foot north thirty-four degrees East twenty-eight Perches to an Ash Tree North seventy-one degrees East ninety Perches to a White oak north forty-four degrees East forty-four Perches to a White oak North seventeen degrees East forty-two Perches to a White Oak and North forty-eight degrees West thirty perches to a Wild Cherry Tree on the bank of little Conemaugh Creek (at the upper end of a small Island) thence down the same by the several Courses thereof two hundred and four perches to a Locust Tree thence by a Mountain Foot North nineteen degrees West seventy-five Perches to a gum Tree North fourteen degrees East twenty-six Perches to an Hickory North five degrees East twenty-two Perches to a Beech Tree north twenty-two degrees West thirty Perches to an Hickory north four degrees West twenty-two Perches to a White Oak and north fifty-one degrees West twenty-six Perches to an Hickory Tree on the bank of Big Conemaugh aforesaid thence up the same by the several Courses thereof four hundred and seventy Perches to the Place of Beginning Containing Two hundred and forty-nine acres and allowance of six P. cent for Roads &c. with the appurtenances (Which said Tract was Surveyed in pursuance of an application No 1683 Entered the 3d April 1769, by Charles Campbell who by deed dated 1st February 1780, Conveyed the same to James Wilkins, who by deed dated 31, October 1783, Conveyed the same to John Johnson who by deed dated 24 September 1782, Conveyed the same to the said James McClenachan in fee) To have and to hold the said Tract or Parcel of Land with the appurtenances unto the said James McClenachan and his Heirs, To of him the said James McClenachan his Heirs and Assigns forever free and clear of all Restrictions and Reservations as to Mines Royalties Quit Rents or otherwise Excepting in Reserving only the fifth part of all Gold and Silver ore for the use of this Commonwealth to be delivered at the Pits Mouth clear of all charges.

In Witness whereof the Honorable Peter Muhlenberg Esqr. Vice President of the Supreme Executive Council hath hereto set his Hand and caused this State Seal to be hereto affixed in Council this twenty-sixth day of April in this year of our Lord One Thousand Seven hundred and eighty-eight, and of the Commonwealth the Twelfth.

ATTEST CHA. BIDDLE Secy P. MUHLENBERG [SEAL]

Inrolled the 10th day of May 1788

The peculiar use of capitals and the "plentiful lack" of punctuation marks will be noted by the reader. McClenachan sold to Joseph Yahns, or Johns, who is usually considered the first permanent settler in the vicinity. Born in Switzerland in 1750, he immigrated to America and worked in Lancaster county, Pa. Thence he went to Berlin, Somerset county, removing to the Campbell tract in 1791. He built a log dwelling on the flats near Stony Creek, a short distance from where the store and house of Alderman Caldwell now stand. There he lived with his wife and four children for about sixteen years, when he moved to a farm he had purchased in 1804 from John Stover, eight miles up the Stoystown turnpike and one mile east of Davidville. In 1810 he died and was buried on the farm. The graveyard is a fitting resting-place for one who, "after life's fitful fever, sleeps well." A board fence encloses a plot thirty feet square, on the summit of a hill commanding a superb view. The sun's rays kiss it in the morning and shine upon it the livelong day. Birds

sing in the orchard that crowns the grassy slope. The dew and the rain water the soil, keeping the vegetation fresh and fragrant. In one corner slumbers the pioneer, his faithful wife by his side. Next her lies Joseph, the only son who survived his parents. The graves of Joseph's wife and of a grandson complete the row, leaving room for the Joseph Johns who occupies the premises to-day. Other grandchildren are in the second row, with two unknown sleepers at their feet, laid away during Stover's ownership of the tract. It is a quiet, retired nook, suggesting Gray's "Elegy" to the reflecting mind.

GRAVES OF JOSEPH JOHNS AND WIFE.

The German family Bible, printed at Germantown in 1776, has one page written by Mr. Johns in 1779. The characters are rather involved, and the penmanship is very small. The record gives the dates of the birth of his two sons, one of whom died in 1796, and three daughters. The descendants of one daughter live in Indiana county, those of another are in Canada, and the family of the third have clustered near the homestead. The original transfer of the Campbell property is recorded in Bedford county, from which Westmoreland was set off in 1773, Somerset in 1795, and Cambria in 1804. Tradition mentions several persons as actual residents of the neighborhood in 1777. If so, their sojourn was probably cut short by the Indians, stories of whose cruelty are abundant, and to Joseph Johns unquestionably belongs the honor due to the THE FOUNDER OF JOHNSTOWN.

An application on April 7th, 1769, secured James Dougherty, of Philadelphia, the next tract west, containing 152 acres. Joining Campbell's, it was surveyed at the same time by Deputy Smith, who sent in a plot with this official return:

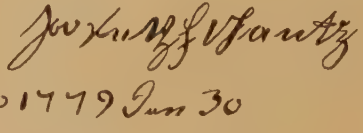
A Draught of a Tract of Land called the long Bottom on the West side of Conemaugh Creek about half a Mile below Conemaugh Old Town at the mouth of Little Conemaugh; on the opposite side of the River in Brothers Valley Township in the County of Bedford Containing One Hundred and Fifty Two Acres and the Usual Allowance of Six p Cent for Roads. Surveyed the 12th Day of May 1770 for James Dougherty in pursuance of an Order Dated April 7 1769 by Thomas Smith D. S.

To John Lukens Esqr
Surveyor General

The land, numbered Order 2909, ran down the Conemaugh very close to the present line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, comprising a good share of what is now Cambria Borough. No patent issued until August 8th, 1849, when the Rev. Williamina E. Smith, D. D., an eminent Philadelphia divine, received the title on a warrant to accept. His name occurs frequently in connection

with such transfers, indicating that the learned Doctor of Divinity was not averse to speculations in real estate by which he could turn an honest penny.

Traces of an aboriginal village were to be seen in the tangled weeds and underbrush at the date of Johns' advent. Conrad Weiser, of Berks county, "Interpreter of the Province of Pennsylvania," was probably the first white man to set foot upon the rugged spot. Dispatched by the British with presents to the savages on the Ohio River, his party came to the "Showonese Cabbins" on August 23rd, 1748. Stopping two days, they crossed what their leader spelled the "Kiskemineteos Creek," now Conemaugh River. Christian Frederick Post, a government messenger, landed at the Shawanese town of Kickenapawling—identical with Weiser's "Cabbins" of the previous decade—on November 11th, 1758. The correct appellation is supposed to have been Kick-ke-kne-pa-lin, from a renowned chief who took countless scalps and ranked high in the councils of the Six Nations. A famous warrior during the French Indian troubles in 1750–60, the collection of bark huts at the union of the two streams properly commemorated the doughty fighter. For some reason his followers abandoned the place, notwithstanding excellent fishing and hunting rendered it especially suitable to their requirements. Probably this fact helped determine Joseph Johns to occupy the ground once tenanted by a race fast disappearing from the earth. Certain it is that he quickly conceived the idea of laying out a town, which he intended to become the county seat and a busy hive of industry. What glowing visions of its grand future may have flitted through the brain of the hardy pioneer, miles from the nearest house, encompassed by lofty hills and exposed to manifold perils! Queen Zenobia's faith in her own Palmyra was less remarkable, so little is the world accustomed to seek the cot of an unpretending backwoodsman for a conspicuous example of far-seeing enterprise.



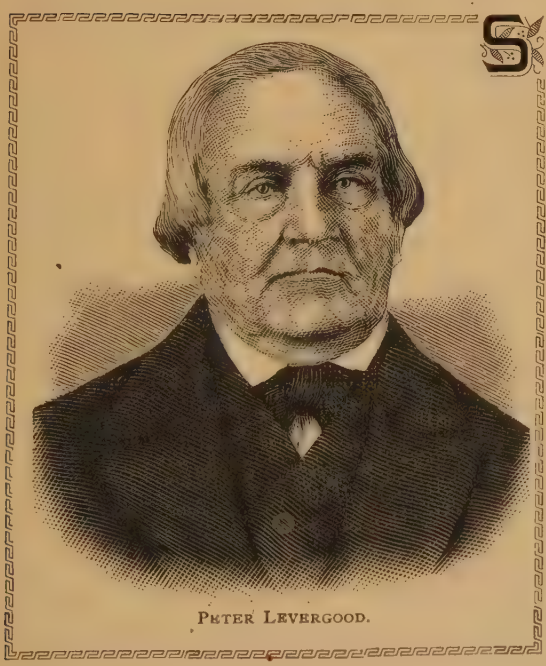
SIGNATURE OF JOSEPH JOHNS.

III.

RISE AND PROGRESS.

A Charter for the "Town of Conemaugh"—Primitive Enterprises—Serious Floods—Peter Levergood's Liberal Policy—The Pennsylvania Canal and the Old Portage Railroad—Prominent Personages—Notable Landmarks—Adopting the Name of Johnstown—Churches and Schools—Modern Improvements—Growth and Prosperity—From a Forest to a Community of Thirty Thousand Souls.

Gone is the cabin of the pioneer,
The hum of industry salutes the ear,
Thousands of happy homes are here.



Peter Levergood.

SITUATED at the head of navigation to those going west, the flats near the confluence of Stony Creek and the Conemaugh possessed manifold advantages. Settlers crowded into the territory, which bore the favorite name of "The Conemaugh Country." Peter Goughenor, Ludwig Wissinger and John Francis were the earliest arrivals. Mr. Cover located on the plateau east of the level grounds where a manufacturing center was to thrive. If the soil was not adapted to agriculture, minerals abounded in the surrounding hills. The outlook seemed so promising that, on November 3, 1800, Mr. Johns filed the charter of "the town of Conemaugh." The paper was drawn in proper form, witnessed by Abraham Morrison, an attorney, who lived until 1865, and duly recorded

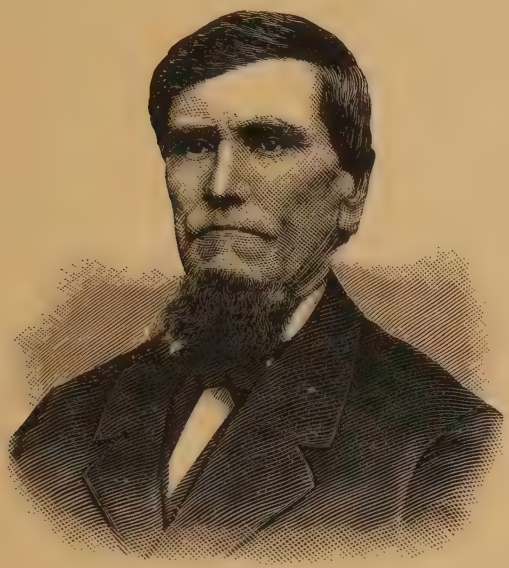
in Somerset. The limits of the town extended from the Point eastward to Franklin street. Ten streets, six alleys, one market square and one hundred and forty-one lots were laid out. One acre was conveyed for a burying ground. A square on Main street, consisting of lots 49, 50, 51 and 52, was set aside "for a County Court House and other public buildings." The charter then recites this important proviso:

"All that piece of ground, called the Point, laying between the said town and the junction of the two rivers or creeks aforesaid, shall be reserved for commons and public amusements for the use of the said town and its future inhabitants forever."

Thus was the bark launched and an eager anticipation realized in part. Slowly the town advanced. About 1806 a small forge was erected, the adjacent hills supplying the coal and ore to manufacture iron. Horses and mules transported the product to Pittsburgh prior to the introduction of rafts and flat-boats. His failure to secure the court-house severely disappointed Johns. He sold out his entire claim, exclusive of lots designed for schools and churches, to Hartley & Anderson, of Bedford, and moved away in 1807. The new owners effected some improvements and sold to William Holliday, founder of Hollidaysburg, who filled a large space in pioneer affairs. Holliday, in 1811, sold to Peter Levergood, a native of York county, who first came to Cambria in 1800. Selling out, he returned to his native place for seven years. The property reverting to him, owing to the inability of the purchasers to meet the payments, he removed once more to Conemaugh, where he spent the rest of his active life. The lot-holders were annually assessed one dollar each for ground-rent, which was remitted by Mr. Levergood. He displayed intense energy in forwarding the common welfare. To encourage building he would sell lots at a nominal price, upon condition that they be fenced at once and occupied by a specified time. Dying in 1861, at a patriarchal age, he had lived to behold the town of his adoption progressive and influential. His remains were interred in the private burying-ground beside his home, on Stony Creek street, back of the electric-light plant. The stone that marked his grave was thrown down by the dreadful flood that overwhelmed the Conemaugh Valley this year.

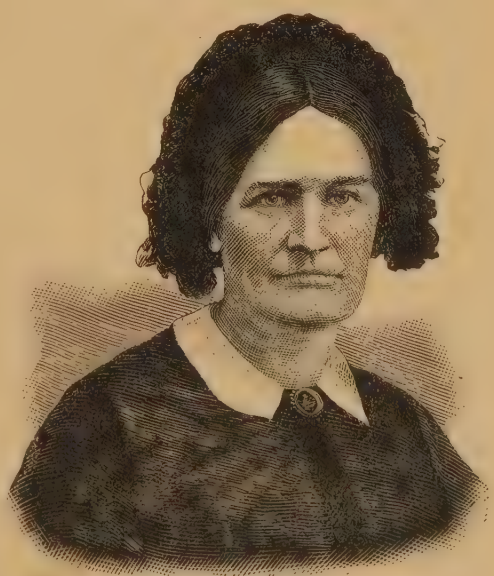
Jacob Levergood pursued the policy inaugurated by his father. He died a few years since, leaving a widow and several children, some of whom reside in the place their ancestors did so much to further. Mrs. Levergood, who attained the goodly age of 78 years, retained much of her personal attractiveness to the last. On the day of the Johnstown flood she was sitting in her daughter's home, near Stony Creek, with Mrs. Buck, an elderly lady, and some other members of the household. An alarm was heard and Mrs. Levergood asked a young lady to ascertain its cause, saying, "I wonder what is the matter." The latter left the apartment. Next moment the house was hoisted from its foundation, floated across Stony Creek and crushed to fragments.

Mrs. Buck was found alive in a tree on Saturday. The following week, seated in her rocking-chair, her features but slightly altered, Mrs. Levergood was discovered in Sandyvale cemetery, whither heaps of rubbish had been washed. The finding of the body in such a natural position and in such a spot invested Mrs. Levergood's death with melancholy interest. Happily, Mrs. Caldwell, another daughter, possessed a photograph of her mother, taken many years since.



JACOB LEVERGOOD.

Local annals tell how, in 1808 and 1816, the villagers fled to the hills for safety from inundations which covered the low grounds. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and these may have been regarded as premonitions of the ultimate doom of the settlement. A grist-mill was erected in 1812, "greatly to the satisfaction and convenience of the public." Isaac Proctor, an early merchant, built the first keel-boat in 1816, on the banks of Stony Creek. The craft was to convey freight and passengers, whenever the stage of water was favorable, from Conemaugh to Pittsburgh. Mrs. Roberts, the daughter of Mr. Proctor and the oldest native resident at the time of her decease, was drowned in the flood of 1889. Iron forges were started, giving employment to many men. By the Frankstown road, which opened communication with the east, pig metal was hauled over the mountains for these forges. A turnpike from Pittsburgh to Huntingdon was finished in 1820, despite the opposition of people who believed it an impossibility. Dr. Dio-



MRS. LEVERGOOD.

nysius Lardner thought he demonstrated that steamships could not cross the Atlantic; still they accomplished the trip, and the case of the thoroughfare over the Alleghenies was similar. Commissioners were appointed in 1824 to explore a route for a canal from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh, by way of the Juniata and Conemaugh. Internal improvement received an unprecedented impetus at that period and in 1828 work began in earnest on the Pennsylvania Canal and the Allegheny Portage Railroad. Sylvester Welch, who put up the first foundry in Conemaugh about 1830, surveyed the line of the Portage Railroad, thirty-six miles in length, with Hollidaysburg as its eastern terminus. A series of ten inclined planes, up which stationary engines drew the cars, surmounted the difficult grade and the road was ready for trains in the fall of 1833. The Western Division of the Pennsylvania Canal had been pushed expeditiously, and the first boat arrived at Conemaugh in 1830. William Cover, who remembers the event distinctly, gives a graphic account of the celebration in honor of the occasion. Cambria county had then seven thousand inhabitants, most of whom assembled to greet the vessel. Various obstacles delayed its coming for twenty-four hours past the scheduled time. The interval was spent in boisterous hilarity, taxing the resources of the landlords severely to meet the demand for stimulants. Captain Robert Pickworth commanded the boat, and the jubilee marked an important era in the history of the embryo metropolis. The town, incorporated in 1831 as Conemaugh, had a population of 700. An act of the legislature, approved April 14, 1834, changed it to JOHNSTOWN, a name destined to be inseparably associated with a calamity unparalleled in the civilized world.

The canal and railroad gave Johnstown a healthy advance. Lying just where it was necessary to connect these arteries of traffic, a basin, depot, warehouses and the paraphernalia belonging to the terminus had to be provided. All this meant increased trade and population, and by 1840 the hamlet had a round thousand souls. That year Hull Smith opened a State Bank on Main street, near the site of the Merchants' Hotel. The basin occupied several acres on Centre, Portage and Railroad streets, the canal itself running through by the Pennsylvania Railroad station. Prominent transportation agents were Judge Evan Roberts, a grocer, representing D. Leech & Co.; Samuel Bracken, of the O'Conner Line; John Johnson, of the Independent; John Royer, of the Pennsylvania & Ohio; Robert and S. D. Canan, of Miller's Line; Henry Kratzer, of the Union, and others engaged in carrying merchandise—principally metal—from Johnstown to Pittsburgh. Of that galaxy of genial spirits S. D. Canan is the sole survivor. General James Potts took charge of the collector's office of the canal and railroad on January 12th, 1839. He journeyed from Harrisburg by way of Carlisle, Chambersburg, Bedford, Somerset and Stoystown. His first lodging-place in Johnstown was the Renshaw House, corner of Locust and Clinton streets. Robert Linton conducted a tavern on Main

street long before the canal was projected. Another stood on the corner of Main and Franklin streets. George W. Kern, postmaster in 1841, had the office in his drug-store on Clinton street. The *Johnstown Democrat*, the first newspaper, was ushered into existence in 1834. From Ebensburg the *Sky* was removed in 1836. The *Cambria Gazette* made its bow in 1841 and died young, as did the *News*, the *Mountain Echo* and the *Transcript*. More recent ventures were the *Johnstown Tribune*, a vigorous afternoon daily; the *Democrat*, a morning sheet; the *Freie Presse*, the organ of the Germans, and the *Herald*. The great flood stopped the *Tribune* a couple of weeks and the *Democrat* a month, while the *Herald* has not been resuscitated. C. T. Schubert, editor of the *Freie Presse*, lost his life. With his family, except two boys who were in Conemaugh borough, he sought refuge on the house-top. The building drifted to the South Side and back, anchoring with such violence that Mr. Schubert was tossed from the roof. Falling into the water, he was seen no more alive. The other members of the family were rescued, and his body was recovered a day or two afterwards.

Until 1828 the different branches of Christians worshiped together. The Presbyterians built a frame church in 1835, on the site of the brick edifice which now accommodates the congregation. Peter Levergood deeded the Methodists a lot for six cents, the site of the present United Brethren church, on which they built a modest chapel, upwards of fifty years since. Their magnificent stone church on Franklin street is of a date comparatively recent. The Lutherans did not lag in the rear, the Catholics erected two spacious churches and a convent, and ultimately most of the leading denominations had comfortable edifices. A one-story frame on the corner of Market and Chestnut streets served as the first school, succeeded in due course by substantial bricks in different wards. Indeed, Johnstown ranked much above the average in the number and character of its churches and schools. Modern improvements came gradually. Sidewalks, street railways, an efficient fire-department, water-works, gas and electric light were supplied, the town keeping step in the onward march as the months and years rolled by.

The cluster of towns of which Johnstown was the artery expanded at a corresponding rate, enlarging their borders each season. Conemaugh Borough, incorporated in 1849, contained in the palmy days of the canal many of the shipping warehouses and offices, and was divided into two wards. It lies east of Johnstown proper and is thickly settled some distance up Green Hill. Prospect, on the high hill north, has hundreds of workmen's dwellings and a spacious school-building. Millville was incorporated in 1858. In it are the rolling-mills, foundries, machine shops, blast furnaces and other appurtenances of the Cambria Iron Company, which built and owns the greater part of the town. Cambria, on the western bank of the Conemaugh, was laid out in 1853 and incorporated in 1862. The company's employés constitute the

bulk of the residents, and the borough had its quota of churches, schools, stores and improvements. Kernville, on the south shore of Stony Creek, is a populous suburb. Woodvale, the farthest east, was laid out in 1864 by the Johnstown Manufacturing company, and had three hundred snug houses. Chemical works, a woolen factory, a tannery and a flouring-mill, were its prominent industries. Nestling amid the hills, these towns formed a community of 30,000 people, distinguished for thrift and industry. They enjoyed the comforts of life in generous measure and looked forward to the future with cheerful confidence. This was Johnstown on the fateful morning of the last day of May, 1889.

IV.

THE CAMBRIA IRON WORKS.

ESTABLISHMENT OF A GREAT INDUSTRY—DETAILS OF ITS ORGANIZATION—THE PRIME MOVER IN THE PROJECT—DIFFICULTIES AND FAILURES—CHANGES OF MANAGEMENT—SUCCESS AND STEADY ENLARGEMENT—WONDERFUL OUTPUT OF STEEL RAILS—THE GAUTIER WIRE MILL—AN IMMENSE STORE—ENDOWING A HOSPITAL AND LIBRARY—BRIEF SKETCH OF A POWERFUL CORPORATION WHICH GAVE JOHNSTOWN WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

Week in, week out, by day or night,
You can see the furnace glow;
You can hear the whir of the iron rolls,
With measured tone and slow.—ADAPTED.

A CAMBRIA FURNACE.

THE REAL progress of Johnstown dates from the building of the Cambria Iron Works in 1853. The Pennsylvania Railroad had superseded the primitive canal and the inclined planes, affording rapid transportation, and the iron manufacturers foresaw a great future for that industry. Coal, ore and limestone were plentiful. Bernizer & Burrell started a small forge across Stony Creek early in this century. The working of ores began in 1809. Four old-fashioned charcoal furnaces, with thousands of acres of mineral lands, formed the basis upon which the Cambria Iron Company was chartered in 1852. Geo. S. King, an energetic merchant, who resided in Johnstown from 1834 to 1868, was the prime mover in organizing the corporation. His exertions were seconded by parties interested in large tracts of coal and mineral lands. The projectors did not contribute much of the cash capital, which was

fixed at one million of dollars. Mr. King, whose home is at Lewistown, Fulton county, Ill., describes minutely the steps which resulted in the iron works that made the name of Johnstown "familiar as household words" in both hemispheres:

"Owing to the depressed condition of all business from the compromise tariff of 1833, a great many of the people were out of employment, as well as myself. I concluded that a means might be found to somewhat change this condition through the iron-ore deposits in the hills around Johnstown. After a search of several months I found, in 1839 or 1840, a deposit of ore, and thought it sufficient to justify the erection of a furnace to work it. For the reason that there was little or no money in circulation, my idea was to take the iron out of the ore and trade it for merchandise with which to pay the workingmen and enable them to live.

"In the first undertaking I associated with me Mr. David Stewart and Messrs. John K. and Wm. L. Shryock. We gave the name 'Cambria' to our furnace, which was on Laurel Run, three miles from Johnstown. This being before the day of stone coal for furnace use, we used charcoal for fuel. Our first iron was made in 1841. About the latter part of 1843 Dr. Peter Shoenberger, of Pittsburgh, purchased the interest of David Stewart, and in 1844 Dr. Shoenberger and myself purchased the interest of John K. and Wm. L. Shryock, thereby becoming equal owners of Cambria Furnace. We sold our pig iron at Pittsburgh.

GEORGE S. KING.

"From the tariff of 1842 better times resulted, which justified operators in going into new enterprises and increasing their business. Dr. Shoenberger and I built two more furnaces, Mill Creek and Ben's Creek furnaces, about three miles from Johnstown, in an opposite direction from Cambria Furnace. In these enterprises John Bell was associated with us, remaining so for one or two years, when Dr. Shoenberger and I purchased his interest.

"The tariff of 1846 depressed business, checking enterprise and breaking up much of the iron manufacturing then done in this country. David Stewart, who was formerly associated with me, had built Blacklick Furnace, about eight miles northwest from Johnstown, in Indiana county. Because of the reductions in duties Mr. Stewart, like many others, became dissatisfied with the result of his enterprise, and we purchased it.

"We then had four furnaces, which we kept alive and in operation during depressed times for some years, with little or no profit. In this situation it became a question as to what move we could make in order to perpetuate the business. Dr. Shoenberger advocated the erection of a large foundry, to put our iron in the shape of castings, such as large sugar-kettles for the New Orleans market, these and other castings then seeming most in demand. I advocated the erection of a rolling-mill to manufacture railroad iron. Our iron was not adapted for bar-iron purposes, and in my opinion was not good for castings, as it was too hard, though in a wrought form I was satisfied that it was good for railroad iron, if properly worked and the result of a

trial demonstrated that I was right in this opinion. Finally we agreed to an effort in the direction of organizing a company to erect a rolling-mill for the manufacture of railroad iron.

"I think it was in February, 1852, when I left Johnstown to go east to get parties to become interested in the new enterprise. I went first to New York city, and being unacquainted there, I was placed at a disadvantage. Finding little encouragement in New York, I concluded to go to Boston. My first efforts in Boston were not flattering. I was taken by a party to the office of an alleged large and wealthy 'iron company,' and found the office grandly fitted up and well equipped with advertising material, pamphlets, circulars, etc., one of which was handed to me. It set forth that this 'iron company' represented a capital of $500,000, and their works were said to be located near Hollidaysburg, Blair county, Pa., where they owned 200 acres of land and a furnace under construction. I was aware before this that an attempt had been made to build a furnace, as mentioned in the pamphlet, and knew all about the matter so well that I got out of that office as soon as possible. I said nothing to them about my matter, nor did I tell them what I knew about theirs.

"I next met Daniel Wilde, to whom I talked about the object I had in view. He called on me at the hotel, and proposed that we go and see Mr. John Hartshorn, a broker. We went to his office, I taking with me a schedule of the property Dr. Shoenberger and I intended to put into the business. We saw Mr. Hartshorn and acquainted him with the matter fully. Our proposition was that Dr. Shoenberger and I should put in our four furnaces, with tools, teams, all the firm's property, except goods in stores and metal on hand, and twenty-five thousand acres of land, all valued at $300,000, of which we would retain in stock shares to the amount of $100,000, the rest to be paid to us by the company. Mr. Hartshorn and Wilde agreed to get up the company within six months' time from date. I then wrote to Dr. Shoenberger to come on to Boston, and on his reaching there he and I signed the articles of agreement as above stated.

"Upon me was placed the duty of procuring the charter, and to effect this as soon as possible I went to Harrisburg. In our prior conversations no mention was made of the name of the company to be organized and the works to be built. Of my own choice, and without consulting with Dr. Shoenberger or others, I gave the names 'Cambria Iron Company' and 'Cambria Iron Works.' Our capital was placed at $1,000,000, and the works were to be located at Johnstown, Cambria county, Pennsylvania.

"When procuring the charter I found a general law existing that limited the quantity of land to be held by such an organization in one county. Our land not lying in accordance with this provision, I went to the Legislature, then in session, and procured the enactment of an additional section to the original law, permitting the holding of lands in more than one county without limit as to quantity. This accomplished and the charter secured, I went to Philadelphia and succeeded in procuring subscriptions of about $30,000 in stock on the part of some merchants with whom I had had business relations.

"At the expiration of six months our Boston parties had not succeeded as expected, and were granted a limit of six months longer time to effect their purposes. They transferred their efforts to New York city, and called on Simeon Draper, whom I had tried to enlist in the matter before I went to Boston. Mr. Draper became a subscriber to the stock, and vouched for some other subscribers, in all to the amount of $300,000. We then held a meeting to organize the company, resulting as follows: Dr. Peter Shoenberger, President; Simeon Draper, Treasurer; Geo. W. Hodges, Secretary; and G. S. King, General Manager. About this time a change was made in the amount of stock shares to be retained by Dr. Shoenberger and myself, we taking $200,000 instead of $100,000 as first agreed on, leaving $100,000 to be paid to us in money by the company.

"I had before this time conditionally contracted with parties in Johnstown for land which I thought most convenient and best adapted for locating the works. The company now being

organized, I immediately secured it and began to erect the rolling-mill, four hot-blast coke furnaces, and other buildings, also grading for a coke yard, etc. This was in February, 1853, just one year after I went to New York and Boston to get up the company."

Difficulties beset the company to a degree that led to its suspension in 1854. Philadelphia creditors appointed a committee to visit Johnstown and investigate. The chairman was Daniel J. Morrell, a young merchant, who urged the investment of sufficient funds to resume operations. Acting upon his advice, the money was contributed and Matthew Newkirk elected president of the company. Another failure was the result in 1855. Mr. Morrell retained his faith in the final success of the enterprise and formed a new company. Charles S. Wood, Richard D. Wood, Edward Y. Townsend, George Trotter, Matthew Newkirk and others joined with him in the firm of Wood, Morrell & Co., and leased the works for seven years. The concern was to be managed by Mr. Morrell, who relinquished his business in Philadelphia and brought his family to Johnstown. From that hour success was assured. For twenty-nine years Mr. Morrell's vigilant management was continued, ending because of failing health in 1884. He was foremost in every good work, giving liberally to help the poor and to promote worthy objects. Elected to Congress in 1866, he served his constituents with signal ability. On March 6th, 1879, he was elected president of the American Iron and Steel Association, filling the position six years. His death in August, 1885, removed from Johnstown a man who had done more than any other to foster its manufacturing interests and utilize its material wealth. Mrs. Morrell survived her husband about two years. Both sleep in the Grand View cemetery, beneath an imposing monument. Their fine mansion on Main street is now the Morrell Institute.

HON. DANIEL J. MORRELL.

THE MORRELL MANSION AFTER THE FLOOD.

Under the new administration matters took a different turn, despite the financial depression of the ensuing two years and the burning of the rolling-mill

in June, 1857. A single week sufficed to start the rolls and furnaces again, so great was the vigor displayed. The war broadened the field, infusing fresh life into every branch of manufacturing. When the lease expired in 1862 the firm re-organized as the "Cambria Iron Company." What is known as the Bessemer process caused a tremendous awakening in the steel industry. The Cambria company commenced the erection of Bessemer works in 1869, and sold its first output of steel rails in July, 1871, at $104 a ton. These were the sixth works of this description in the United States, and they have attained colossal proportions, increasing from a capacity of 150 tons of iron rails per week to a daily yield of 1,000 tons of steel ingots. Grades of steel of all kinds are turned out, from the softest wire stock to the hardest spring. The appliances are the best that human ingenuity and millions of capital can devise. The company operates thirty-five miles of railroad tracks about its works, coal mines and coke ovens, and owns 1,500 cars. Upwards of 7,000 men were on the pay-rolls last May, when the memorable flood desolated the Conemaugh Valley. In 1877 a partnership was formed with Dr. J. H. Gautier, of Jersey City, as "The Gautier Steel Company, Limited," to manufacture at Johnstown wire and sundry steel products. Enormous works were constructed a mile up the Little Conemaugh, consisting of a brick building, 500x200 feet, for annealing; a brick warehouse, 373x43 feet; a barb-wire mill, 256x50 feet; merchant mill, 725x250 feet; shops and offices. The Gautier mill manufactured wire, shafting, springs, plough shares, rake and harrow teeth and implement steel, aggregating 50,000 tons yearly. Natural gas was brought from Grapeville, forty miles west, in 1886, adding greatly to the efficiency and completeness of both the huge plants. The principal works are located upon a river plat at the base of Prospect Hill, extending along the Conemaugh River and covering enough ground to make a respectable farm.

JOHN FULTON.

The company has built eight hundred tenement houses, many of them on Prospect Hill, to rent to employés at reasonable rates. A big store, four stories high, was built on Washington street, the site of Welch's foundry, and stocked with an amazing variety of merchandise. West of it another fine

THE CAMBRIA IRON COMPANY'S STORE AND OFFICES IN JUNE, 1889.

brick building was put up for office purposes, furnishing quarters for the regiment of clerks, book-keepers and heads of departments. Opposite stood the Cambria Library, a gift to the citizens in 1881.. It was fitted up elegantly, had commodious reading-rooms, and eight thousand volumes of standard books. In it a system of education was begun in the winter of 1881-2 for the benefit of the workmen. Competent instructors taught free classes mechanical and free-hand drawing, mining, mathematics, chemistry, geology and political economy. A hospital was erected on Prospect Hill in 1886, and this powerful corporation has shown by repeated deeds of liberality its wish to promote the general welfare. Mr. John Fulton is the General Manager, and it is proper to remark that some of the most valuable patents held by the company are the inventions of its own skilled employés. William Kelly, as far back as 1857, made at the Cambria Iron Works the initial experiment in the manufacture of pneumatic steel, anticipating Bessemer a number of years. George Fritz planned the three-high rolling mill, which revolutionized steel-making, enabling railroads to perfect their tracks, to increase the speed of trains, to treble the weight of their engines and to lay their lines to the remotest sections.

Lake Conemaugh, with Views from Above and Below the Fatal Dam.

V.

THE SOUTH-FORK DAM.

How an Artificial Lake was Created—A Feeder of the Pennsylvania Canal—Its Ruin and Restoration—The Fishing and Hunting Club—Charter and Subscribers—Their Wealth—A Beautiful Summer Resort—Imperfect Construction and Faulty Material—Millions of Tons of Water Burst the Barrier and Overwhelm the Conemaugh Valley—The Fatal Break on the Last Day of May—Statements of Eye-Witnesses—A Visit to the Spot.

"——— Still overhead
The angry tempest wears its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; the embankment yields,
Lies sunk and flattened 'neath the sordid wave,
In one wild moment ruined."—Adapted.

THE FATAL RESERVOIR.

SOMETIMES the supply of water for the canal ran short, the Conemaugh and Stony Creek failing to meet the demand in dry seasons. Dams had been thrown across the streams at the outset, one at the eastern end of Johnstown and the other two miles up the creek. Yet business suffered more or less every year from the delays scarcity of water rendered unavoidable. Finally it was resolved to remedy the defect by constructing a reservoir on a mountain branch of the Conemaugh to hold a vast quantity of water in reserve. Engineers chose a ravine on the South Fork, two miles south of its junction with the river and ten east of Johnstown, as the proper place. The Legislature, on February 18th, 1836, appropriated thirty thousand dollars towards the project. John Hilderbrand and David Hoover, of Johnstown, took the job of clearing the ground, which was

heavily timbered. Gen. J. K. Moorhead, of Pittsburgh, and Judge H. B. Packer, of Williamsport, brother of Governor Packer, were awarded the contract to build the dam, and commenced work in 1838. Additional appropriations were required to finish the embankment, which stretched across a deep gorge three hundred feet above the level of Johnstown and was not fully completed until 1853. Certainly it was no trifling achievement, costing as it did several hundred thousand dollars and creating the largest artificial lake on the continent. From a thickness of two hundred and eighty feet at the base the breastwork tapered to twenty feet at the crown, ninety feet high and one thousand in length. The inner face of the dam was puddled with clay and rip-rapped with stone. Five waste-gates in giant pipes, laid under culverts of solid masonry, could be regulated from a tower to shut in or empty the water at will. Covering six hundred acres, the reservoir was calculated to hold five hundred million cubic feet of water. This would fill a canal nearly six hundred miles long, thirty feet wide and five feet deep; or a row of barrels to girdle the earth. Subsequent events give these figures special interest.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, chartered in 1846, purchased the canal and the Portage from the State in 1857. Having no use for the reservoir, the machinery to operate the waste-gates stood idle, the tower burned, the water seeped into the culverts and the dam broke in 1862, flooding the valley. Luckily the water had been escaping so freely that the lake was very low and the damage slight. The canal had been abandoned and the dam was neglected for seventeen years, an aperture 200 feet wide washed out of the centre. On May 19th, 1879, the South-Fork Fishing and Hunting Club was incorporated by a company of Pittsburgh gentlemen. Judge Stowe, at the November term of the Common Pleas of Allegheny county, granted the application for a charter. The record specifies in Charter Book, volume XXI, page 232:

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION FOR A CHARTER FOR THE SOUTH-FORK FISHING AND HUNTING CLUB OF PITTSBURGH.

In the Court of Common Pleas No. 1, of Allegheny County, No.——, Dec. Term, 1879

To the Honorable, the Judges of the said Court:

The undersigned petitioners, Citizens of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, having associated ourselves together under the provisions of the Act of General Assembly entitled "An Act for the Incorporation and regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29th, A. D. 1874, and having made the following Certificate of organization as "The South-Fork Fishing and Hunting Club of Pittsburgh," do respectfully pray your Honorable Court to approve the same and order the recording thereof and to declare that the undersigned persons and their associates and successors shall be a body corporate under said Articles of Association, in accordance with the above entitled Act of Assembly, and we will ever pray, &c.

C. A. CARPENTER. HOWARD HARTLEY.
D. R. EUWER. WM. S. DUNN.
W. F. FUNDENBERG. H. C. FRICK.
B. F. RUFF. A. V. HOLMES.

ALLEGHENY CO., *ss.*—

Personally before me, the undersigned, came Howard Hartley, who being duly sworn says that the statements in the foregoing petition contained are true, as he verily believes.

HOWARD HARTLEY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of November, 1879.

THOS. LEGGETT, Notary Public. [SEAL.]

Due notice of publication in the *Commercial Gazette* and the *Post*, both Pittsburgh papers.

CHARTER OF INCORPORATION.

First. The name and title of this organization shall be the South-Fork Fishing and Hunting Club of Pittsburgh, incorporated under and in pursuance of the provisions of an act of General Assembly of Pennsylvania, approved April 29, 1874, entitled "An Act, etc."

Second. This association shall have for its object the protection and propagation of game and game fish, and the enforcement of all laws of this State against the unlawful killing or wounding of the same.

Third. This association shall have its place of business in the city of Pittsburgh, county of Allegheny, State of Pennsylvania.

Fourth. This association shall, as such, exist perpetually from the date of its incorporation.

Fifth. The capital stock of this association shall be ten thousand dollars, divided into one hundred shares of the value of one hundred dollars each.

Sixth. The names and residences of the subscribers hereto, with the number and value of the shares held by each, are as follows:

Name.	*Residence.*	*Shares.*	*Value.*
B. F. Ruff	Pittsburgh	8	$800
F. H. Sweet	Pittsburgh	2	200
Chas. J. Clarke	Pittsburgh	2	200
Thomas Clarke	Pittsburgh	2	200
W. F. Fundenberg	Pittsburgh	2	200
Howard Hartley	Pittsburgh	2	200
H. C. Yager	Pittsburgh	2	200
J. B. White	Pittsburgh	2	200
H. C. Frick	Pittsburgh	6	600
E. A. Meyers	Pittsburgh	2	200
C. C. Hussey	Pittsburgh	2	200
D. R. Euwer	Allegheny	2	200
C. A. Carpenter	Allegheny	2	200
W. S. Dunn	Pittsburgh	2	200
W. L. McClintock	Pittsburgh	2	200
A. V. Holmes	Pittsburgh	2	200

Seventh. The number of the Directors shall be five and their names and residences for the first year are: C. C. Hussey, Pittsburgh; W. S. Dunn, Pittsburgh; C. A. Carpenter, Pittsburgh; Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh; W. F. Fundenburg, Pittsburgh.

Eighth The officers of this association selected for the first year, with their residences are as follows: President, B. F. Ruff, Pittsburgh; Secretary, E. A. Meyers, Pittsburgh; Treasurer, W. L. McClintock, who are to serve until the next annual election.

D. R. EUWER,	H. C. FRICK,	W. F. FUNDENBERG,
HOWARD HARTLEY,	B. F. RUFF,	H. C. YEAGER,
C. A. CARPENTER,	WM. S. DUNN,	A. V. HOLMES.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, } *ss.*
County of Allegheny. }

Be it remembered that, on the Fifteenth day of November, A. D. 1879, before me, Ralph

J. Richardson, Recorder of Deeds, etc., in and for said County, personally came B. F. Ruff, Howard Hartley and A. V. Holmes and acknowledged the foregoing instrument to be their act and deed for the purposes therein set forth, and desired that the same might be recorded as such.

Witness my hand and seal, the day and year aforesaid. { OFFICIAL SEAL. }

R. J. RICHARDSON, *Recorder.*

And now to wit: November 17th, 1879, the within petition and certificate of Organization having been presented in Open Court and due proof of the notice by publication required by the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation of certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, having been made and the said Certificate of Organization having been perused and examined by the undersigned Law Judge, and the same having been found to be in proper form and within the purposes named in the first class specified by the second section of said Act of Assembly, and the same appearing to be lawful and not injurious to the community, it is ordered and decreed that the said Charter is hereby approved and that, upon the recording of the same and this order, the subscribers thereto and their Associates and successors shall be a Corporation perpetually for the purposes and upon the terms therein stated.

EDWIN H. STOWE,

Prest. Judge Court Com. Pleas No. 1, Allegheny Co., Pa.

ATTEST: { COURT SEAL. }

B. F. KENNEDY, *Prothonotary.*

The aggregate wealth of the sixty members of the club foots up dozens of millions. The capital stock was increased to $35,000, in order to provide an attractive retreat for the owners and their friends. Could they but have foreseen the fate of their innocent project!

A finer location for a pleasure resort could not be desired. The labor of a force of men for two years was expended in restoring and heightening the dam, increasing the basin to a sheet of water three miles long and one mile wide, of irregular oval shape. The task was completed and the water confined in 1881, forming the beautiful Lake Conemaugh. Along the top of the dam, thirty-five feet in breadth and in the middle almost a hundred feet high, ran a drive-way. Sixteen handsome cottages and a club-house of forty-seven rooms were erected on the green slopes which bordered the shores of the lake. Claude Melnotte might have derived inspiration from the mountain paradise to trace new beauties in Lake Como for the willing ear of fair Pauline. The water was clear as Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth, and the air pure and bracing as the health-renewing ozone of the Catskills. Two steam yachts ploughed the basin of the lake, and excursions were frequent. Boating and fishing parties from Johnstown enjoyed

A FARM HOUSE ON LAKE CONEMAUGH.

the grand drive over the hills. The members of the club, wealthy coal and iron-men, spent a part of their summers at the Edenic retreat. None supposed the glassy water, smooth and placid in the bright sunlight, hid a demon that should one day break loose and scatter destruction broadcast. At the worst, those who thought of it at all believed the bursting of the dam would merely raise the Conemaugh a few feet and dampen houses on the lowest grounds. To quiet any fears that might arise a committee of experts was appointed to examine the dam. Everything looked strong and secure, although men employed in repairing the break are authority for the statement that stumps, sand, loam, leaves and straw were used to fill up the yawning chasm. The committee inspected the work, the outside of which revealed no symptoms of improper materials, and reported it perfectly safe. A recommendation to stop some ugly leaks and deepen the sluice-way—the only means of preventing the water from running over in case of violent rain—was carried out. People breathed more easily and the idea of danger was lulled to sleep.

Samuel Flenner, of Adams township, who lives one mile west of the reservoir, says that the Fishing Club employed a man named McKane, of Pittsburgh, to repair the dam. Filling up about twenty-five feet in depth for about 200 feet in length, with sand and rotten leaves, he gave up the job, when the Club finished it by throwing in soap-stone, hay, and other flimsy materials.

Fourteen feet below the crown of the dam was the ordinary height of the surface of the lake, a temporary rise bringing it occasionally within eight feet of the top. In June of 1887 a sudden flood swept the Conemaugh Valley, submerging the principal streets of Johnstown and causing serious alarm. Apprehensions of evil from the dam were revived and intensified. The foundations were reported shaky and fresh leaks appeared. Soon the scare subsided and nothing was done to strengthen the dam, citizens remarking that the rumor was merely an incident of the annual freshets. The club had stocked the lake with game and fish and did not care to open the waste-gates, even if this could have been done. South Fork is not a large stream, and the leakages and the weirs prevented the water from getting above the dam, which was not built to withstand an overflow.

The last week of May, 1889, was notable in Central and Western Pennsylvania for an extraordinary rain-fall. Day after day the windows of Heaven were opened, swelling the creeks to raging torrents. The Conemaugh leaped its banks and covered Johnstown flats to the depth of three feet. South Fork attained the proportions of a river, raising Lake Conemaugh to an unprecedented height. Steadily the turbid waters crept upward, until they poured over the top of the dam on Friday afternoon, May 31. The day was dark and stormy, a fitting prelude to the dismal tragedy that was to mark its dreadful close. The structure of mud and hay and boulders leaked furiously, honey-

DEVASTATION WROUGHT BY THE WATERS.

combing the incongruous mass. Through the interstices of the masonry the angry water forced its way, each hour augmenting the number and extent of its encroachments. President Elias J. Unger, of the Fishing Club, set a gang of Italians to throw dirt on the face of the bank, in a vain attempt to stem the raging current. Mrs. Partington, seeking to drive back the ocean tide with a broom, was more effective. The lake rose constantly, and by noon the conviction of imminent danger grew to a painful certainty. Warning messages were sent to the towns along the valley, rehearsing the condition of the dam, but they passed unheeded. The same tale had been heard so often that its repetition was considered an idle fiction.

Herbert Webber, an employé of the club, noticed the water oozing from beneath the foundations about half-past twelve o'clock. Swiftly the undermining went on, the knot of spectators standing by powerless to avert the impending calamity. Precisely at 2:50 the central stones sank down, opening a great rent in the lower half of the wall. Just at eight minutes past three o'clock the arched masonry toppled. Then the wall spread outward, as if splitting in twain, and the waters rushed forth madly, carrying death and devastation in their relentless march. The catastrophe men feared had come at last, in volume far exceeding the gloomiest forebodings, and the most disastrous flood in American history was starting on its awful mission. Fifteen

minutes sufficed to lower the water fifty feet and tear a tremendous hole in the embankment. Niagara is a tiny rill in comparison with the hissing, seething, roaring avalanche hurled upon the doomed valley with merciless fury.

George Gramling owns saw and grist-mills on Sandy Run, which were operated by water from a dam. This broke at seven in the morning, which led Mr. Gramling to think the big dam would go also. He and E. S. Gramling, Jacob G. Baumgardner and Samuel Helman started about 8 o'clock for the lake. When they arrived the water was six feet from the top of the breast and rising about a foot per hour. Toward noon Mr. Gramling went home for dinner and returned in two hours. Crossing on the bridge below the dam, he went up to the top and walked on the bridge over the waste-weir. The water was then running over the lowest portions of the crown half way up his boot-leg. He remained until the breast broke and the water started down the valley. The water, as it tumbled into the stream below, gradually washed the embankment away until it was not more than half its original thickness. A short section in the middle of the dam gave way, increasing as the waters swept through until the gap was a hundred yards wide. Had this gap been made all at once at the first break the flood must have been even more disastrous. It was fifteen minutes from the time the dam broke until the great bulk of the water was discharged, if Mr. Gramling's estimate be correct, and it accords closely with others.

Ex-Poor Director Rorabaugh, whose farm adjoins the reservoir, stated :

"In the morning it was raining hard. Thinking the water in the reservoir would rise to a great height, I went down to the breast. The water was then rising ten inches an hour. A gang of Hungarians was put to work at the south side of the dam to make an opening, and did succeed in letting some water out. The embankment was hard to cut, and little headway was made. The water continued to rise. At one o'clock, when I visited the dam a second time, the water was running over the breast. I soon went home, returning in an hour. About three o'clock a break occured in the breast of the dam, and the whole mass of water rushed with a tremendous roar down the valley. At the top the break was about three hundred feet wide and it sloped down to about two hundred, below which another break occurred about twenty-five feet wide, through which the stream now runs. I have been a resident of the reservoir neighborhood since 1844 and know about the construction of the dam. When the State first built it the breast was made entirely of clay, packed in layers, backed with rip-raps of stone. The Railroad Company made no change in the dam. When the Pittsburgh people got hold of it they began to make some additions to the breast. They hauled stone and patched up a break, and raised the breast and widened it with stone and earth. When Colonel Unger saw the condition of the dam—some time before it broke—he remarked that if it withstood this flood the association owning it would put it beyond all possibility of danger in the future. But it didn't hold, and when the Colonel saw it go he, realizing the awful consequences of the break, became so ill that he had to be assisted to the hotel."

A Philadelphia civil engineer, John G. Parke, who was superintending drainage improvements at the lake, says :

"For several days prior to the breaking of the dam, storm after storm swept over the mountains, flooding every creek and rivulet. The waters from these varied sources flowed

into the lake, which finally was not able to stand the pressure. On Friday morning I realized the danger that threatened and from that time every effort was made to prevent a flood, without avail. When I at last found that the dam was bound to go, I started out to tell the people. By twelve o'clock everybody in the Conemaugh region ought to have known of the danger. Three hours later my gravest fears were more than realized. It is an erroneous opinion that the dam burst. It simply *moved away*. The water gradually ate into the embankment until there was nothing left but a frail bulwark of wood. This split asunder and sent the water hurling down the mountains."

Truly the dam had "moved away." The sword of Damocles could not always hang suspended, neither was it reasonable to suppose that a dam unprovided with facilities to discharge its waters would endure perpetually. Had repairs followed the spring freshets of 1877-8, or the waste-gates not been discarded, the sad story of the fatal dam at South Fork might have remained unwritten. But helpless captives used to be "butchered to make a Roman holiday," and 50,000 lives in Pennsylvania were jeopardised for eight years that a club of rich pleasure-seekers might fish and sail and revel in luxurious ease during the heated term. Frightful was the risk and terrible the penalty exacted. The courts will settle the question of the club's responsibility for the disaster, suits for damages having been entered. Alas! for the thoughtless selfishness of weak humanity! Isaac G. Reed has written:

Many thousand human lives—
Butchered husbands, slaughtered wives,
  Mangled daughters, bleeding sons,
  Hosts of martyred little ones
(Worse than Herod's awful crime)
Sent to Heaven before their time;
  Lovers burnt and sweethearts drowned,
  Darlings lost but never found!

All the horrors that hell could wish,
Such was the price that was paid for—fish!

A dam which vomited a flood
Of water turning into blood;
  A deafening, rumbling, groaning roar
  That ne'er was heard on earth before;
A maddening whirl, a leap, a dash—
And then a crush—and then a crash—
  A wave that carried off a town—
  A blow that knocked a city down.

All the horrors that hell could wish,
Such was the price that was paid for—fish!

An hour of flood, a night of flame,
A week of woe without a name—
  A week when sleep, with hope, had fled,
  While misery hunted for its dead;
A week of corpses by the mile,
One long, long week, without one smile,
  A week whose tale no tongue can tell,
  A week without a parallel!

All the horrors that hell could wish,
Such was the price that was paid for—fish!

From the very first the evidence against the constructors and maintainers of the dam appeared strong, positive and convincing. Frequent examinations of the dam were made, but examinations without authority back of them

to compel repairs, rebuilding or removal amount to nothing. The remains of the dam have been examined by two expert engineers, Mr. A. M. Wellington and Mr. F. P. Burt, the latter associate editor of the *Engineering News*, both capable and disinterested judges. They reported that the old dam used for the abandoned canal and the enlarged dam were of earth only, with no "heart-wall" and only "rip-rapped" on the slopes. Such a cheap and careless construction for such a locality involved either dense ignorance or criminal carelessness, or both. These expert engineers further say that the dam should have been crowned in the middle, so that any overflow would have been divided and passed over the ends, while, in order to save the "game fish," sufficient sluice-ways for the escape of water were not made. The conclusions of these gentlemen are what might have been expected. The legal proceedings and investigations which are inevitable ought to be exhaustive. There is no doubt that this great reservoir, high above the towns in the narrow valleys, was a perpetual menace. If men were continually thinking of the perils they incur, the people of Johnstown could not have slept. The terrible hazard hung over them night and day. They knew it. But the dam had not burst, though often reported in danger, and they fell into the habit of unconcern. It is now plain that such a risk should not have been taken at all. Under the circumstances, a great reservoir of water, so placed and so confined, was such a menace to the lives of many thousands of people that it should not have been tolerated for a day. It was thought safe. But it was not safe. It was considered that no ordinary conditions could make it break the dam. But extraordinary conditions will at times exist. It was said—using the strongest guarantee which has been cited—that in the judgment of the builders only a convulsion of nature could destroy such a dam. Suppose there should be a convulsion of nature! Suppose that a waterspout should come, or an earthquake, was it reasonable that, for the sake of a few people's boating and fishing a few weeks in the year, an avalanche should be hung over the heads of all the people in the valley below, ready to fall when nature suffered some unusual experience? The lake ought not to have been allowed in a situation so related to the towns below. That is the whole case.

It was my fortune, after witnessing the unspeakable horrors at Johnstown, to be the first to traverse the whole length and breadth of the devastated region, from the ruined, emptied Lake Conemaugh to Nineveh. The visit to the dam disclosed how the water had carved a highway for itself in its exhaustless rage. Both wings of the dam were standing intact, mute, hoary, moss-grown testimonies to the superior work done by the first contractors. The newer portions had gone, leaving not a particle of refuse, so thorough was the destruction. Masons could not have taken out the stone passage-ways more cleanly. The proud lake had dwindled to a thread winding amid the loose

stones and muddy deposits of a petty brook. The cottages looked upon a slimy, oozing gully, no longer the silver expanse that had pleased the eye two days before. Off on the hillside the pretty cottage of Col. Unger, the club-house and residences on both banks of the lake seemed to invite the guests who did not come. The mountains with their early foliage, the verdant lawns, the fields carpeted in green and the invigorating atmosphere, which had regaled the mirthful throngs of former years, none were there to enjoy. Laughter echoed not along the peaks and slopes. Merry children were not playing on the banks. The cottages sent forth no sounds of revelry. A ragged boy, fishing in the "deep hole" below the dam, hooked a bass. Grass and weeds were already springing up on the brink of the ugly cavity. A delicate white flower, that had lifted away a counterpane of damp leaves, peeped timidly from the foot of a withered tree. Birds hopped hither and thither, and a single chipmunk frisked about the hideous gulf, blissfully unconscious of the mischief wrought by the unsparing despoiler.

DEAD BODIES ON THE RAILROAD TRACK.

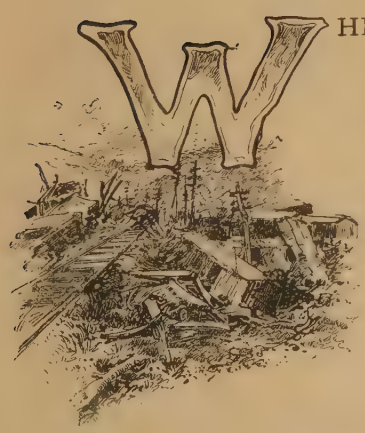
Drifting Down to Death

VI.

MARCH OF THE DESTROYER.

A Day of Funereal Gloom—Rush of Waters Down the Valley—John Baker's Heroic Ride—Ravages at South-Fork—First Victim of the Flood—Shafer's Fate—An Engineer's Escape—Railroaders Drowned—Sad Scenes Along the Route—The Viaduct Washed Away—Mineral Point Obliterated—The High Bridge Gone—A Perilous Journey—Terrible Loss of Life and Property at East Conemaugh—Franklin Borough Plunged into Mourning.

"The raging flood
Rolled a broad slaughter down the peaceful vale,
And nature's self did seem to totter on the brink of time."—Adapted.



WHERE TWO BRAKEMEN DIED.

WHEN THE fatal break in the dam occurred the skies wore a leaden hue, as if in mourning for the region about to experience a direful visitation. Clouds of inky blackness spread a funereal pall, veiling the sun from mortal view. The atmosphere was damp and murky and the earth saturated with moisture. Raindrops glistened on every leaf and blade of grass, nature's subsidy of tears over the approaching horror. Swollen rivulets murmured a solemn requiem, for the supreme moment had come to hurry thousands of unsuspecting souls into eternity. Unseen and disregarded, the Destroyer shadowed the devoted Conemaugh Valley, ready to strike the blow that should convert it into one great charnel-house. Insatiate Death, hungry for his prey, awaited the signal to cut down the human harvest which might glut even the grim reaper. Wholesale casualties have not been wanting at any period, but the most appalling of

them all was now to be appended to the dreary list. Asia and Africa have been the scene of inundations attended with frightful mortality, the greatest of which this continent was destined to dwarf into comparative insignificance.

John Baker, a young man of medium size, with an honest face and a brave heart, on Friday afternoon mounted his horse Leo and rode up from South Fork to see the dam. Disquieting rumors had circulated through the mining vilage, two and one-third miles northward, where the Fork unites with Conemaugh Creek. South Fork had risen in the forenoon to the floors of twenty dwellings clustered along its east shore. The occupants took refuge with neighbors on the higher grounds. As Baker drew near the dam he saw the central part collapse and the water pour out furiously. Not a moment was to be lost. Turning his horse and lashing the gallant animal into a fierce gallop, he rode back at a violent pace. A short distance below the dam stood the farm-house of George Fisher.

JOHN BAKER.

Young Baker's shouts alarmed the inmates, who hastened to the hill-side before their home was borne off. The household of Fisher's father, across the creek, fled in the same manner just in time to avoid a watery grave. Farther down was a wooden bridge. It vanished in a twinkling, forty minutes after the last passenger had driven over the frail structure. George Lamb tilled a farm and lived in a frame house close to the road, on the west bank. He and his family got out and watched their residence join the Fisher buildings in the swirling cataract. The intervening space to the upper end of South Fork, a hamlet of fifteen hundred population, is principally woods, bold bluffs skirting the stream. Onward sped the daring rider, the tempestuous deluge plunging and leaping behind him. The houses not previously vacated were deserted immediately as his frantic note of warning sounded in the ears of the startled dwellers on the bottom land. The next instant the village sustained the shock of the inundation. Thirty-seven buildings tumbled or floated away. Thanks to John Baker's heroic endeavors, many lives were spared. Genuine heroes are proverbially diffident, and here is the simple narrative of this youthful emulator of Paul Revere, told me from his own lips:

"I am eighteen years old and live with my father at South Fork. On the day of the flood the creek rose very high and people got scared about the dam. After dinner I saddled Leo and rode up, for I wanted to know how things looked. Just as I got there I saw the middle drop out, and I knew the whole dam must go. I didn't stop a second, but turned my horse, and started back as fast as he could run. I pulled out a red pocket-handkerchief and waved it in front of Leo, which frightened him and he ran like fury. I shouted to George Fisher's family, and they ran up the hill. Looking back, I saw the flood tearing down like a big wave and Fisher's house carried off. I kept on to town, shouting at the upper end to the people to fly for their lives. I stopped near our place and yelled at the Lutts to come out of their house. My parents and sisters went up the hill back of the hotel, the water rising to the ceiling of the first story. I don't think I was two minutes ahead of the flood. It was a hard ride and I did my best to warn folks of the danger."

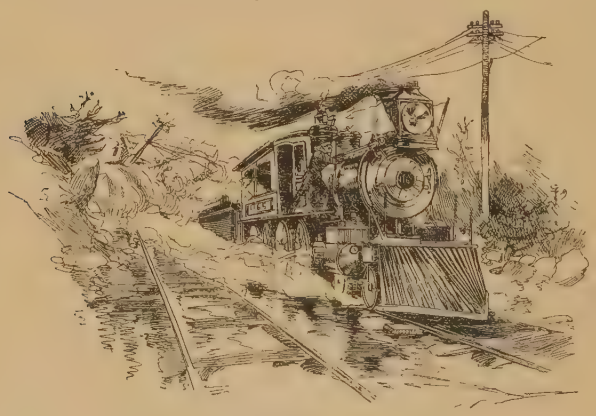
Two hundred yards above the mouth of the creek a railroad trestle led to Sheriff Stineman's coal-mine. At its east end was a shanty, occupied by Michael Mann, an English miner, who dwelt alone. A column of smoke indicated that he was cooking his frugal meal when Baker's screams pierced the air. The water touched the door-sill and Mann looked out. Imitating sinners in Noah's day, who declared it would not be much of a shower and refused to enter the ark, the Englishman paid no heed to the summons to flee. Closing the door, his fate was quickly sealed. Within three minutes the tidal wave crushed the shanty and the long trestle. Ten days later a neighbor, walking on the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad, noticed a strange object half-buried in the mud and bushes a few rods west of the old Viaduct. Going closer, he recognized the dead body of Michael Mann, denuded of clothing and so badly decomposed it could not be lifted. The remains were dropped into a hole, dug beside them, to repose until Gabriel's trump announces the final reckoning. Mann was generally styled "Reverend," from his habit of exhorting occasionally. His wife and two sons survive him. Thus perished and thus sleeps in a solitary, unmarked grave, far from his home and kindred, the FIRST VICTIM of the Johnstown Flood.

Four men were clearing out the rubbish propelled against the west end of Stineman's trestle by the turbulent creek. The revengeful column swooped upon them, engulfing Howard Shafer in the act of climbing the steep bank his companions ascended. The body was found next day and taken to the desolate home where the sorrowing widow lamented her missing husband. The entire village manifested its sympathy by attending the funeral on Sunday. Shafer was the second victim.

The seething, fuming monster gathered strength and volume at each stage of its impetuous stride. Stones from the dam and boulders from the bed of the Fork rolled down the ravine, a trough one-quarter of a mile wide, to the Conemaugh. Trees snapped off as one might fell a mullein-stalk by a swish of a cane. Ponderous rocks were tossed like straws and the ground was scoured clear to the unyielding strata. The middle of the dam—a section three hundred feet in length—scooped out two-thirds of its depth from the drive-way, a

narrower gap extending to the bottom of the foundations. Bearing acres of trees, houses, bridges, logs, rocks and earth, the rushing mass resembled a huge wall bounding down the valley when it reached Conemaugh Creek. There it encountered the high embankment and massive iron bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The bridge, thirty-five feet above low-water, quivered and dropped out of sight, the wanton element forcing it one-eighth of a mile *up* the Conemaugh in its mad search for an outlet. Barns and outbuildings sailed in the same direction, returning as the flood receded. Wilson's stable, with two mules, a horse and a cow, landed in rear of the station, a big tree under it and the animals unhurt. The water rose about forty-one feet, submerging the railroad tracks six feet at the depot. The double house occupied by the station-agent and the foreman of the section-gang was deposited endwise in a gully. A dainty morsel was Patrick Rourck's house, across the creek, with its furniture and one thousand dollars in bank bills. Of Stineman & Murphy's planing-mill, at the junction of the streams, only the boiler and bits of broken machinery remained. A patch of cellar-wall marked the site of the coal company's supply-store. Had an earthquake swallowed them, the disappearance of the goods and superstructure could not have been more complete. Smaller buildings were dispersed promiscuously. The mountain of water, not finding sufficient room between the hills that hemmed in the Conemaugh, backed up both creeks. A grocery and a barber-shop went voyaging on the Fork, stranding ninety rods above their starting-point. Three neat residences adjoining the planing-mill were totally obliterated and the gardens stripped bare of vegetation and soil. That the loss of life was not vastly greater is, indeed, surprising.

A freight train lay side-tracked near the lower end of the bridge. Engineer H. M. Bennett heard the roar of the advancing deluge and surmised that the dam had broken. Uncoupling the locomotive—No. 1165—and flinging the throttle open, he and Conductor S. W. Keltz endeavored to cross. Steam was low and the engine hardly stirred. On the switch leading to the planing-mill and coal-mine another freight was pulling out. It reached the main track just as the detached engine got over the bridge. Fifty yards further the water struck Bennett's locomotive, pitching



ENGINE 1165 CROSSES THE BRIDGE.

the tender and hind wheels off the track. The engineer and conductor sprang to the cow-catcher and jumped on the caboose of the preceding train, narrowly escaping. They had a close call for life, and their adventure was decidedly exciting.

In the caboose of Keltz's train slept the fireman and a brakeman, Thomas Kehoe and J. Henderson. Aroused by a loud cry, at the rear door they sank into the abyss. Kehoe's body, the head stuck fast in the sand, was recovered near-by on Saturday and sent to Altoona for burial. Henderson's was not found for several days. The list of victims at South Fork, therefore, comprises these four :

Michael Mann, miner, aged 40 years.
Howard Shafer, laborer, aged 22.
Thomas Kehoe, fireman.
J. Henderson, brakeman.

The tracks for a mile west of the bridge were twisted into fantastic shapes and dumped along the river-bed. Not a rail or tie was in place, except where dismantled freight cars had been shifted on Friday forenoon. A train of loaded freights lodged against the bluff, three cars alighting squarely on the Portage track. The lady operator had a hurried scramble up the hill to avoid accompanying the telegraph-tower, a trifling bite for the greedy wave. Fragments of cars, wheels, axles and piles of refuse littered the bank, while ragged gashes at short intervals seamed and scarred the road to the hard-pan far beneath the surface.

Who has not heard of the famous Viaduct? Built in 1831-2 for the Allegheny-Portage Railroad, the arch was considered impregnable. Solomon W. Roberts, of Philadelphia, an accomplished engineer, designed and superintended its construction as assistant of Sylvester Welch. In an address before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania on April 8th, 1879, giving his reminiscences of the building of the Portage Railroad, Mr. Roberts thus referred to the Viaduct :

"When we reached the Horseshoe Bend of the Conemaugh, about eight miles from Johnstown, I was in charge of the locating party. The line was made to cross the stream and cut across the bend so as to save distance, which made a high bridge necessary. The Horseshoe bridge, or Conemaugh Viaduct, is still standing, and is used by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as a part of its main line ; and it is, I believe, almost the only structure of the old Portage Railroad now in use. It is a substantial and imposing piece of masonry, about seventy feet high, and with a semi-circular arch of eighty feet span. The chief engineer had prepared a plan for a bridge of two arches, each of fifty feet span, but afterward adopted the plan of the present structure. It was designed and its erection superintended by me. The work was

THE OLD VIADUCT.

done by an honest Scotch stonemason named John Durno, who was afterward killed by falling from another high bridge. The arch is three and a-half feet thick at the springing line and three feet at the crown; the arch stones are of light-colored sandstone and the backing of silicious limestone, found near the spot. The sandstone was split from erratic blocks, often of great size, which were found lying in the woods, on the surface of the ground. The contract price for the masonry was $4.20 per perch of twenty-five cubic feet, and the work was remarkably well done. The face stones were laid in mortar from the silicious limestone, without the addition of any sand. The cost of the Viaduct was about $55,000, and by building it a lateral bend of about two miles was avoided. The embankment at the end of the viaduct was sixty-four feet high."

Here the Conemaugh turns abruptly, traveling two miles to form an ox-bow a few yards across. Part of the waters streamed through the cut leading to the old bridge, which supported two steel tracks, the main body of the flood circling the tortuous channel. The arch reared its imposing curve seventy feet above the average height of the river, presumably beyond the grasp of the ravager. Precipitous hills contracted the channel and the foaming waters heaped up as never before. They enveloped the Viaduct, which trembled and fell. An iron bed-plate, weighing twenty tons, floated forty rods and the compact stones laid in cement scattered like pebbles. Logs stranded in the topmost branches of trees and marks on the rocks proved that the waters had risen *seventy-nine feet!* No wonder the staunch Viaduct, which the assaults of sixty years had not impaired, succumbed at last. John Armstrong was right in saying:

> "What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
> The crash of thunder and the warring winds * * * *
> Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base;
> And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
> Descend."

Paddling an improvised raft of sticks and broken boards athwart the bridgeless stream, the toilsome journey in the track of the flood was resumed. The railroad was amply elevated for two miles west of the Viaduct to sustain no damage. The brick station at Mineral Point loomed up, but what of the pretty hamlet nestling at the foot of the hills on the opposite side of the Conemaugh? Thirty-two cosy abodes had ranged along a tongue of flat land, facing the creek and a street. A furniture factory and a planing-mill supplied work for the men, whose happy homes presented a picture of contentment and peace. The people had no thought of hazard, although the creek was so high that several families moved out in the afternoon. On came the turbid waters, emitting a cloud of mist suggestive of the smoke of a burning forest or the dust of a whirlwind in the Sahara. They struck the house at the upper end of the row and it dissolved. One minute cleared away twenty-six dwellings and the gardens surrounding them. The planing-mill and factory vanished. Six buildings in the lower end of the village, one of them the school-house, which was jerked from its foundations, were left. A barren waste, destitute of soil as a block of granite, marked the site of what had

been an inviting spot. Dismal was the spectacle to those who knew Mineral Point in its tranquil repose. Sixteen persons perished:

Mrs. Catharine J. Byers, aged 46
Mrs. Catharine Burkhart, aged 85, mother of Mrs. Byers.
Mrs. Phoebe Finlay, aged 58.
Mrs. Magdalen Gromley, aged 48.
Lily Gromley, aged 19.
Mary Gromley, aged 16.
J. A. Gromley, aged 14.
David Gromley, aged 12.
Edward E. Gromley, aged 9.
Emma B. Gromley, aged 6.
Samuel Page, aged 49.
Mrs. Mary E. Page, aged 39.
Harriet Page, aged 11.
Herman B. Page, aged 6.
James Wilson, aged 33.
S. S. Kohler, night watchman at planing-mill.

The bodies of Page and Kohler were recovered on Sunday and some of the others during the week. Wilson stayed to loosen his horses, which went down with him and the stable. Mrs. Burkhart lived with her daughter, the pair dying together. Christopher Gromley and one son contrived to jump from the roof as their house careened by the bank four miles below Mineral Point. They returned in three hours to find the rest of the family dead. A flock of geese wandered in the rear of the Page lot as the writer viewed the scene. Two dogs howled disconsolately for the masters who should come no more, and a drenching rain added to the doleful forlornness. The clock in the railroad tower stopped at 3:41, fixing the precise moment of the disaster. Mineral Point had felt in full measure the wrath of the destroyer.

Enclosed by lofty hills and rocky bluffs, the creek pursues its winding course four miles to East Conemaugh. Perpetual breaks interrupted my trip. For a mile the three tracks were piled on each other, a piece frequently lacking. A short distance east of the tunnel—a reminder of the Portage—the road-bed was annihilated, compelling an ascent by a rough path to the deserted line on the wooded hillside. Walking through the dripping tunnel, which rarely echoes the tread of human feet, and down the slope that once served as an incline up which cars were drawn by a stationary engine, Pennsylvania railroad bridge No. 6 was missing. This splendid structure, known as the "High Bridge," appeared solid enough to endure the severest test. But man's work is puny in competition with the elements and the bridge yielded. The company erected a gigantic trestle in five days, requiring six hundred thousand feet of timber, and began pushing forward a stone arched bridge with characteristic expedition.

The waters stripped the soil and trees from the banks, annexing them to

the overwhelming weight of the crushing, grinding mass. Houses from South Fork and Mineral Point were knocked to pieces and tangled inextricably. The covering of the water-line of the Cambria Iron Company was cleared, exposing the pipes paralleling the bed of the Portage, in its prime a marvel of engineering skill. Timbers framed and buried fifty years ago were bared once more, and one strap rail, rusty and bent, vividly recalled the initial days of railroading. The journey had to be continued by creeping over the jagged rocks, at whose base the waters dashed noisily. Chunks of stone and loosened trees rolled down the hills at times, significant hints of the perils environing the route.

The engine and car that brought Assistant-Superintendent Tromp from Pittsburgh in the morning stood on the only piece of track for miles, the air-brakes holding them on the rails when the waters laved the windows of the coach. A mile ahead the creek curved around a rocky bend. The road-bed —an embankment twenty feet high—was a thing of the past. No vestige of ballast, clay, rails or ties could be discovered. The foaming, fretting waters turned the sharp curve with such velocity that Jacob W. Griffin's house, sheltered by the perpendicular rock, was scarcely moistened. East Conemaugh, a railroad town, with a round-house and the homes of two hundred employés, was built mainly on the flat between the creek and the sloping ground leading to the hills back of the village. Forty of these houses ranged on the north side of Front street. From Griffith's the destruction was total to the west end of the street, with everything south to the creek. The brick round-house contained nine locomotives and twenty more in the yard. Building and engines were involved in the common ruin. The incredible force of the flood may be conjectured from the fact that a locomotive boiler was carried two miles and deposited in Johnstown, across Conemaugh Creek. Think of this and wonder not at the carnival of ruin! The angel of death shrouded the community in gloom for these lost ones:

John Atkinson, aged 72.
Mrs. Matilda Burk, aged 37.
Mrs. Sarah Coy, aged 50.
Newton G. Coy, aged 16.
Alexander Kerr, aged 45.
Mary Kerr, aged 1.
Mrs. Ellen McHugh, aged 45.
Gertrude McHugh, aged 16.
J. S. McHugh, aged 14.
Mrs. McKim, an aged woman.
Mrs. Zane, age unknown.

The forty buildings destroyed included the Eagle Hotel, Philip Shupe's store, Shepherd's store, the post-office, the railway station and round-house, the Central Hotel and private residences. None acquainted with the site could have recognized East Conemaugh. The current dug a new channel and

half the town had been blotted out. Three passenger trains, belated by the high water, suffered fearfully. These and shattered freight trains occupied the sole remaining pieces of track from two miles above Conemaugh to Johnstown station. Thirty wrecked locomotives were distributed over acres of territory, most of them planted deep in the mud.

The water scaled the opposite bank, on which Franklin borough is located, in their haste to describe the abrupt curve in the creek at the upper end of East Conemaugh. A child playing in his father's back-yard was sucked into the torrent. Twenty-eight homes joined the dreadful procession that had attained alarming proportions from the constant additions of wreckage. Frederick Nissley's dwelling was plucked from between two others, which passed unscathed. One of the two houses at the chemical works sustained little hurt, although the second was converted into toothpicks. Kindred and acquaintances mourned the fate of seventeen persons:

Mrs. Essie Keiper, aged 24.
Ralph Keiper, aged 1.
George Constable.
Mrs. Sarah E. Leech, wife of County Superintendent.
Alice Leech, aged 18, daughter of County Superintendent.
William Mills.
Ida Loudenstein.
Mrs. Christine Robina, aged 25.
Eddie Robina, aged 2.
William Robina, aged 8 months.
Peter Rubritz, aged 65.
Mrs. Peter Rubritz.
Maggie Rubritz, aged 20.
Dr. J. C. Wilson, aged 53.
Mrs. Wilson, aged 52.
Solomon Boyer.
Miss Lizzie Devlin, niece of Dr. Wilson.

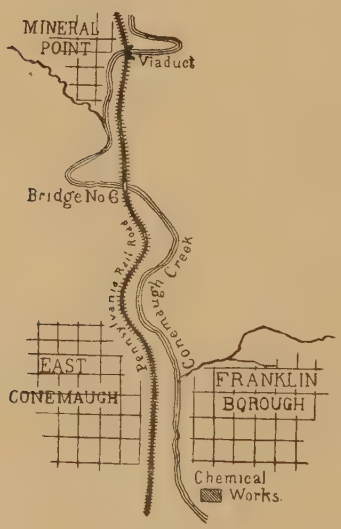
Dr. Wilson's body was found on Monday in the sand at the Baltimore & Ohio depot, Johnstown, two miles from his home, over the site of which the creek now flows. The same day Mrs. Wilson's was found in Kernville, on the south-side of Stony Creek. Mrs. Leech was taken from the yard of the Cambria Iron Works, below the Pennsylvania Railroad station, and her daughter from a heap of rubbish above the chemical works. They were interred in the cemetery at East Conemaugh. Some of the others will not be heard of until the resurrection.

John Keiper, fireman on the railroad, who lived at Franklin, lost his wife and child. He swam out and caught a log, on which he drifted to the South Side of Johnstown. All his clothing was torn off.

Grace Knuff lived with Peter Rubritz in Franklin borough. Running to an attic window as the house went down, she could not get out. She floated

away with the building and was saved at the chemical works. Frank Trout, of East Conemaugh, was employed by the Johnson Company at Woodvale. He was on his way to work and the flood caught him at the ticket-gate of the Fair Grounds. He scrambled upon the ticket-office roof and afterward got on a telephone pole, which was broken off. He clasped a second telephone pole and it was carried away. Then he mounted a log, and was carried over the woolen-mill dam. Farther on he was caught between two logs and severely squeezed. Extricating himself, he mounted one of the logs, floated to the stone bridge in Johnstown and back to the Presbyterian Church. Thence he made his way to Alma Hall and was saved.

East Conemaugh and Franklin, separated by a narrow stream, were not divided in mutual sorrow.



Wreck of the Day Express at East Conemaugh, with Remains of the Burned Pullman Coaches.

VII.

WRECK OF THE DAY EXPRESS.

A Thrilling Episode — The Fated Passenger Trains at East Conemaugh — Hours of Anxious Waiting — An Engineer's Shrill Warning — The Avalanche of Death — Hurrying to the Hills for Safety — Drowned and Carried Away by the Flood — Vestibuled Coaches Burned — Round-House Wiped Out — Locomotives Buried — How Two Fair Girls Perished — Statements of Awe-Struck Survivors — A Disaster Unparalleled in Railroad Annals.

———"When life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold
Its memory of this."

JOHN HESS' LOCOMOTIVE.

THRILLING in the extreme was the wreck of the Day Express at East Conemaugh. The two sections composing this train eastward left Pittsburgh at the usual hour on Friday morning, with a liberal complement of passengers. The swollen Conemaugh, whose banks the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad follows for forty miles, looked threatening as it bore off numberless saw-logs and masses of drift-wood. At Johnstown the streets were submerged and reports of landslides and washouts caused a delay. Proceeding to East Conemaugh, the sections were run on separate tracks, with a freight train between them. Other freights occupied different positions near the depot and the mail train was placed in the rear of the first section of the express. Telegraph wires and poles had fallen and definite information regarding the track could not be obtained by the anxious railway officials. For a time the passengers sought to dispel their uneasiness by reading and chatting. Three

weary hours passed. Whispers that the dam at Lake Conemaugh might break blanched the faces of the stoutest. Assistant-Superintendent Tromp had gone a couple of miles farther, with an engine and coach, to ascertain the state of affairs. Another locomotive, handled by Engineer John Hess, was stationed a mile east of the express train as a precaution. Rain beat on the cars and the wind moaned distressfully. Each moment seemed a short eternity, nor could the feeling of impending evil be shaken off. Most of the passengers on the mail train were familiar with the country and knew the dangerous situation, should the reservoir burst its bounds. They left the train about noon, but the through passengers stayed in the vestibuled parlor cars of the Day Express. At last the shrieks of a locomotive whistle were heard, sounding like the wailings of a lost soul. The passengers rose from their seats instinctively, realizing that something serious had happened. A conductor or brakeman entered each coach and remarked quietly:

"Please step up on the hill-side as quickly as possible!"

There was no time for explanation and none was needed. No time for lingering farewell, last kiss and fond caress. Already the roar of advancing waters filled the air. Those who first reached the platform saw wrecked houses, broken bridges, trees and rocks borne on a tidal wave just turning the bend three hundred yards away. Frantic exertions were made to escape to the protecting hills back of the station. An old mill-race, never filled up, was in the way, with narrow planks for crossings. Some of the terrified passengers jumped or fell into the waters and drowned, the deluge from the reservoir overtaking them as they floundered in the ditch. A few of those who could not leave the train survived with painful bruises, a drenching and a paralyzing fright, the waters rising half-way to the car-roofs. Several were caught in the deadly swirl as they tried to crawl under the vestibuled coaches of the second section, which lay on the inside track. It was the work of a moment to envelop the trains. The horror-stricken spectators beheld a sight unexampled in the history of railroading. An ominous crash, and the round-house and nine heavy engines disappeared. Everything in the line of the flood was displaced or swallowed up. Locomotives were tossed aside and their tenders spirited off. A baggage-car of the mail train broke its couplings and drifted out of view, while the rear car swung around at right angles to the track. A Pullman coach rolled off and was crushed, a resident picking up one of its gas fixtures next day at the lower end of Woodvale. Mere playthings for the whirlpool, engines and cars were hidden beneath timbers, brush and dirt. Slaked by the water, a cargo of lime on the train between the sections of the express set two Pullman coaches blazing. Thus fire and flood combined to lend fresh horrors to the onslaught. The coaches burned to the trucks. By five o'clock the force of the torrent had subsided and an estimate of the carnage was attempted. Hardly a shred was saved from the trains, the passengers having left baggage and garments in their

frenzied flight. Many had neither hats nor wraps, but this was scarcely thought of in the confusion and excitement. Bitter lamentations for missing ones tempered the joy of the survivors over their own safety. Twenty-two of their number had been snatched away. Names and residences could not be fixed at once, nor was their identity positively established for weeks. Efforts to obtain an accurate list resulted in the following :

Mrs. Fanny Tarbell and three children, Cleveland, O.
Cyrus H. Schick, Reading, Pa.
Miss Eliza Stinson, Norristown, Pa.
John R. Day and daughter, Prospect, Md.
Andrew Ewing, Snow Shoe, Pa.
Mrs Mary A. Swineford, aged lady, New Berlin, Pa.
Mrs. Edward Swineford, St. Louis, Mo.
Miss Jennie Paulson, Allegheny, Pa.
Miss Elizabeth M. Bryan, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. J. F. King and Miss Anne M. Bates, Racine, Wis.
Mrs. A. C. Christman, Beauregard, Miss.
Mrs. J. B. Rainey, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Christopher Meisel, Jersey City, N. J.
John Ross, cripple, Newark, N. J.
Mrs. H. M. Smith and child, Osborn, O.
F. Phillips, colored porter sleeping-car.

Upon the first warning of the death-dealing wave, Engineer Hess tied the whistle of his locomotive open, put on all steam and dashed towards East Conemaugh. The whistle screamed and howled as if a tortured fiend possessed it, bringing people to their doors in hot haste and enabling hundreds to flee to high ground ere their houses were engulfed. The brave engineer jumped from the iron steed barely in time to save his life by a hasty race beyond the invading waters. Next instant the flood swept the engine from the track, whirling and rolling it over and over, and embedded it in the dirt. Lying bruised and pummelled and disabled, pitiful was its helplessness compared with its strength as it had stood upon the track in its burnished bravery of steel and brass, ready at the lever's touch to pluck big handfuls of power and fling them in fleecy volumes to the skies. Silent was the whistle that had informed the passengers and citizens of the coming destruction. During the height of the flood the sound of locomotive whistles from the midst of the waters startled and surprised the fugitives huddled on the hill. Two engineers, with the nerve typical of their class, had stuck to their cabs. While awful wreck and devastation environed them, the brazen throats pealed a defiant note at intervals, the last time with exultant vigor as the waters were slowly receding. Locomotive 1309, a fifty-ton eight-wheeler, stood in its place, smoke curling from its stack, steam issuing from the safety-valve, and driftwood heaped up to the top of the headlight, the glass in which, by a queer fantasy of the flood, was not cracked. Not far away Locomotive 477, its tender tipped over and a mass of refuse

surrounding it, headed the train which sustained the least damage. The mighty arms were powerless and the fiery bosom was chilled. Engineer Henry, who escaped to the hills, could not restrain a sigh at the sight of his giant pet, feeble and useless in the midst of a waste that so much needed the assistance of the strong to bring order out of chaos.

RAILROAD WRECKAGE AT EAST CONEMAUGH.

A representative of the Associated Press, who had occupied a seat in the second section, lucidly described some of the incidents that came under his own observation :

"One gentleman, who was ill, had his berth made up and retired, although advised not to do so. Soon the cry came that the water in the reservoir had broken the barrier and was sweeping down the valley. Instantly there was a panic and a rush for the mountain-side. Children were carried and women assisted by a few who kept cool heads. It was a race for life. There was seen the black head of the flood. With this in view, even the weak found wings for their feet. No words can describe the terror that filled every breast at the power exhibited by the flood. The round-house, locomotives and two-score dwellings were swept away in a minute. The locomotive of one of the trains was struck by a house and demolished. The side of another house stopped in front of a locomotive and served as a shield. The rear car of the mail train swung around in the rear of the second section of the express and turned over on its side. Three men were observed standing on it as it floated. Will they trust to it or the still upright Pullman cars ? The couplings broke and the car moved out upon the waters. As it would roll

the men would shift their position ; the situation was desperate and they were given up for lost. Two or three men men seized ropes and ran along the mountain-side to give them aid. The men escaped over some driftwood as their car was carried near the bank. It is believed there were women and children inside the car. Of course they were drowned."

A Connecticut passenger on the second section, Mr. E. Wilmot, of New Haven, recounted his experience briefly :

"When the conductor warned us, I rushed to where my wife and baby were. Grasping the child, I called to my wife to follow me. The water was like a huge wall, not five hundred feet from us. Everybody jumped It was every man for himself and God for us all. I ran with my child in my arms and my wife close behind. I came to a small creek that had become swollen, and jumped over that ; then I looked for my wife. When she got to the creek she hesitated at first, but a man behind her called out, 'Jump, jump, for heaven's sake!' That determined her, and she jumped and cleared the creek. The water was then close upon us, but we succeeded in getting away. One of the ladies that was lost came from the South. There were also two old ladies, both of whom were drowned. I lost all my baggage, but am perfectly satisfied to let it go. Thank God, I have my wife and child! The way in which the water hurled that train to destruction was terrible."

Particularly touching was the fate of Miss Paulson and Miss Bryan, two clever, popular society girls. Both had attended a wedding at Pittsburgh the previous day and were on their way to New York. They wore graceful corsage bouquets of roses and presented some of the flowers to Cconductor Bell a few minutes before the train was overwhelmed, for his kindness to them at Conemaugh. Miss Paulson was reading the novel entitled "Miss Lou," and Miss Bryan was looking out of the window at the instant the alarm sounded. The two girls sprang to the door, but turned back for their rubbers. Fatal decision! The cruel waters dashed over the car, bearing the fair maidens to their doom. Miss Bryan's remains were unearthed from the rubbish at the lower end of Johnstown and buried without having been identified. Trinkets taken from her person encouraged a hope that the tenant of the unknown grave was the missing girl. The body was raised and recognized by friends, who took it to Philadelphia. Strenuous efforts failed to discover Miss Paulson for five months. On November 4th, in a number of bodies of unknown dead disinterred from Prospect Hill for removal to Grand-View Cemetery, her body was identified by her brother and shipped to Pittsburgh. A passenger who sat in the seat behind the young ladies related these facts :

"When the rush of water came Miss Paulson and Miss Bryan did not get out as promptly as some of the others. They were followed by Miss Virginia Maloney, of Woodbury, N. J., and a female servant of Mr. E. H. McCullough, who, fearing they would not get to the hill which some of the passengers had already reached, ran back to one of the cars. From there the servant saw the flood catch and carry off both Miss Paulson and Miss Bryan. Miss Maloney did not see the ladies swept away, and she and the servant were afterward rescued from the car, though they both had an almost miraculous escape. The conductor had shouted to all in the car to run and stop for nothing. He picked up two children and noticed Miss Paulson and Miss Bryan searching for their overshoes and waterproofs. He again called out, 'Don't wait for anything,' but the moments they lost prevented them from reaching the hill. He, with the children, escaped but a

second or two ahead of the flood, which was at his heels After the water had gone down a search of the car was made, and it was found that both the waterproofs were missing. Miss Paulson's overshoes were also gone, but Miss Bryan's were found."

Strange destiny! From the festivities of a marriage-feast to the cold embrace of death and an unknown grave. Then to be exhumed months afterwards, recognized and consigned to a tomb bedewed with tears and bedecked with flowers.

Mr. William Schreder, of Newark, N. J., furnished graphic details:

"The parlor car was filled when I got aboard the train, and a seat was assigned me in the sleeper at the rear. Among the passengers were several ladies. It was raining hard, and we whiled away the time reading or watching the river. Very few had any apprehension of danger, even after we had been detained at Conemaugh five hours. The tracks where our train stopped were fully fourteen feet above the level of the river. A large number of freight and passenger cars and locomotives stood near us and strung up the road a considerable distance. Such a possibility as the carrying away of a train on the great Pennsylvania railroad was not seriously entertained by anybody. About four o'clock, two colored porters went through the sleeper within a short time of each other, looking and acting rather excited. I asked the first one what was the matter, and he replied that he did not know. When the second one came along, I asked him if the reservoir had given way, and he answered that he thought it had. I put down my book, stepped out to the hind platform, and was horrified at the sight which met my gaze up the valley. It seemed as though a forest was coming down upon us. A great wall of water was roaring and grinding, so thickly studded with trees from the mountain side that it resembled a gigantic avalanche. I lingered but a moment, for the mortal danger electrified me. That instant I saw an engine lifted bodily off the tracks and thrown backward into the whirlpool, houses crushed in the flash of an eye, and the noise resembling incessant thunder. I shouted to the ladies in the car, three of them alone, to fly for their lives, and helped them out. Two others jumped the ditch, through which the water was running swiftly, but the third, a heavy lady, a missionary on her way to a foreign post, hesitated. That delay cost her life. While I was holding out my hand and urging her to jump, the waters swept her into the torrent. This same instant an engine was pitched from the track into the ditch at my feet. The water was about my knees as I clambered up the hill. Ten seconds later, when I looked back, it was surging and boiling ten feet deep over the track I had just left. The rush of waters lasted three-quarters of an hour. We stood spell-bound in the rain, beholding the ruin no human agency could avert, and then secured shelter until Saturday morning in a house high on the hill-side."

John Ross, an elderly gentleman and helpless cripple, finding he blocked the way of a lady, threw himself from the car steps to let her pass. As she descended to the ground he gave her a plaintive, yearning look, which time nor distance is likely to erase, and exclaimed, "God help you!" The water was at hand. A trainman carried Ross a little way, but had to drop him and run to avoid sharing his fate. The poor cripple had in him the stuff of which heroes are made. His body was recovered. The lady declined to give her name when describing this melancholy episode.

Mrs. Elijah Halford, wife of President Harrison's private secretary, and her daughter were returning to Washington from a visit to friends in Indianapolis. The colored porter assisted the ladies in their flight from the car.

For his timely services he was rewarded with a nice situation in the national capital. The story that Mrs. Halford was the lady for whom Ross dropped from the car platform is untrue. She was in another coach and knew nothing of the incident.

Mrs. M. J. Blaisdell, of Pelican Rapids, Minn., dubbed "The Minnesota Blizzard" from getting a bill through Congress in ten days, was also bound for Washington. Narrating her adventures next day, she said:

"I was anxious to know if one of the lady passengers who begged me to go out with her had escaped. I found three ladies in search of me. We all went to the improvised morgue together, but could not find her there. The sight was a distressing one. The faces of those taken from the water were marked with bruises, caused by coming in contact with the debris, which covered not only the surface, but the depth of the flood. I have in my possession a little baby's shoe, which I found after the flood had subsided, which I purpose treasuring as a relic. I had lost everything but my little satchel and lunch basket, to which I held on with a grip born of desperation. In the midst of my excitement I hoisted my parasol over my head, as it was raining hard. With this paraphernalia I landed in the ditch waist deep. My clothes were in a horrible condition from the mud and sand with which they had become saturated during my struggles in the water. A change of clothing was necessary and I asked for the loan of some, until those I had on could be washed and dried out. There was wonderful stick-to-ativeness in that mud, as it took five pails of water to rinse it out before being put to dry. I got a change of garments, but they were sadly short for a person of my stature, evidently being those of a 16-year-old girl. In this costume I cut a quaint figure, but why be choice of dress under such dreadful circumstances? Drenched to the skin, it was 'any port in a storm.'

"My quarters were changed from the house I first entered. About the stove were gathered all that could conveniently stand around it, warming and drying themselves, and I had to go into another room and change my clothing, standing in water. I went back into the room and got a seat at the stove. Mrs. Halford and her daughter were among the company. At the time I did not know who she was, but subsequently she made herself known to me. When I went into the outer room to dress I threw off my large double black shawl. It was not wet, as the parasol had protected my shoulders from the rain. When I returned, some one had thrown it around Mrs. Halford. She saw my condition and that I needed it. I did not like to take the warm shawl from her shoulders, for she was as pale as a corpse and almost dazed from the terrible experience through which she had so recently passed. She appeared cold and faint, but my own condition was such that I had to cover myself as best I could.

"The outside door of the house had a button on the inside and no latch; thus, when any one went out, the door would stand open and, therefore, the cold blew right on Mrs. Halford. I tried to keep the door shut, but it was hard work. However, it was at least a place of shelter, and we were gratified that we escaped with our lives. At two o'clock Saturday afternoon the team came and we began our journey of eighteen miles up the Allegheny mountain toward Ebensburg. The mules looked tired and fagged out. The roads were in a terrible condition in places from the deluge of rain. Ebensburg reached, it was not long until we were whirled to the goodly Mountain City."

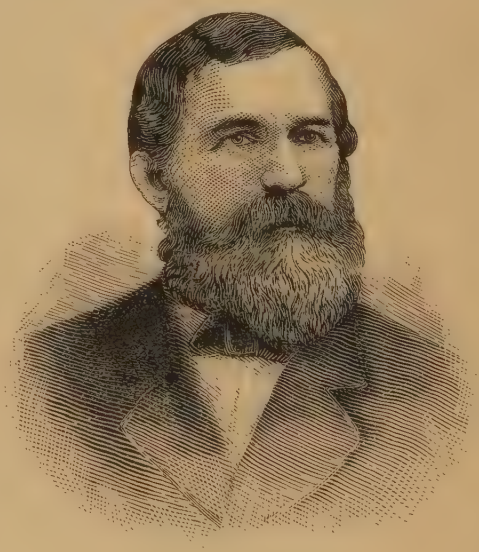
Mrs. Tarbell clung to her children, one of whom was clasped in her arms when the bodies were dug from the refuse above the railroad bridge at Johnstown. Mr. Tarbell has sued for heavy damages, alleging that holding the train at Conemaugh was a needless risk.

Mrs. Mary A. Swineford, of New Berlin, Pa., and her daughter-in-law met

the same fate. The body of the former was seen by two ladies, who stood on the high bank, near the railroad bridge at Johnstown, watching the workmen explode dynamite to clear off the wreckage. Probably the concussion loosened the body, which was almost concealed by boards and rubbish. The younger Mrs. Swineford was not found for four months, when her body was taken from a cellar in Millville.

Cyrus H. Schick, a prominent manufacturer of Reading, was returning from a protracted tour in the west for the benefit of his health, with his wife and her sister, Miss Eliza Stinson, Norristown. Mrs. Schick gave this account:

"Our party was coming east, filled with joyful expectations of meeting dear friends, from whom we had been separated for three months. Mr. Schick had telegraphed to Reading, announcing our return. We spoke a great deal of our long trip and the great benefit which Mr. Schick's health had received by our travels in the west. When the train reached Johnstown we found the whole town in excitement. One railroad track had already been washed away by the flood, and the train moved slowly to East Conemaugh. We remained together in the Pullman coach and saw that the danger was very great. From the windows of the coach we saw the flood sweep away the bridge between Conemaugh and Johnstown, and whirl the pieces in a thousand directions. When we heard the alarm, we made an effort to escape from the cars and flee for our lives. When we got upon the platform, we saw that right in our way was a gully filled with water. Mr. Schick and my sister were in such haste that they fell headlong in the gully. I saw my husband rise, but soon lost sight of him in the tumult. The scene beggared description. Houses and persons were swept along in the flood. I saw that I would not be able to cross the gully, and rushed back into the car, closed all the doors and found myself to be the only occupant. This was my refuge and here I remained until midnight, when I was rescued and taken to the house of Train Dispatcher Wilkinshaw, where I was very kindly cared for until the arrival of friends."



CYRUS H. SCHICK.

Mr. Schick's body was not found for ten days, despite the most active work of his brother and business associates. Miss Stinson was recognized in a heap of two hundred unclaimed corpses about to be buried on Prospect Hill, and taken to Norristown for interment. The Schick mansion had been decorated handsomely to welcome the return of the travelers, but the preparations were in vain, for the master of the luxurious home was conveyed to it in a coffin.

The rescued passengers were driven to Ebensburg, whence they journeyed by rail to Altoona. There the railroad company quartered them, with

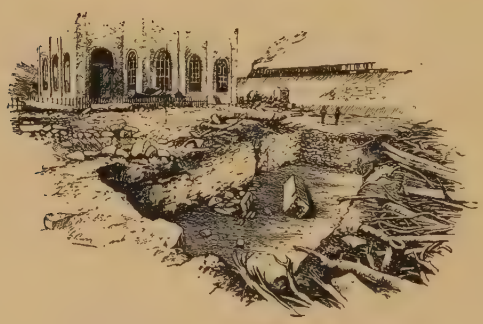
six hundred others from different trains, in the hotels. Telegraphic communication was cut off and the anxiety of relatives and friends for tidings cannot be depicted. Meanwhile the grossest exaggerations circulated. Not until the wires could be restored to service were anxieties relieved or apprehensions confirmed. Seven of the involuntary guests at Altoona had secured passages for Europe and others had pressing business engagements. How their plans were disarranged may be imagined. Mrs. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and two or three distinguished ladies, were reported lost. Fortunately the limited train, on which they were going east, reached Altoona safely. It had been stopped below South Fork in the forenoon, on account of a washout at Lilly's station. Towards noon the fears of the station-master at South Fork induced him to urge the conductor to have the train pulled over the bridge. Orders from the train-dispatcher could not be had, owing to breaks in the telegraph lines, and the conductor at first refused to assume the responsibility of moving the train. Consenting at length, it was drawn up a mile, crossing the bridge at noon and getting to Altoona in the evening. This providential movement saved the Limited from sharing the fate of the Day Express.

Mr. George, of Lilly, who was on the first section, and eight others left East Conemaugh at 4:25, driving to Ebensburg. They had a bundle of dispatches for friends of the passengers and brought the first news of the disaster to the county-seat. The citizens refused to credit the report that trains had been washed away, towns expunged as a child would wipe a pictured village off a slate, miles of road-bed removed, the course of the Conemaugh diverted and hundreds of people swept to destruction. It was too horrible to contemplate such a calamity as possible in this age of steam and electricity. All night the telegraph operator, Miss Lloyd, kept sending messages to accessible points —messages calculated to stir the public heart to its utmost depths, although half the sad truth was not known for days thereafter.

The enormous resources of the company were at once put into requisition to reopen the railroad. From South Fork to Sang Hollow, four miles west of Johnstown, the tracks and all the bridges except one were wiped out. In the gap above Johnstown the water seized tracks covered with trains, tore them to pieces and dispersed freight, buildings, cars and engines over miles of territory. At East Conemaugh it altered the course of the river and for two miles annihilated the road-bed itself. With the strange fatality which made it everywhere the attendant of the flood, fire swelled the frightful damage. Thousands of men worked day and night, yet it was two weeks before trains could run through. Consider that the traffic of the strongest railroad corporation on earth, with unlimited men and money at its disposal, was effectually blocked for thirteen days, and an idea can be formed of the character and magnitude of the ravages.

Articles belonging to the passengers of the Day Express were picked up

in Johnstown and fifty miles down the river. One trunk contained a soft braid of golden hair, several photographs, tender letters and a half-dozen rich dresses. Some of the bodies of the missing were not recovered. Three or four may have been buried among the "unknown," or burned at the railroad bridge, or floated out of mortal sight to be seen no more until the Judgment Day. The doom of the unfortunate travelers, who came to a tragic end amid surroundings peculiarly sad, must always rank with the most pathetic and startling episodes of a catastrophe unequalled in the nineteenth century. Let some recording angel, like Uncle Toby's, drop a tear to their memory, or preserve them from Oblivion, the gaunt Philistine that sooner or later conquers us all.



WHERE MRS. E. SWINEFORD WAS FOUND.

VIII.

WOODVALE ANNIHILATED.

A Pretty Town Blotted Out of Existence—The Struggle for Life—Remarkable Rescue of a Family—A Frail Bridge and its Solitary Occupant—One Taken and Two Saved—The Woolen Mill Partially Wrecked—Total Destruction of the Gautier Works—Three Hundred People Perish—Some of the Dead—An Aged Couple Go Down to Death Together—Happy Homes Desolated—Affecting Details—Not a House Left in the Borough Proper.

"There came o'er the perturbed waves,
Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made
Either shore tremble, as if of a wind
Impetuous, from conflicting vapors sprung,
That 'gainst some forest driving all his might
Plucks off the branches, beats them down and hurls
Afar; then, onward passing, proudly sweeps
His whirlwind rage."—Dante.

WRECKAGE NEAR WOODVALE.

SEVENTY-THREE lives and a million dollars in property had been sacrificed to the devouring Moloch. Far from appeasing him, this costly offering merely whetted his ravenous appetite. The culminating horror was to come at Johnstown and its suburbs. The hand falters, the eye dims and the heart throbs painfully over the grievous desolation. From East Conemaugh and Franklin, renewing its energy at every step, the flood swooped upon Woodvale. The valley narrowed and the water reared its frowning crest higher as it advanced, stripping the earth bare in its vindictive passion. An iron bridge and a dozen frame dwellings, which dared dispute its right of way, were contempt-

uously brushed aside. Nothing was too small to escape its notice or too large for it to attack. Locomotives turned somersaults, and houses played leap-frog in the bosom of the merciless current, which churned them into battered iron and splintered wood to strew its trail with wreckage. Havoc ruled the hour and chaos was monarch of the day.

Three hundred pleasant homes sheltered the eleven hundred residents of Woodvale, bordering Franklin on the south and spreading over the flats from Conemaugh Creek to a commanding hill on the northwest. Maple avenue, the principal thoroughfare, was lined with pretty homes and traversed by street cars. An iron bridge on the northern end communicated with East Conemaugh. On this bridge Burgess Howard C. Evans, Dr. Duncan and a half-dozen neighbors were discussing the high water, which had led to the closing of the local factories at noon. The roar of the flood tearing down the creek arrested their attention. They understood intuitively that the South-Fork dam had burst, and ran to rescue their families. The Burgess sprinted three squares with the speed of a racer who realizes that the preservation of his loved ones depends upon his fleetness. As he rushed into his house on Beach street the oldest boy, a lad of ten summers, called from up-stairs :

"Oh, papa, the bridge is coming down with lots of stuff !"

The father seized three of the youngest of his seven children, Mrs. Evans grabbed up two, the oldest two trotted behind and the party scampered by the rear door for the hill across the railroad track. The waters were almost at their heels and delay meant death. One of the babies dropped from the father's arms on the track, but a woman caught it up and the flight continued. A rod from the foot of the hill another fell. Mr. Evans deposited his load on the bank, ran back for the little fellow and waded safely to the shore. He was the only one of the group on the bridge whose entire family escaped. Dr. Duncan lost his wife, and each of the others was sorely bereft. Mrs. Duncan's body was buried among the unknown. A published description led her husband to disinter the remains, designated by a certain number. He identified his wife by the clothing and the hair, and she was laid to rest in the cemetery.

An extensive woolen mill, employing three hundred girls, stood near the center of the borough. Against its solid brick walls the waters charged savagely. Thousands of tons of flotsam, accumulated on the way from Lake Conemaugh, dealt the mill a staggering blow. It was an unequal battle, and the upper end of the building surrendered with a terrific crash. Fortunately the girls had quit work at twelve o'clock and vacated the premises. The logs, trees, houses and rubbish wedged in a lump, saving two-thirds of the mill and the flouring mill beside it from total extinction. The resentful waters splashed the third story, but could not budge the impenetrable mass which checked their ferocious assault.

Superintendent John Gruber, his brother Lewis, Watchman Coldabaugh, and another whose name was not learned were in the woolen mill. As portions of the mill were swept away the men retreated to the southern part. When first warned they were on the second floor, and before they had time to gain the stairway it was washed away, compelling them to remain where they were,

WOODVALE WOOLEN MILL AND FLOURING MILL.

in constant peril. Two daughters of Gust McHugh, the engineer, of East Conemaugh—Effie and Cora—were saved at the mill by these active men, who threw a rope to them as they approached on the driftwood and pulled them in through a window.

In front of the woolen mill an iron bridge spanned the railroad tracks, the ends resting on stone piers of medium size. Wooden approaches on stout trestles connected it with either side, affording a convenient foot-way for persons desiring to cross the valley. Dreaming not of danger, forty or fifty people leaned on the railings to observe the rising waters, which had inundated the flats. The clouds of smoke-like mist and the noise of crunching houses admonished them to seek the hills with the utmost dispatch. Councilman B. F. Quigg was the last to cross. The deluge cut down the approaches at a stroke, feeding them to the surging billow. By an extraordinary freak the iron span was spared, a skeleton network of rods and braces fluttering in

mid-air. Bridges many times heavier had nourished the demolisher, yet this frail structure, built with no thought that a flood would ever try to lay it low, emerged unharmed. Upon it perched a man, an unwilling witness of the inevitable plunge of many a doomed victim. Who he was nobody knew, as he crept off in the darkness after the waters retreated. Imprisoned there for hours, Robinson Crusoe on his desert island was not more isolated. Around

THE SPAN OF THE WOODVALE BRIDGE THAT WITHSTOOD THE FLOOD.

him the heaving torrent hissed and fretted. No living thing was visible in the deepening twilight, for the town had glided away. Solitary as the Ancient Mariner, "on a wide wide sea,"

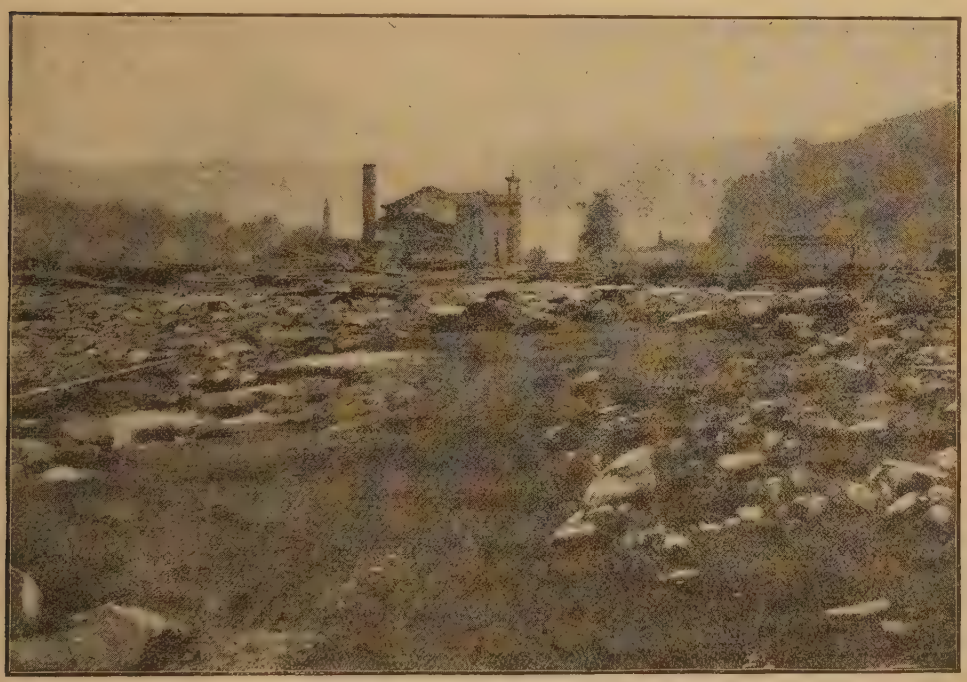
> "So lonely 'twas that God himself
> Scarce seemed there to be."

George Bailey, a youth named Fittinger, and Ida Loudenstein, of Franklin, took refuge on a pile of pig-iron which had lain for years close to the bridge above the wire mill. The girl was borne off, but the two men retained their places on the metal bars all night. The bridge was snuffed out at a breath and the waters surrounded the involuntary prisoners, whose suspense must have been intolerable.

Nerved by despair, about sixty persons clutched the cars of a freight train against which they had been driven, opposite the wire-mills. They re-

tained their hold until the swelling tide overturned the cars, loosening their grasp, and drowning all but nine of the hapless unfortunates. Among the rescued were workmen, two young girls and a boy. Their escape from the fate that overtook their companions was one of the surprises of a flood marked by many curious features.

The Gautier Wire Mills and Steel Works, part of them in Woodvale and part in Conemaugh Borough, were soon licked up, the six or eight immense



WHAT REMAINED OF WOODVALE ABOVE THE WOOLEN MILL.

departments furnishing a morsel of which the flood made speedy work. Their demolition was complete, not one brick tarrying above the stone foundations. Heaps of sand entombed what machinery the ruthless waters did not thrust from its moorings and grind to powder. Large rolls of barbed wire entangled with the rubbish and wound tightly about scores of the four hundred men, women and children who by this time were fighting for life in the turgid current. Held in the inflexible grip of the wire, fastened by timbers, or sinking from exhaustion, young and old met death in forms unutterably horrible. Clinging to logs or fragments of buildings, some ran foul of obstructions which crushed them into distorted, shapeless corpses. Others swam or floated long distances only to be pulled under at last. Children were wrenched from the arms of agonized parents, who perished in their turn. According to the closest enume-

ration, Woodvale lost three hundred and fourteen of its one thousand and forty-three inhabitants. The victims included the following:

William Beck, wife and two sons.
Kate and Minnie Bracken.
Mrs. Martha Brennen and five children.
Mrs. Mollie Burkhart and three children.
Peter Brown and five children.
Mrs. George E. Barbour and three children
James Baker, wife and baby.
Edward Barker, wife and two children.
Frank Bowman, wife and two children.
Mrs. Mary Brennen and four children.
Alfred Blair, wife and four children.
Mrs. Nancy Barley, mother-in-law and child.
John A. and W. M. Conrad.
Mrs. Aaron Davis and three children
Mrs. Ellen Early and daughter.
Mrs. Sarah Eldridge and daughter.
Evan B. Evans, wife and daughter.
Mrs. Mary A. Eck and two children.
Mrs. M. Foster and daughter.
Mrs. George Geddes and two children.
W. E. Hoopes, wife and two children.
Mrs. Mary E. Heidenthall and six children.
Thomas Jones and three children.
Richard Jones, wife and three children.
Mrs. Josephine Johns and three children.
Mary J., Joseph, Anna, Ernest, Harry and James Mayhew.
Lizzie and Robert Miller.
Mrs. Robert N. Nixon and three children.
Mrs. H. Oyler and child
Joseph L. Potter, wife and daughter.
Mrs. Elizabeth Reynolds and daughter
James M. Rosensteel, wife, daughter and son.
Mrs. Mary Ream and three children.
Joseph Schry and wife.
Mrs. Gotthold Sechmanns, daughter and son.
Mrs. Alice Smith and two children.
Joseph Schaeffer, wife and two daughters.
Mrs. John Snyder and four children.
Mrs. Maggie Smith and four children.
John W. Stufft, wife and three children.
Mrs. John C. Tucker and two daughters.
Edward M. Thomas and wife.
Edward Thomas, wife and five children.
William Tross, wife and six children.
E. Vincent Webber and wife.

Very sad was the case of John Snyder. Crazed by grief, on the last Saturday evening in July he went to Bantley & Frohniser's store, in Johnstown, to

purchase a revolver. Turning as if to go out, after leaving the counter he fired four shots, one of them taking effect in his right temple, causing instant death. The people in the store crowded around the prostrate form, but the spirit had fled and John Snyder was a corpse. The poor fellow had lost his wife and four children by the deluge. He went to Ohio but could not stay away from the scene of his sorrow. Returning a week before the fatal act that ended his career, he tried to work. The excitement was too much for him to bear. Thoughts of his lost family dwelt with him night and day, and reason gave way beneath the strain. He was thirty-five years old, an industrious workingman and a member of the Conemaugh fire company. A world of tragedy is comprised in his mournful experience.

Joseph Schry and wife, aged respectively 86 and 76 years, were the oldest couple in the borough. Dwelling happily for six decades and meeting the same fate, not severed even by death, aptly might they appropriate the well-known words of Burns:

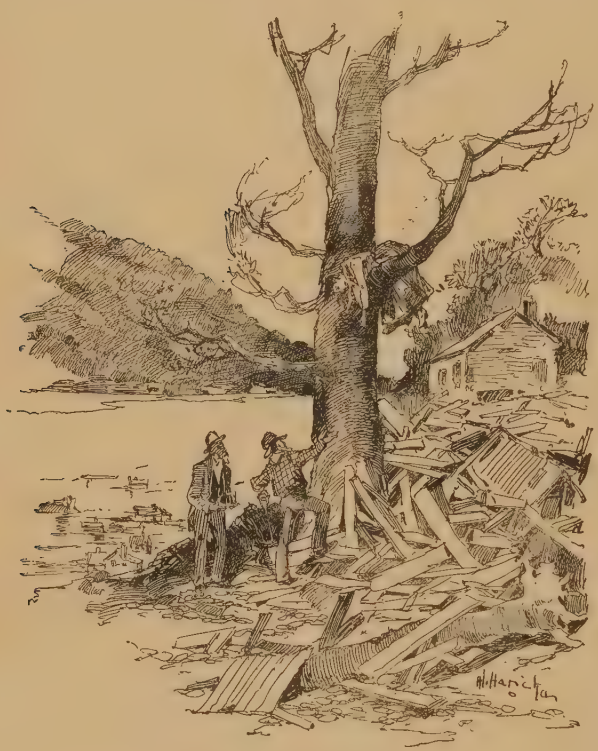
"John Anderson, my jo, John
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."

Mrs. Alice Smith's youngest child was a baby of six weeks. Dozens of children in the above list ranged in age from three months to twelve or fourteen years. Youth and innocence, decrepitude and depravity, mingled in one common tomb.

The bodies of Evan B. Evans, his wife and his daughter have not been found. Thomas Robinson, a brother-in-law, who was in the Evans house at the time, was also drowned. His body was recovered at the Millville hose-house. A boarder named Held got out of the house at the company store in Johnstown. The mother and daughter were alive at that point. He begged Mrs. Evans to leave the house with him, but she refused and the daughter would not go without her. Mr. Held got on a roof that was sweeping by. A moment later the gas tanks heaved up and smashed the house. Held went to the stone bridge and was rescued. Thomas T. Davis and wife, a son-in-law and daughter, who lived a short distance above the Evans home on Maple avenue, saved themselves by running to the hill. A tramp who had been given bread at a house next door, helped Mrs. Davis carry her three children, Mr. Davis being away. The Davises went to Ebensburg, where their boy of three years died. Mrs. Davis, with womanly forethought, locked the door of her house when she deserted it. She still has the key—all of the house that is left.

R. G. Wickersham and a friend were riding their horses about town to take a view of the high water. Having reached Woodvale, they were about to

return, when Mr. Wickersham's horse refused to cross the submerged bridge. His friend reached Conemaugh Borough, but concluded to put his horse in a stable in Woodvale and wade to the hill. Before he had proceeded far the water began to rise rapidly. Wickersham rode to a telegraph pole and climbed to the top. In a few moments the great body of water carried away the pole. Its tenant, who had deemed himself secure in his lofty retreat, was drowned.



A WOMAN'S DEAD BODY IN A TREE.

The body of a woman, supposed to have been a resident of Woodvale, was found in a tree below Sang Hollow, two days after the flood. Her face was discolored and her clothing hanging in rags. Wedged between a heavy branch and the trunk of the tree, twelve feet above the ground, her removal was a task of some difficulty. The remains were put in a plain coffin and buried at Nineveh.

Aaron Davis strove heroically to save his family. Twice pushed under water by heavy timbers, he swam from the attic of his house, grasped two of his children and managed to land on the hill below the Point in Johnstown. His wife and three children were drowned. Four anvils from his blacksmith shop, planted deep in the sand eighty rods down the street, sum up what remained of his property.

A fair young woman, who lost home and husband at Woodvale, came tripping down the steps of Prospect Hill, one morning the next week, and turned up toward the stone bridge. She passed the railroad station, where the undertakers were embalming the dead, and walked slowly a few rods farther. There she stopped and danced a few steps, in the presence of a small crowd. She raised her hands above her head and sang, became quiet, then suddenly burst into a frenzied fit of weeping and beat her forehead with her hands. She tore her dress, which was in rags. "I shall go crazy," she yelled, "If they do

not find his body." Her mind was already shattered. "He was a good man," she went on, while the onlookers listened pityingly. "I loved him, and he loved me." "Where is he?" she yelled again, "I must find him." And she started at the top of her speed down the track toward the river. Some men caught her. She struggled for a few moments and then fainted. The demented creature was a bride of but two months.

An aged Woodvale woman, who was rescued alive from the attic in her house, had floated from Maple avenue to the mouth of the Conemaugh. Her

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF WOODVALE BELOW THE WOOLEN MILL.

experience was terrible. She saw hundreds of men, women and children floating down the torrent to meet their death, some praying, while others had become raving maniacs.

Words cannot lend impressiveness to the simple statement that only nine or ten families in Woodvale were not deprived of a father, mother, brother or sister. How much of anguish and bereavement this involves! Two hundred and fifty-five habitations were swept away, leaving *not one house* in Woodvale proper. A fringe of thirty-three buildings lingered along the foot of the hill, in the extension of the town beyond the railroad. The rest had been drawn into the dizzy waters, which rubbed off the tiniest atoms of earth, leaving the

naked rock to point out the site of the eliminated suburb. On the south side of the creek, the row of tenements above the tannery bridge, the brewery and a couple of shanties are standing. The street-car sheds and stables were swept away, with all the cars, eighty-nine horses and thirty tons of hay The strip of land lying on the north side, known as "Clark's Grove," was covered with sand from two to six feet in depth. The Conemaugh changed its course and, dividing into two branches, so continued to the lower end of the town, where it reunited.

Woodvale had ceased to be!

Mass of Wreckage along Stony Creek.

IX.

THREE THOUSAND PERSONS PERISH.

THE DEATH-DEALING WAVE MOVING ONWARD — ITS ACCELERATED SPEED AND RESISTLESS POWER — PECULIARITIES OF THE ADVANCING MASS — MOWING DOWN ENTIRE STREETS AND DROWNING THE INMATES OF HUNDREDS OF HOUSES — DEVASTATION IN CONEMAUGH BOROUGH, JOHNSTOWN, KERNVILLE, MILLVILLE AND CAMBRIA — NO WARNING AND NO TIME TO FLY — MILES OF WRECKAGE — APPALLING LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY — THE SADDEST DESOLATION HUMAN EYES EVER BEHELD.

"Shrieking they perished . . . age, nor grade, nor rank,
Nor all they loved, revered or deemed divine
Found help or rescue; unredeemed they drank
Their cup of horrors to the dregs."—Dr. W. BEATTIE.

SINKING TO RISE NO MORE.

TERRORS multiplied as the death-dealing wave moved onward, its momentum accelerating and its power for evil extending each instant. Hurricane, avalanche and deluge seemed to concentrate their malignant energies for the utter extinction of Johnstown, which the waters reached at 4:07. An hour had been spent traversing the fourteen miles of contracted valley from the dam to the spot where the greatest ill was to be wrought. The velocity varied. Less rapid at first, its pace was tremendous at East Conemaugh and Woodvale. Thence the torrent had a straight course and traveled with increased speed. Whistles shrieked a brief intimation that something was wrong. People looked up the valley, saw a black mass rushing toward them and tried to run up stairs. The water entered the houses and mounted the stairs almost as fast as the inmates did. Railroad men, who saw the wave from the tops of cars and from the hills, say that the vast cargo of trees, houses, earth and wreckage carried with it caused a short halt several times on the way from South Fork. Coming to a

place where the channel narrowed suddenly, the mass of timbers and trees would crowd and jam and slacken up. Behind the waters would back until the pressure forced out the mountainous blockade with an invincible push. Foreman Kelly, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, reported one of these stoppages above Conemaugh. The water was driven back and the spray rose fifty feet. The surface of the moving dam surged and boiled for a moment. Then the mass let go and tore down the valley, ravaging East Conemaugh and Franklin and exterminating Woodvale. It struck Johnstown squarely in the centre, crossed the heart of the town, plunged over Stony Creek, and ransacked the South Side before its impetus was again checked. Spectators on Prospect Hill fancied the middle of the stupendous wave was ten or fifteen feet higher than the outer edges.

This series of checks is the only explanation that accounts for the time occupied in the passage from the dam. The speed greatly exceeded fourteen miles an hour when the wave was not impeded by unusual obstructions. Had there been no holding up, the distance would have been covered in thirty minutes, although the force could have been hardly more destructive. The rolling, grinding movement hurled logs and other objects far above the average elevation of the surface, as if the wave were endowed with life. Ahead of it a phenomenal wind was noticed, which actually shoved houses from their foundations before the water touched them. In some degree at least this clears up what puzzled some of the eye-witnesses. They could not understand why no water appeared in front of the moving mass. The front was a squirming aggregation of trees, rocks, buildings, timbers, cars, earth, grass and everything picked up on the route, with a lake pushing behind it until the valley widened at Woodvale. There the water blended with the load it had collected and the whole mass, without regard to the ordinary channel of the river, poured down upon the unsuspecting inhabitants of a half-dozen populous towns.

Through Conemaugh Borough, joining the lower end of Woodvale and stretching away southward, the waters cut a clean swath, repeating the tragic scenes just enacted. The northern corner was eradicated. Brick buildings were shaved off to the earth's surface, and frames jammed into an indistinguishable mass of ruin. Roland's grocery, a two-story brick, withstood and helped divide the torrent. A moving rampart, bristling with the spoils gathered on its remorseless way, mowed down Railroad, Jackson, Feeder, Clinton and Bedford streets clear to Stony Creek. Stores, churches and dwellings, whether of wood or brick, succumbed unresistingly. Blocks of buildings smashed against each other, the swishing foe rending them asunder to augment the fearful burden of a wasted district. Up to the third stories the waters dashed, either drowning the helpless inmates or setting them adrift in the ghastly maelstrom. Escape was practically impossible, even had time been

afforded to reach the streets, which the excessive rains submerged in the morning. Residents of the lower grounds had been driven in the forenoon to their upper floors or to the houses of friends on higher sites, Warning there was none, except the blowing of a whistle, the momentary tolling of a bell, and the din of the tumultuous crash. The whistle and the bell were hushed forever ere their echoes died away. Pure fabrications are the tales of horsemen riding along the streets and shouting to the people to fly. There was no opportunity for such an achievement. All forenoon wagons and boats had been hauling the occupants from the houses on low grounds, in many of which the water ascended nearly to the ceiling hours before the dam let go. Stony Creek for a time rose eighteen inches an hour, breaking the record, and Conemaugh Creek was not much slower. Some families moved out; numbers set their furniture on the second floor, remaining with it; others secured their effects as best they could and deserted them, leaving in carriages, on horseback or by rafts for places deemed safe. Great risks were incurred in rescuing these people from their unpleasant predicament, one instance resulting fatally. Joseph Ross, driver for Strayer's planing mill, was riding a mule in assisting to extricate persons shut in by the freshet. The animal walked over the foundation wall of the Cambria Iron Company's new store-building, which the flood had covered, and fell into the excavation for the cellar. Two men on horseback saw the accident, but were unable to save the drowning man, whom a widow and five children survived. The mule swam to dry land. This shows the folly of the report that daring fellows rode through the streets of Johnstown shouting that the dam had burst and calling on the people to flee. The only riders were a bevy of sportive youths who wished to see how the town looked under water and did not mind a wetting, should their horses have to swim occasionally.

THE HULBERT HOUSE ON FRIDAY FORENOON.

The bridge at Poplar street started down Stony Creek at eleven o'clock, followed shortly by the one at Cambria. By noon Main, Washington, Franklin, Locust, Clinton, Bedford and the streets above were submerged from two to eight feet. At three o'clock the town settled down to make the best of a dreary situation. Night was approaching, the electric plant and the gas works were deluged, and the prospect was gloomy as

the Egyptian darkness in Pharaoh's reign. Several boroughs were cut off from communication with each other and the world outside. A message from the Central Telephone office at 3:15 stated that the South Fork reservoir was flowing over the dam, which might give way. The dam had broken by that time, but the citizens of Johnstown knew nothing of it until the flood was at their doors to absorb their habitations and themselves.

The eventful minutes wore on, full of fatiguing toil for the few, of increasing distress for the many, and of apprehensive excitement for all. From windows and roofs were shouted rumors of rescuers and adventurers meeting with hazardous mishaps. The telephone wires grew hot with the impatient jangle of ceaseless inquiries from worried questioners up to their knees or waists in water. Dumb were the telegraph instruments, the operators having to seek an upper room. Then a roar and a crash—a sudden note of alarm—dying groans and falling buildings—and the waters of Lake Conemaugh had penetrated Johnstown, unheralded and unannounced. Pestilence may be checked and a conflagration subdued, but this bold enemy was not to be repulsed. The inhabitants of Herculaneum and Pompeii, when the showers of burning lava descended, had a chance to run. Not so the denizens of the Cambrian towns in 1889. Fastened in their houses, rats in a trap were not more defenceless. Brick structures melted at the destroying touch and frames tumbled to atoms with the celerity of lightning. On sped the wreck from Conemaugh Borough and further up the pathway of an invader rapacious as the barbarian hordes of fierce Attila. Houses at one end of Johnstown nodded to houses in the other, meeting in an embrace that meant irretrievable ruin. The main body of the great wave wiped out the district from the Conemaugh back three solid squares. Thousands of fellow-beings, drawn into the lashing current before they realized what had happened, battled for life against terrific odds. Scores were mangled by the timbers they seized desperately. Hundreds slipped out of sight as the floors or roofs that floated them split asunder, crunched by the palpitating mass. Faces convulsed with anguish were visible an instant and then vanished beneath the resentful waters. Eyes upturned to heaven in speechless terror as they looked their last on the clouded firmament. Husbands and wives, parents and children, kindred and friends, strangers and acquaintances parted company in the baleful struggle, the issue of which to the majority was death. In five minutes—such minutes as this planet had never known since the vessel of gopher-wood landed on the Armenian mount—the miles of swift-moving wreckage had struck down every obstacle that ventured to impede its march from Woodvale to the mouth of Conemaugh Creek.

Meanwhile part of the wave which ravaged Conemaugh Borough to Stony Creek deflected. Breaking through a row of brick buildings on Clinton street, it swept down Maine and Locust and hurled a battering ram against the rear wall of the Methodist church. Failing to budge the sacred edifice, it crossed

the park like a cyclone and left only one house on the north and west sides of the green oasis in the heart of the town. Spreading out to the south, it encircled and nearly obliterated Vine street, with its tasteful residences and pretty gardens, demolishing the public buildings on Market street as it passed. The brick school-house near the lower end of Vine braved successfully the furious charge. Houses beat at it, timbers pounded it, trees assailed it, stumps and bridges attacked it, but the building did not flinch. Through its windows

ABOVE THE RAILROAD BRIDGE AND CAMBRIA IRON WORKS FIVE DAYS BEFORE THE FLOOD.

two hundred persons leaped or were dragged from floating sections of their homes. Around it houses jumbled in irremediable confusion. Railroad cars, heaps of rubbish and piles of broken furniture, sandwiched between acres of dwellings and their inmates, went to swell the ruin that choked the streams and strewed the Point with measureless wreckage. Dark, stern, all-pitiless, pausing not to sit and muse upon the fearful havoc, the central one of the three torrents into which the flood had marshalled its forces did its share in the destruction. Of each, as of Time, George D. Prentice might have written:

——"In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim."

By this time the largest wave had met an insurmountable barrier, opposite

the mouth of the Conemaugh. The steep bank on the west side of Stony Creek towered four hundred feet, a height far too great to be overcome. A bridge of massive stone arches, built by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for a double track, spanned the united streams diagonally twenty rods below their junction. The wreckage clogged the low arches, one woman first passing under them on a heap of stuff, and the water had no outlet. The other two waves joined the third and the whole Johnstown valley became a gigantic

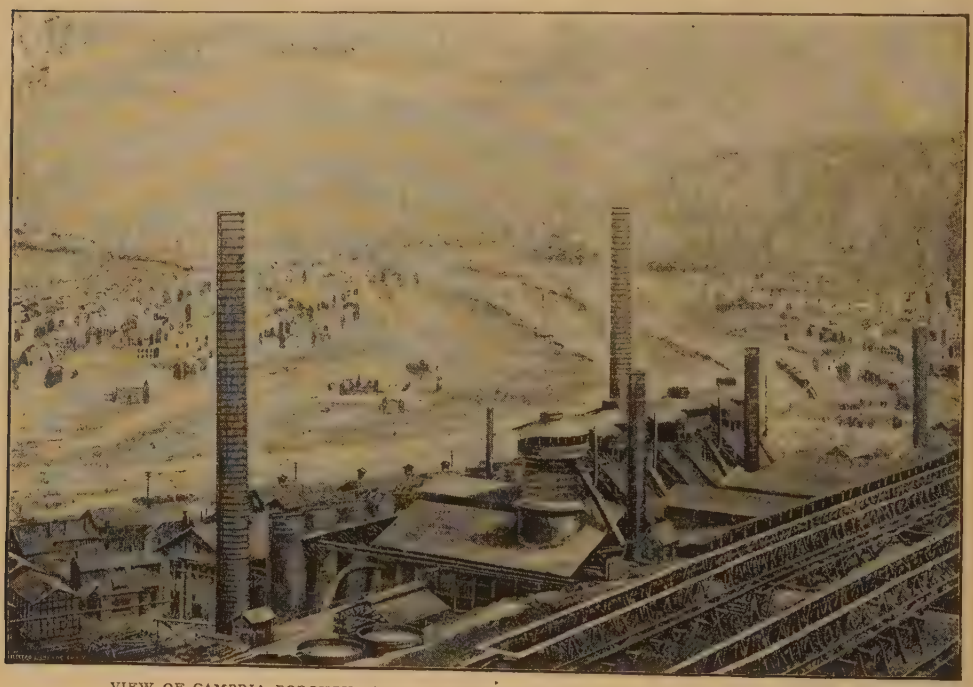
ABOVE THE RAILROAD BRIDGE AND CAMBRIA IRON WORKS TEN DAYS AFTER THE FLOOD

whirlpool. The bridge was immovable, although severely tested by water and debris piled twenty-five to fifty feet above the ordinary level. A counter-current backed up Stony Creek, bearing with it numerous buildings that had come down the Conemaugh a few moments before. Kernville was fearfully scourged, its citizens and their homes drifting off by the hundred. Streets were blockaded with rubbish and displaced buildings, some of them from East Conemaugh and Woodvale. Many a promising life ended in the heaving waters or was crushed out by the grinding timbers, which seemed imbued with a malicious propensity to kill or maim whoever fell in their way. Up to Moxham, three miles from the railroad bridge, the waters ebbed. Then they began to recede, for the baffled whirlpool at the Point had found vent by tearing out a huge chunk of the railroad embankment that formed the eastern ap-

proach to the stone bridge. Stony Creek lowered rapidly, in its haste to aid the cruel work yet to be done in order to fulfil the task of the revengeful element. Thus a host of unwilling voyagers performed the journey three times, going down to the Point with the first wave, back with the counter-current and returning with the receding torrent, which deposited portions of its burden at intervals along its track. In this way houses that started from the upper end of Johnstown stranded two or three miles up Stony Creek, Kernville receiving not only its own wreckage but a good deal belonging to the adjacent boroughs. Men, women and children, holding on with a despairing grip to wrecked matter, cried in vain for succor. When the current changed houses, stables, workshops and everything portable were twisting, cracking and clashing, freighted with a multitude of floaters. People on Prospect Hill saw friends and neighbors dashed or drifted to their doom, out of reach of mortal help. Perchance some would get near enough the bank to escape, but these were the exceptions. Sixteen hundred buildings of every sort and size, besides cars, bridges, trees and an incalculable amount of material collected on the route, heaped upon twelve acres and thickly sown with dead bodies and animal carcasses, presented a mass of wreckage above the bridge so terrible in its nature and extent that no colors could paint it too vividly.

For eight or ten minutes—watches were not consulted in the wild tumult—the water was held in the angle formed by the bridge and the bluff across Stony Creek. Each second heaped it higher and still higher, as if piling Ossa on Pelion, until it climbed over the bridge and the approach, which served as the breast of the vast reservoir that was to repeat the scenes of an hour before at Lake Conemaugh. The embankment wore away in a twinkling, and great slices of the wreck pitched headlong into the yards of the Cambria Iron Works. The upper end of the rail mill was torn out. Boilers wriggled from their brick arches and engines executed strange gyrations. Stones and earth showered acres of the yard to the depth of ten or twelve feet, covering a train of freight cars as completely as the earthquake buried Lisbon. Houses that had been delayed above the bridge made up for lost time by dashing through the widening chasm at breakneck speed. Those on Iron street, Millville, next to the embankment, were the first to go. The swift current had not harmed them irreparably until the waters gorged and checked and backed up from the bridge. They moved off by wholesale when the embankment yielded. The inmates of many had been taken in the forenoon to Prospect, where they watched the tragedy that robbed them of homes and chattels, relatives and neighbors at a breath. Fifteen persons were thrown upon the roof of the rail mill, to be swept off the next instant by a whirling mass of timbers. On the other shore was Cambria Borough its streets a pond since midnight. For this cause work was generally suspended, and most of the citizens stayed in-doors. From the river-bed, which the water actually ripped up in shifting the stream

to a channel nearer the iron works, a deposit of stones, five feet thick and a hundred yards long, landed in the village. Beginning at Squire Griffin's building on Front street, the flood razed 148 houses to the cellars and carried them down the spiteful, swollen Conemaugh. Two wooden structures at the bend of the river somehow endured the strain unflinchingly and stood alone, like sentinels on a deserted battle-field or the Ogden residence in the Chicago fire. Of the nine hundred people who faced death in the malevolent tide a large pro-



VIEW OF CAMBRIA BOROUGH FROM PROSPECT HILL, OVERLOOKING THE IRON WORKS.

portion returned no more to tell of their adventures and experiences. Although the dense wreckage enabled many to land along the river, no less than three hundred and fifty residents of Cambria passed into the hereafter. Twenty-five families left no surviving member to say what had become of them, and over half the town was stripped bare as a hungry dog could scrape a bone.

Soon the waters went out of the mountains, finding plenty of elbow-room in the broadening valley. They weakened, spread over a greater area and let Coopersdale off with eight wrecked buildings and a couple hundred lower stories flooded. Morrellville suffered little, and Sheridan's damage was trifling. But for miles the shores were lined with evidences of the havoc done from the dam to the western border of Cambria. To the inhabitants of Nineveh, Bolivar, New Florence and other points down the river the masses of flotsam gave the

first notice of the catastrophe. How they responded to the calls for help and bravely rescued dozens of affrighted people, drifting rudderless in the tumid current! Rain and darkness interfered with the work, otherwise the list of the saved would have been larger. Men with lanterns paced the banks, trusting the flickering rays might guide some poor creature to a haven. The fiercest rush was over and the virulent waters, as if repenting their devilish deeds, sneaked off in the gloom to hide in the Kiskiminetas, the Allegheny, the Ohio and the Mexican Gulf.

Then came night, bringing with it new horrors. The back-water remained and thousands cowered on the wreckage, scarce daring to breathe lest their treacherous support be rudely parted or whisked from under them. The few whom buildings sheltered could only watch and pray and wait for the morning, cheering others if they could and being cheered in turn. Hearts that had hoped quailed and drooped as fire added its quota to the terrors of the night. A blazing church and houses on both sides of it cast lurid gleams over Conemaugh Borough and the upper end of Johnstown. Down at the bridge a conflagration raged, consuming much wreckage and cremating helpless unfortunates stuck fast in the insensate mass. Crash succeeded crash, shrieks were heard on every hand, and the long hours dragged, oh, so slowly and wearily! The agonized sufferers felt the pangs of a hundred deaths in the darkness and the ruin that enshrouded the doomed Conemaugh Valley.

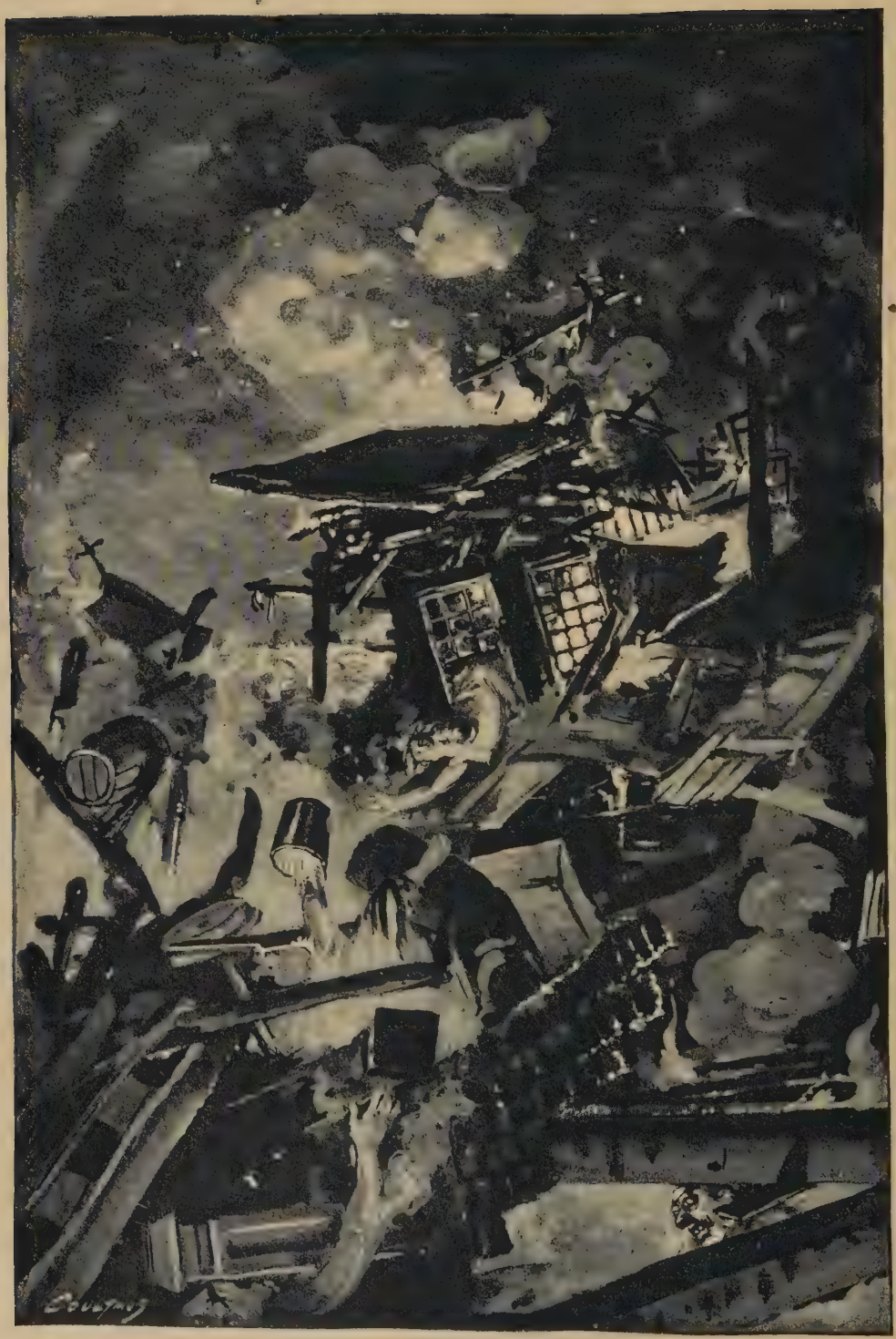
And thus, more quickly than the story can be told, three thousand persons perished. Other thousands, who were in the flood and not slaughtered, mourned the fate of near and dear ones, the loss of happy homes, the blasting of earthly joys, the severing of tender ties, the wreck of fondest hopes. It was not merely a flood, but whole towns afloat, that wrought this cruel blight. Property representing millions of dollars, the expenditures of wealthy corporations and the hard-earned savings of humble toilers, had vanished. The people knew what it was to have muddy water swamp their ground floors, spoil their carpets and set everything swimming in their cellars, but none had the least notion that Johnstown could be washed out of existence. The water rose to the third stories in a moment, which meant that a sudden halt was put upon busy life, that death and destruction must hold undisputed sway, and that Cambria county should furnish the saddest page in American history.

So the day ordained to be memorable to latest generations—Friday, May 31st, 1889—closed at last in sorrow and distress, mourning and anguish, desolation and bereavement unparalleled since trials and tribulations fell to the lot of mankind. Wall Street's "Black Friday," strewn with financial wrecks, was a bow of radiant light compared with this, the blackest Friday in Time's unerring calendar.

There was much talk of a "cloud-burst" to explain why the dam had overflowed and melted away. The rains were sufficient, without dragging in any other burst than the burst in the dam. Sergeant Stewart, in charge of the

bureau of the Signal Service at Johnstown, says that the fall of water on the Conemaugh at that point up to the time of the flood was probably $2\frac{5}{10}$ inches. He believes it was much heavier in the mountains. The country drained by Conemaugh Creek and Stony Creek covers an area of about one hundred square miles. The bureau, figuring on this basis and $2\frac{5}{10}$ inches of rainfall, finds that 464,640,000 cubic feet of water were precipitated toward Johnstown in its last hours. This is independent of the great body of water in the lake, which was not less than two-thirds as much. It is therefore easily seen that there was ample water to cover Conemaugh Valley from ten to twenty-five feet deep. Such a volume of water was never before known to fall in Cambria County in the same time.

Whether rain-fall or cloud-burst was the cause mattered nothing to the three thousand human beings who had crossed the dark river of death!



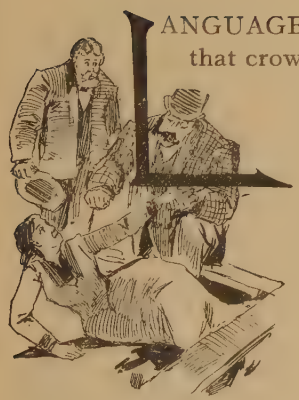
The Burning Wreckage above the Stone Bridge.

X.

ACCUMULATED HORRORS.

THE DREADFUL SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF A NIGHT OF UNUTTERABLE AGONY — DYING IN THE RAIN AND THE DARKNESS — FALLING BUILDINGS AND CRASHING WRECKAGE — CONFLAGRATION AT THE RAILROAD BRIDGE — DEAD BODIES AND LIVING BEINGS CONSUMED — CALCINED BONES AND ROASTED FLESH — DRAMATIC EPISODES — A GRUESOME SPECTACLE NEAR NINEVEH — HEADS, ARMS AND LEGS STICKING OUT OF THE SAND AND MUCK — RECITALS THAT SURPASS THE WILDEST FLIGHTS OF FICTION.

"Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death,
Infectious horror ran from face to face
And pale despair."



"CUT OFF MY LEG! DON'T LET ME BURN!"

LANGUAGE is too weak to convey an adequate idea of the horrors that crowded thick and fast, as the evening and the night wore on. Cold rain fell in torrents, drenching to the skin the shivering mortals clinging to roofs, or drifting on bits of wreck in the pitchy darkness there was neither lamp nor candle, gas-jet nor electric light to dispel. The bridges had vanished and no way existed for separated families to get news of one another. The fate of thousands was uncertain and the suspense most harrowing. All around buildings that had partly held together during their dreadful journey, down and up and down again, kept falling to pieces with a noise startling as the crack of doom. Here a strong man, mangled in the jam and crush, passed in the rain and the darkness to the shining shore, without a gentle hand to wipe away the damps of death or ease the wounded frame. There women expired from shock and exhaustion, or brought children prematurely into the world. Yonder lay the sick and the maimed, racked with pain and moaning

feebly, beside corpses more to be envied than was their living company. The town was under fifteen to twenty feet of water, and who could feel secure in refuges that rocked and creaked continually? Now and then a piercing shriek proclaimed that some poor soul had been forced into the current, to strangle and die. From the revelations of that weird, unearthly night Dante could have learned how to devise new torments for his "Inferno."

The wreckage at the railroad bridge—the invulnerable pile of masonry which laughed at a bombardment that would have shaken the pyramids—caught fire at six o'clock. This bridge played an important part in the flood, causing numerous fatalities and yet saving many lives. Had it been of iron, all the houses floated away with the first rush would have gone down the river unhindered. In this event not a vestige of Cambria or Morrellville could possibly have escaped destruction. When the three divisions of the waters met they would not have been forced so far back, hence Johnstown and Kernville would have fared considerably better. On the other hand, thousands of people, who floated up and down at the pleasure of the waves and were rescued, would certainly have perished. With the bridge out of the way, the embankment between it and the station could not have lasted five minutes. The Cambria Iron Works and everything near the stream would have been obliterated. The rubbish would not have been left in Johnstown, but probably the loss of lives would have been doubled or trebled below the bridge, towards which a sea of human beings and wreckage surged constantly. The wreckage covered the water more thickly than the houses had covered Johnstown and Millville. The vast mass rushed down to the stone arches and matted and twisted and gorged. Dead bodies, drowning people and endless wreck mixed and bound in a Gordian knot the hands of a Titan could not unloose. The bridge stood firm as Leonidas and his Spartan band at Thermopylæ. The drift fastened its tentacles to the arches, dammed up the outlet and backed the tide. Above the munching and grinding of the writhing mass were plainly heard the shrill cries of frantic women and the hoarse shouts of drowning men, imploring the help that could not be extended them. The embankment yielded, the waters began to recede and the wreck hugged the bridge and the bluff more closely. As the waters lowered the mass settled, squeezing out countless lives.

Cars of crude petroleum, inflammable as gun cotton, came to grief on the tracks between Johnstown and East Conemaugh. Their contents saturated part of the drift. Kitchen utensils, furniture, clothing and cooking-stoves piping hot came down in the houses that contained them. One of these stoves tipped over, or was smashed. The oil-soaked wood ignited and tongues of flame licked up the wreckage about the bridge. The glow illuminated the skies and people wondered how and when and where the fire would end. Calls from roof to roof, "what's burning now?" brought answers which sounded like the rattle of gravel on a coffin-lid. Stifling groans and suffocating screams told

that people were roasting. How many living beings and dead bodies were consumed can be conjectured only. At first two thousand was the estimate. Missing ones returned when the receding waters permitted a passage and the estimate dropped to one thousand—five hundred—three hundred. The latter may be accepted as fairly accurate. No funeral-pyre in India has been furnished with such an array of victims. There was "water, water everywhere," but not a drop to quench the largest bonfire Pennsylvania ever saw. Though the blaze had been accessible, the efforts of a battalion of firemen to extinguish it would have been ridiculously futile. The streams squirted through a thousand nozzles could not affect acres of scorching, devouring flame, fed by combustibles that burned and seared and sputtered to the water underlying them. Two nights and two days the fiery furnace crackled and blazed with all the fury of the hell folks read about. On Sunday its supply exhausted and the embers were put out by a company of gallant fire-laddies from Pittsburgh. They came on the first train that ran to the west end of the bridge, bringing with them hose and engines and manly courage, Chief Steele at their head. The light, dry, splintery stuff was reduced to ashes, but logs and timbers without limit remained to tax the ingenuity of man to clear a channel which should let the disease-breeding wreckage swim down the river and lose itself in the Atlantic ocean. Charred skulls, which pulverized at a touch, blackened bones and roasted flesh, protruded through the dreadful pile when the flames and the waters retired. Just try to conceive a picture of being cremated in the ruins of your own house, miles from its foundations, your dear ones consuming before your eyes, and you can understand something of the crowning horror at the railroad bridge below Johnstown! Then to have a calcined bone fingered by a lean, lank, cadaverous relic-hunter, to be taken to his home and exhibited to visitors as a souvenir of the disaster!

Miss Rose Clark was one of the crowd on the wreck when the fire started. Two men were endeavoring to free her from heavy timbers, which held her fast as in a vise. The brave girl, who was suffering from a broken arm, a broken leg and painful bruises, encouraged her rescuers by words of cheer and looks of gratitude. The flames spread in their direction and one of the men feared he would be obliged to leave Miss Clark to a torturing death. She besought him to try once more, saying, "Cut off my leg! Don't let me be burned up!" The next attempt succeeded, the timbers yielded sufficiently to extricate the bleeding foot and the young lady was carried to the west shore of Stony Creek. On Saturday her fractures were attended to by a physician, and in due course the heroine of this dramatic adventure recovered.

Ex-Burgess "Chal." L. Dick, the talented lawyer and genial companion, who rivals Bogardus or Buffalo Bill as a crack shot, was a witness of the growing horrors. His wife lost near friends—father, mother, sisters, nephews and nieces—and the children were rescued from water up to their parents' shoul-

ders. The frightful events of Friday afternoon and night excited Mr. Dick's profound compassion, as the depredations of plundering rascals aroused his ire on Saturday. Unmindful of his own losses of friends and property, he strove to assist the sufferers and to intimidate the looters who robbed indiscriminately. His fearless determination, backed by his favorite rifle and a tone and look which boded evil to wrong-doers, was worth a brigade of troops in maintaining order. This is what he told about the flood and the fire:

"Yes, I saw it from start to finish. My house was on Somerset street, Kernville. On Thursday night it rained very hard. My wife woke me and called my attention to the way the water was coming down. I said nothing, but I got up about five o'clock and took a look around. In a little while Stony Creek had risen three feet. I then knew that we were going to have a flood, but I did not apprehend any danger. The water soon flooded the streets, and boards and logs began coming down. A lot of us turned in to have some sport. I gave my watch and what money I had to a neighbor and began riding logs down the stream. I had lots of company. Old men acted like boys, and shouted and splashed about in the water like mad. Finally the water began to rise so rapidly that I became alarmed. I went home and told my wife that it was full time to get out. She was somewhat incredulous, but I made her get ready, and we took the children and went to the house of Mr. Bergman, on Napoleon street, just on the rise of Kernville. I got wet from head to foot fooling in the water, and when I got to Bergman's I took a chill. I undressed and went to bed and fell asleep. The first thing I knew I was pulled out of bed to the floor by Mr. Bergman, who yelled, 'The dam has burst!' I got up, pulled on my pantaloons and rushed down stairs. I got my youngest child and told my wife to follow with the two others. This time the water was three feet in the house and rising rapidly. We waded up to our waists out through it, up the hill, far beyond the reach of danger.

"CHAL." L. DICK.

"From the time I left Bergman's till I stopped is a blank. I remember nothing. I turned and looked, and may my eyes never rest on another such sight! The water was above the houses from the direction of the railroad bridge. There came a wave that appeared to be about twelve feet high. It was perpendicular in its face and moved in a mist. I have heard them speak of the death mist, but I then first appreciated what the phrase meant. It came on up Stony Creek, carrying on its surface house after house and moving along faster than any horse could trot. In the water there bobbed up and down and twisted and twirled the heads of people making ripples after the manner of shot dropped into a puddle. The wave struck houses not yet submerged and cut them down. The frames rose to the surface, but the bricks, of course, were lost to sight. When the force of the water spent itself and began retracing its course, then the awfulness of the scene increased in intensity. I have a little nerve, but my heart broke at the sight. Houses, going and coming, crashed up against each other and began grinding each other to pieces. The buildings creaked and groaned as they let go their fastenings and fairly melted. At the windows of the dwellings there appeared the faces of the

people equally as ill-fated as the rest. God forbid that I should ever again look upon such intensity of anguish. How white and horror-stricken those faces were, and such appeals for help that could not come! The women wrung their hands in their despair and prayed aloud for their deliverance. Down stream went houses and people at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour and stopped, a conglomerate mass, at the stone abutment of the railroad bridge. The first buildings that struck the bridge took fire, and those that came afterward were swept into a sea of flame. I thought I had already witnessed the greatest possible climax of anguish, but the scene that followed exceeded in awfulness anything I had before looked upon. The flames grew; hundreds of people were wedged in the driftwood and imprisoned in the houses. Rapidly the fire approached them, and then they began to cry for aid, and hundreds of others stood on the bank, powerless to extend a single comfort.

"As the fire licked up house after house and pile after pile, I could see men and women bid each other good-bye and fathers and mothers kiss their children. The flames swallowed them up and hid them from my view, but I could hear their shrieks as they roasted alive. The shrieks mellowed into groans and the groans into silence, only to be followed by more shrieks, more groans and more silence as the fire caught up and destroyed its victims. Heavens! but I was glad when the end came. My only anxiety was to have it come quickly, and I prayed that it might come quick! It was a splendid realization of the Judgment Day—a magnificent realization of the impotency of man in a battle with such a combination of fire and flood."

Conductor Frank McDonald, who viewed the carnage at the bridge, said to me:

"Well, what did you think of it? Wasn't it shocking? One of the first houses that came down struck the bridge and took fire and others were consumed as they arrived. I believe I saw hundreds of bodies burn. They reminded me of a lot of flies on fly-paper, struggling to get away with no hope and no chance to save them. I have no idea that blowing up the bridge would have diminished the loss of life, It was impossible to reach it to explode dynamite, the water came so fast. Away down in the terrible depths the mass of torn and twisted timbers and dead humanity burned. The light, curling smoke that rose to the mountain, and the sickening stench from the centre of the heap showed that the fire was feeding on other fuel than the rafters and roofs and walls that once housed the population of Johnstown."

After the flames died away the search for bodies commenced. Very often the gleam of an axe and a group of stooping figures denoted another ghastly find. Even the keen eyes of love could not discern in limbless trunks and fleshless skeletons the forms of kindred and friends. So the fragments were hurried into shallow graves among the unknown. The forest-clad hills are silent concerning them, the tomb reveals no secrets, the river is peaceful as a baby's smile, and the names of many victims of the holocaust will not be learned until sea and land give up their dead.

Above Nineveh the Conemaugh winds around a neck of land that juts into the stream. Over this patch the flood whirled and eddied, leaving behind it a stack of bodies. On Saturday the waters had fallen to the level of the annual freshet. In the sand and muck two hundred corpses were deposited. Uneven, irregular mounds of dirt pointed out where some of them had been unloaded and covered lightly, as the birds enwrapped the Babes in the Wood. Others were marked by a tuft of hair, a naked shoulder, a slimy head, a haggard face, a clenched hand, an exposed hip, a shoeless foot, or a rigid arm

sticking out of the ooze and grime and polluted soil! Still more lay stark and stiff and cold, in every conceivable position—straight as a plumb-line, crooked as hunch-backs and doubled up in most repulsive fashion. What a subject for Doré's pencil this gruesome spectacle would have been, the memory of which haunts one like a nightmare!

There were many illustrations of the mother-love that is always manifested where mothers are. Among the most touching was that of the mother who, clinging with her two infants to the roof of her house, as it was swept along, had a rope thrown by which she might have saved herself if she would leave her children. To this friendly offer she only shook her head, stayed with her little ones and with them went down the roaring flood. The bodies of Patrick Fagan, his wife and five children were found among the drift on Wednesday, all the seven in a bunch. Mrs. Fagan was holding her baby with a grasp not even the death struggle could relax. Another mother and her baby, the latter pressed to the bosom that had been supplying nourishment, were dug from the wreckage in Kernville. Flood and flame could not subdue the maternal instinct, the redeeming virtue which Adam's fall did not impair. Locked in each other's arms so firmly they could not be forced apart, two girls found in a mass of wreckage, near Bolivar, were placed in one coffin of rough boards and buried together. Amid scenes like these

TWO DEAD GIRLS LOCKED IN A FIRM EMBACE.

> "Every face
> Was pallid—seldom hath that eye been moist
> With tears that wept not then!"

In the midst of it all children came into the stricken world. One case attracted special notice. A very small baby, who had a very large experience crowded into his brief career, sailed for England with his parents in June. He was the youngest child of Griffith Williams, who, with his wife and four little ones, returned to their former home in Wales, after having lost everything but their lives. The baby—he was appropriately named Moses—was born surrounded by the horrors of that awful night in the Conemaugh Valley. Hours before the parents had fled their own house, driven by the rising water to seek another place of safety. They went to the house of a relative on Lincoln street. The flood overtook them. They were driven to the attic. The

house was swept from its foundations and began a voyage down the surging torrent. When the railroad bridge was reached the house was wrenched in halves, and the Williams family were driven from their friends. The part of the wreck to which they hung was forced by the pressure of back-water up Stony Creek. There in the darkness and storm the baby was born. He was wrapped up in a piece of old shawl his mother wore. It was drenched with rain, but there wasn't a dry thread in the attic. They had no food. The children shivered and cried. The mother was almost dead. Between six and seven o'clock on Saturday evening help came. Mother and babe were lifted on a shutter and carried over the roofs of houses to a shelter on the hillside. The father was a sturdy employé at the Cambria iron works, settling at Johnstown three years ago. The mother was a quiet little women of modest demeanor, whose young face presented unmistakable traces of the fearful ordeal of that night on the flooded Conemaugh. The older children—John, seven years old, Davy, five years, and Howell, two years—were bright little fellows, but Moses was the star of the group!

In making up the list of applicants for aid at Johnstown, the secretary of a committee came across the name of a baby who had been christened "May Flood." The child was born two hours before the water swept down the Valley. When the flood reached the second story of the frame building the mother and her child were placed on a mattress, which was carried to the top of the floating house. During the passage from the room to the house-top the babe fell into the water, but was rescued by its father. The baby is healthy and hearty. A woman from East Conemaugh gave birth to a child five minutes after the house floated away with herself and her family. Mother and babe perished. The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Edwards, born ten days after the flood, was named May Deluge Kinzer. Mr. Edwards lost all his property.

The body of a girl of about nineteen was found in a peculiar position just outside the blast furnace. She was pinned down under a rail. It lay right across her bosom and had pressed half through her chest. Stout men wept as they raised the mangled form, which was consigned to an unknown grave on Prospect Hill.

Representatives of various newspapers, who flocked to the spot on Saturday and Sunday, in their eagerness for news sent out exaggerated reports and pure inventions, as though the dread realities were not enough to freeze the blood and chill the marrow! The world outside, longing for information, stood amazed at stories of lynchings, mutilations and robberies of the dead, and deeds of violence that would shame the King of Dahomey. The cases that originated these statements can be summed up in a few sentences. Hungarians and Italians did pillage some bodies, cutting off fingers and ears for the sake of rings and jewelry. Their infamous work was soon stopped by the outraged

citizens, who threatened the ghouls with summary vengeance. A reputable resident of Conemaugh Borough actually saw a party of Italians drag a female body from the ruins and outrage the inanimate form! Had he happened to have a gun, some of the foul fiends would have paid the penalty of the damnable crime on the spot. Before he could bring men to the scene the ruffians had sated their devilish lust and fled. Another was detected on Sunday, at Kernville, in the attempt to assault a young girl whom he had pulled half-dead from under a lot of boards. The villain was taken to the woods by several incensed men, who strung him to a tree until his worthless life ended, then cut down the carcass and chucked it into a mudhole. This atrocious scoundrel was the only one hanged. A negro pilfering a trunk was shot at and wounded in the arm by an indignant bystander. A Hungarian, plundering corpses lying along the shore below Morrellville, was forced at the muzzle of a Winchester rifle, in the hands of a prominent citizen of Johnstown, to disgorge his booty and wade into the river. He could not stem the current and was soon dispatched to Hades. No other persons were lynched or shot or drowned, despite the crowds alleged to have been done to death by lawless mobs, but gangs of thieving rascals were soundly thrashed and driven out of town.

The men in the signal tower of the Pennsylvania road at Sang Hollow, four miles west of Johnstown, saw a fair young girl come down on the roof of a building which swung towards the shore. She screamed to the operators to save her. One brave fellow walked into the river as far as he could and shouted to her to try to guide herself to land with a bit of plank. She made two or three bold strokes and actually stopped the raft for an instant. Then it swerved and went from under her. She tried to swim, but in a few seconds was lost. On the bridge at Bolivar, which was weighted down with cars of coal to hold it on the piers, men stood with ropes to throw to people floating down the river. The darkness was so intense that few could clutch the ropes, as they whizzed past, and retain their grip. It was the last resource of many a soul drifting out into eternal night. The groans of agony when the rope eluded the outstretched arms will ring in the ears of the hearers to their dying hour. One boy contrived to stick to the line and was drawn upon the bridge, bleeding, contused and almost naked. The lad, aged 13 and named Edward Harten, told his preserver, James Curry, these particulars:

"With my father I was spending the day at my grandfather's house in Cambria. In the house at the time were Theodore, Edward and John Kintz, young John Kintz and his wife, Mary and Treacy Kintz, Mrs. Rica Smith, John Hirsch and four children, my father and myself. Shortly after five o'clock there was a noise of roaring waters and screams of people. We looked out of the door and saw persons running. My father told us to never mind, as the waters would not rise further. But soon we saw houses swept away and we ran up to the floor above. The house was three stories, and we were at last forced to the top one. In my fright I jumped on the bed. It was an old-fashioned one with heavy posts. The water kept rising, and my bed was soon afloat. Gradually it was lifted up. The air in the room grew close and the house was moving.

Still the bed kept rising and pressed the ceiling. At last the posts pushed against the plaster. It yielded, and a section of the roof gave way. I found myself on the roof, being carried down stream. After a little the roof began to part, and I was afraid I was going to be drowned. Just then another house with a shingle roof floated by and I managed to crawl on it, and floated down until nearly dead with cold, when I was saved. After I was freed from the house I did not see my father. My grandfather was on a tree, but he must have been drowned, as the waters were rising fast. John Kintz, jr., was also on a tree. Miss Mary Kintz and Mrs. Mary Kintz I saw drown. Miss Smith was also drowned. John Hirsch was in a tree, but the four children were drowned. The scenes were terrible. Live bodies and corpses were floating down with me and away from me. I would see persons, hear them shriek, and they would disappear. All along the line were people who were trying to save us, but they could do nothing, and only a few were caught."

At Bolivar a young man and two women were seen coming on a piece of a floor. At the upper bridge a rope was thrown to them which they all failed to catch. Between the two bridges he was noticed to point toward the elder woman, who was likely his mother. He was then seen to instruct the women how to catch the rope that was lowered from the other bridge. Down came the raft with a rush. The brave man stood with his arms around his two companions. As they swept under the bridge he seized the rope. He was jerked violently away from the women, who failed to get a hold. Seeing that they could not be rescued, he dropped the rope and fell back on the raft, which floated on. The current washed the frail craft toward the bank. The young man was enabled to seize a branch of a tree. He aided the two women to get up into the tree, while he held on with his hands and rested his feet on a pile of driftwood. Floating timber struck the drift, sweeping it away. The man hung with his body in the water. A pile of driftwood collected, furnishing him another insecure footing. Up the river there was a sudden crash. A section of the bridge was swept away and floated down the stream, striking the tree and snapping it off. All three were thrown into the water, and drowned before the eyes of the horrified spectators. How they, or any others, reached Bolivar alive is a marvel. At Lockport Falls the waters poured through the rocky barrier with a deafening roar. Trees were bounced high in the air and houses dashed to kindling-wood. Yet a baby five months old—nobody knew whose child—floated the entire distance on the floor of the house and was rescued at Pittsburgh on Saturday morning! The flood-waif is plump and vigorous to-day. Still people talk of Graham and his barrel at Niagara, and insist that the age of miracles is past!

C. W. Linthicum, of Batimore, was on his way from Pittsburgh to Johnstown on Friday evening. The terrors he witnessed may be judged from his description:

"Our train, due at Sang Hollow at 4.02, was five minutes late. Just as we were about to pull out we heard the flood was coming. Looking up the valley, we saw an immense wall of water, thirty feet high, raging, roaring, rushing towards us. The engineer reversed the engine and ran back to the hills, three or four hundred yards, enabling us to escape. The flood swept

by, tearing up tracks, telegraph poles, trees and houses. Supt. Pitcairn was on the train. We all got out and tried to save the floating people. Taking the bell-cord, we formed a line and threw the rope out, thus saving seven persons. We could have saved more, but many were afraid to let go the debris. It was an awful sight. The immense volume of water was roaring along, whirling over huge rocks, dashing against the banks and leaping high in the air, and this seething flood was strewn with timber, trunks of trees, parts of houses and hundreds of human beings, cattle and other animals. The fearful peril of the living was not more awful than the horrors of hundreds of distorted, bleeding corpses whirling along the avalanche of death. We counted 107 people floating by, and dead without number. On a section of roof were sitting a woman and girl. C. W. Heppenstall, of Pittsburgh, waded and swam to the roof. He brought the girl in first and then the woman. They were not relatives. The woman had lost her husband and four children, and the girl her father, mother and entire family. A little boy came by with his mother. Both were as calm as could be, and the boy was, apparently, trying to comfort the mother. They passed unheeding our proffered help, and, striking the bridge below, went down into the vortex like lead. One beautiful girl came by with her hands raised in prayer. Although we shouted to her and ran along the bank, she paid no attention. We could have saved her if she had caught the rope. About eight o'clock we returned to New Florence. All along the river were corpses caught in the branches of trees and wedged in the corners of the banks. A large sycamore tree between Sang Hollow and New Florence seemed to draw into it nearly all who floated down and they sank around its roots. Over two hundred bodies were close to that one spot. Nobody saved anything, and some of the people going down on the drift had lost every stitch of their clothing. It is too dreadful to think of. If I could only get rid of the expression on the faces of some of those drowning before my eyes!"

One of the most horrible incidents was the discovery above the stone bridge of the body of a woman who had been killed while giving birth to a child. The babe had not yet been fully delivered. The identity of the woman could not be established. Doctors say the case is unparalleled.

It was the impression of the medical corps and military surgeons, who arrived at Johnstown early in the week, that hundreds of men, women and children were insensible to all horror before the waters closed in over them. Their opinion was based on the fact that hundreds of the bodies were terribly wounded, generally on the head. In many instances the wounds were sufficient to have caused death. The crashing of houses in the first mad rush of the flood with a force greater than the collision of railroad trains making fast time, and the hurling of timbers, poles, towers and boulders through the air, are believed to have caused a legion of deaths in an instant, before the victims knew what was coming. Even the survivors bear testimony to this. The first surgeon in charge of the hospital treated long lines of people for wounds too terrible to mention. They knew not what happened, except that they fell in a moment.

The first train that passed New Florence, bound east, was crowded wtih people from Pittsburgh and intermediate points, going to the scene of the disaster with the hope of finding their friends. Not a dry eye was in the train. Mothers moaned for their children. Husbands paced the aisles and wrung their hands. Fathers pressed their faces against the windows and endeavored to see something, they knew not what, that would tell them in a measure of

the dreadful fate their darlings had met. Along the river the train stopped, and bodies were taken on, having been fished up by the villagers. Swollen corpses lay on piles of cross-ties, or on the river banks among the tangled greenery. Such things are engraved indelibly on the minds of the beholders.

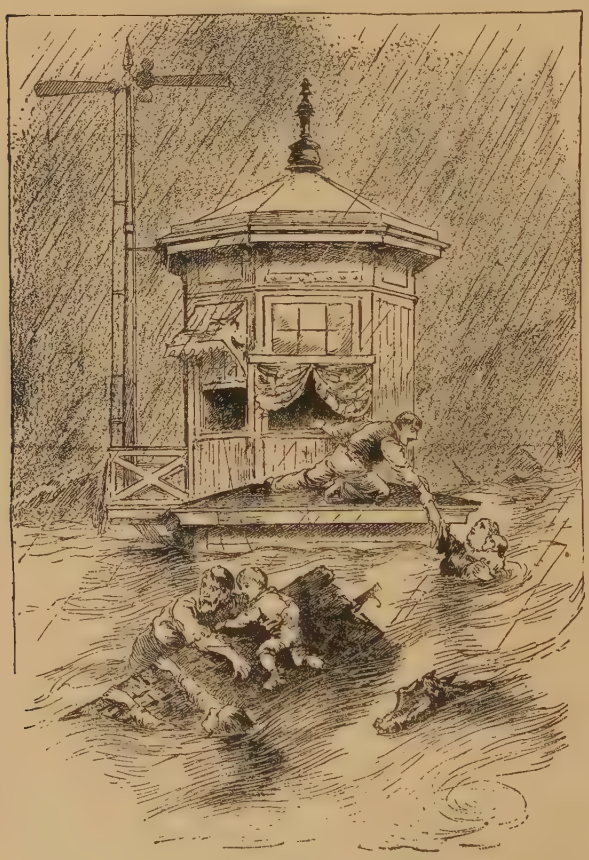
On Saturday a clerk was reeling along intoxicated. Suddenly, with a frantic shout, he threw himself over the bank and into the flood and would have been carried to his death had he not been caught by some persons below. "Let me die!" he exclaimed, when they rescued him. "My wife and children are gone; I have no use for my life." An hour later he was lying on the ground overcome by drink. He had never tasted liquor before.

Watchers in the signal-tower below Sang Hollow tell of young girls swept so far into the bank that they could almost touch them, and yet not far enough to be saved. On the other hand, brave men went out into the stream and brought to the shore people who seemed to be destined to destruction. Others tried and failed. It was a torturing night to those who were on the brink of the waters. They could hear the cries of those whom they could not reach. Husbands saw wives and children perish before their eyes. The women and children make the largest count in the death-roll. Two men on a tiny raft shot into the swiftest part of the current. They crouched stolidly, looking at the shore, while between them, dressed in white and kneeling with her face turned heavenward, was a girl seven years old. She was motionless, as if stricken with paralysis, until she came opposite the tower. Then she turnde her face to the telegraph operator, so close he could see big tears on her cheeks. The men on shore shouted to her to keep up courage. She resumed her devout attitude and disappeared under the trees of a projection a short distance below. "We could not see her come out again," said the operator, "and that was all of it." "Do you see that fringe of trees?"—pointing to the place where the little girl had gone out of sight"—we saw scores of little children swept in there."

There is a story of a fatal tree, full of grim interest. A man powerless to interfere saw men, women and children borne down the stream and dashed to death against this tree. The waters were full of human bodies. The dead kept floating by the telegraph stations of the railroad. It is a hundred miles by water from Johnstown to Pittsburgh, but the dead and the wreckage traveled all the way in twenty-four hours. On Saturday thousands of people stood on the banks of these streams watching for the bodies. Statements came of individual loss and suffering, of men wandering over the mud flats where towns had once stood, bereft of everything—of property, wife and children; of women suddenly widowed and made childless. The calamity was so stupendous that people at a distance could not begin to appreciate its extent. Those near it were simply dazed or stunned. A whole community dwelling in a valley fifteen miles in length had been picked up bodily by the angry flood, and hurled

was hurled shrieking against the railroad bridge, pinned into the mass beyond all possibility of escape. It was not only death, but death with all the horrible tortures that can be imagined.

The horror and infinite pity of it all!



RESCUED AT A SIGNAL TOWER.

XI.

GLIMPSES OF THE HAVOC.

AWAKENING TO THE FULL REALITY AND EXTENT OF THE DEVASTATION — WHAT THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY DISCLOSED — MILES OF BARREN WASTE AND HEAPING WRECKAGE — WALKING OVER AND CRAWLING UNDER SQUARES AND STREETS OF CHAOS — CELLARS PACKED WITH DIRT AND STONES AND CORPSES — LANDMARKS WIPED OUT — A SURVEY OF THE FRAGMENTS THAT BURIED ACRES OF JOHNSTOWN, CONEMAUGH BOROUGH AND KERNVILLE FATHOMS DEEP.

"Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me here to wither."—SHAKESPEARE.

BALTIMORE & OHIO DEPOT.

HOPES WHICH survived that awful Friday night withered and died, their mellow hangings gone, when the morning of a new day revealed measurably the wide-spread desolation. Inch by inch the riotous waters had slunk away in the deep shades, afraid to look upon the evil they had wrought. Little by little the streets and the wreckage and the ravaged districts emerged. Day dawned, and it was not all a hideous dream. The sun rose, the birds sang and the real awakening had come. People bestirred themselves to reach dry places, or to lend a helping hand to those whom the flood still kept prisoners. They must hunt for their friends till they find them—alive possibly, dead probably. Impassable streams—their bridges washed out—divided the towns, and stretches of mud-laden water brooded where squares and blocks had been yesterday. Rafts were rigged up for errands of mercy and did good service. Floaters half-dead from exposure, weary lodgers on the drift, crying children and weeping women were piloted to firm ground and cared for as kindly as the scanty

resources available would admit. Whole families were saved—a vagary of the flood; whole families were lost—the mockery of fate. The survivors, stunned by the weight of the calamity, were moving they knew not whither. Over and under the wreck some clambered and crawled, peering into the smallest opening or prying up boards or sticks, all the while dreading what might be revealed. Others trod miles of ruins to discover that bare earth, or fragments of buildings which had traveled far, occupied the sites of their stores and dwellings. Merchants wandered aimlessly, tramps with the rest. Heedless of the direful consequences, not regarding the sorrow and suffering that must ensue, respecting neither age nor sex nor condition, intent only to pour forth their vials of hateful resentment, the waters had shunned no nook or cranny or crevice in their blind excesses.

Let the reader accompany me on my Saturday exploration through and around Johnstown. Where is the heart of the town? Cast your eye westward and southward from Green Hill, on the turnpike leading to South Fork, over the wastes five to twenty feet under dirty water and the burning volcano at the railroad bridge, and you have the answer. A strip of thickly populated territory, two miles long by three to seven squares wide, with six dismantled buildings remaining, gives a faint idea of the havoc from the upper end of Woodvale to the blistered stone arches. Add to this two hundred houses in Cambria and a great gap along Stony Creek from end to end of Kernville, making a total of at least two thousand buildings, to complete the fearful survey. A bruised and battered grocery—a railroad station minus a corner and the tracks about it gone—the Cambria Iron Company's store, one-third of it beaten down and the offices safe under its guardian wing—the brick school-house on Iron street, into which hundreds crept or were dragged from the drift, and other hundreds are to be prepared for burial—are the remnants of the busiest sections of Conemaugh Borough, Johnstown and Millville. None of them can be approached for hours. Pools of water soak and swim whatever ventures to fathom their depths. Millville has followed Woodvale and Mineral Point, the school-building alone staying to see what the harvest will be. We cannot cross Conemaugh Creek, but the Gautier mills are missing, and it is evident that the iron-works and Cambria Borough have been struck hard blows. Railroad trains are not running. Freight cars are in the litter of the streets or the wreckage above the bridge. A locomotive, which rode the wave like a cork from East Conemaugh, is lodged near the company's store—the store upon whose roof or through whose windows scores of people leaped and were saved. No tracks are within sight, steam whistles are hushed, and the cheery hum of machinery is not heard. Excepting the farmers back of the hill that borders Conemaugh Borough, Johnstown can receive no visitors until some way is provided to cross the creeks or set the car-wheels in motion. Until then an Alpine tourist on a glacier is as approachable.

Where is Washington street, the first paralleling Conemaugh Creek? Between it and the stream were the Baltimore & Ohio tracks and yards, sheds and freight houses, a hotel or two, the opera-house and the big store. The last building is the sole survivor. Everything else is blank space. The Turner Hall cannot be located, the Mansion House has quit doing business at the old stand, the warehouses are filling an engagement in the wreckage at the bridge, and advertising a reward for its return would not restore the one-storied wooden temple of music and the drama. The inhabited side of the street extended three blocks, from Clinton to Walnut. Not a particle of its seventy or eighty saloons, its stores, shops, restaurants and dwellings is to be seen. The buildings and their contents swell the drift and refuse that gorge Kernville or sustain the blaze on the Point, while the cellars are packed with mud and stones and dead bodies. Two hundred persons were in these three blocks when the deluge hit them. Four-fifths of their number have responded to the summons that brooks no excuse for postponement to a more convenient season. The Public Library is a jumble of broken bricks and bits of slate roof, the books destroyed and their custodian—Mrs. Hirst—buried under the heap of rubbish that just peeps above the water. Next door was the Western Union office, which it would puzzle a microscopist to discover now. At the foot of Washington street, Walnut ran at right angles. No sign of it anywhere. The iron bridge to the Pennsylvania railroad and the wooden one behind the store have strayed off, and men across the stream are beginning to set rows of bodies on the station platform. The water keeps them and us apart. Each can only look from a distance at what the other is doing, and feel sick contemplating the misery and ruin and death. There is nothing farther down but the chaotic wreck, for the houses on the Point are not at home to-day, and Iron street is bleak and desolate as a country grave-yard in mid-winter.

Locust street, a square back of Washington, is the next in order. The upper part is planted with wrecks, yet a fair percentage of its own buildings did not flit. Thirty horses changed the hay and corn at Harry Zimmerman's livery-stable for the perennial pastures of the heaven Charles Dickens and the Indians believed to be reserved for equines that never balked or kicked out the dash-board, and dogs that always refrained from hydrophobia and sheep-killing! Two or three frames opposite are lacking, and a large one is leaning at a top-heavy angle. The snug brick residences in rear of the Methodist Church were roughly handled—bay windows absent, porches not at their posts, the furniture coated with slime and the inmates scattered. Frohneizer's tasteful home across the street presents a demoralized front, which the bricklayers and carpenters can fix up as good as new. The gaps and breaks and vacancies have a depressing effect upon those whose acquaintance with the locality antedates the flood. This brings us to the Park, which a jaunty fence had inclosed. Grass and trees flanked the cinder paths, and thousands crossed

the plot daily. Look at it! The trees, the fence, the grass, the paths have made room for a Babel of confusion. Why attempt to analyze the complicated mass, so like a hundred others? Not a building is standing on the north side of the Park. From Franklin street Locust is a remembrance only, its dwellings in flinders and ridges of sand concealing its surface.

What of Main street, where half the gleaning of the flood seems to be crammed between the buildings that declined the invitation to drop down or sail off? Start from the head, on the slope at the intersection of Adams street. Squirrels might skip over the humps and layers of trees, timber, houses and everything the water could use in its game of shuttlecock, but it is a tough job for pedestrians. We jump, climb, go on all-fours, swinging by a projecting board or beam, stoop and rise on tip-toe by turns. The road is not adapted to locomotion of any sort. John Bunyan's "Christian," who smiled at the Hill Difficulty, would have filled his hands and trousers' legs with jagging splinters on this excursion!

Well, here we are at Feeder, the first cross-street. The corner-house and two or three of its associates are in their places, though the dampness ogled with the ceilings and mussed the furniture in an untidy fashion "Miss Ophelia" would have voted "shiftless." Wreckage is soaring to the upper windows and the eaves. Houses are bending very low to houses which reciprocate the courtesy in kind. You are sure human bodies are under the dilapidated homes that drifted in last evening, and a sense of awe pervades the mind. Men are beginning to carry in corpses already, and you observe arms and heads and legs around and about and beneath your feet. Crossing the Baltimore & Ohio tracks, four yards under the rubbish, you query how long it will take to clear away or burn the queer ballast and have the cars going again. People never valued the steam horse, the rumbling wheels, the dark red coaches and the flying trains so much as this morning, when the town is hermetically sealed and food not to be had.

Railroad street is a mere shadow on one side and nothing on the other. A hiatus of many acres is liberally stocked with wreckage. Nice homes, shops, Henderson & Anderson's furniture ware-rooms and Cover's livery are in the assortment, which extends from the Conemaugh to Stony Creek. This is the swath the upper section of the great wave slashed down in short metre. See this mess of iron bars, bricks, wheels, ploughs, harrows and tools, fit only for the junk-pile! It is not easy to realize that it was a mammoth business establishment eighteen hours ago. Swank's brick block—four stories filled with hardware and agricultural implements—stood on this spot, the southeast corner of Main and Bedford streets. A two-story brick was mortised in the north end where the streets form an acute angle. A grocery occupied the ground floor and the *Herald* was printed up-stairs. The cylinder of the printing-press lies in the cellar across the way, and the roof of the Swank block is distributed over

RUINS OF SWANK'S BRICK BLOCK, MAIN AND BEDFORD STREETS.

the site of Hon. Daniel McLaughlin's mansion. On the southwest corner of these streets was a frame building, which its taller brick neighbors crushed into jelly, a family under it all. The northeast corner—Main and Clinton it is, Bedford ending—has been sponged off and helps make up the void stretching back to Railroad street. Louther & Green's block, opposite, has a corner knocked out from pavement to cornice. It looks shaky around that quarter of the structure, as the break enlarges towards the top story, where Tommy McMullin has his billiard-room and Charley Burgraff his photograph-gallery.

The Hager block, straight across Main, looks strangely awry. It was finished and occupied in March, and one-third of it is a heap of ruins in the basement, destroying Geis & Schry's elegant new store. The accumulations of wreck and garbage increase as we advance, stray bits resting on the roofs. The Merchants' Hotel, a four-story brick, vibrates in the breeze. Part of the rear was thrown down, taking with it a porch and two guests. The next building is past redemption, and Luckhardt's frame is so racked and twisted that it must be pulled down. Back of these and adjoining buildings the refuse is abundant. The south side of the street had the largest stores in Johnstown.

The mass of drift rises above them and you step through windows on the third floor. The walls are solid, but the plate-glass fronts have joined "the

lost arts'' Wendell Phillips talked about. The stocks were damaged by water, when not carried off bodily. Logs and trees and divisions of houses shot through some of these stores like cannon balls—in at the front and out at the back without ceremony—taking counters and shelves and goods in their trail. A hundred people spent last night on the roof of John Thomas's building, which defied the incursions of the flood. The wreckage is twenty-five feet deep, with a thickening tendency, and a dead horse—overtaken in the street—can be distinguished in the lump. How many human bodies we have stepped on and over cannot be guessed. The owners of some of these stores have signed their last check, rendered their last bill and given in their last account. May we not hope one and all had a generous credit in the books whose entries are infallible?

Pause right here a moment, take off your hat, and view this object. It is part of a little frame house, doubtless the humble abode of a poor family at Woodvale, or Franklin, or East Conemaugh, or Mineral Point. How it landed on the top of this pile is a mystery. Two walls of the room, the ceilings and the roof have been pulled off, but two sides and the floor remain. What more? A table and two chairs are prone, but just look at that box! On it stands a cloth elephant, erect and steady as though the house had not been jarred and wrenched and humped in the swim for hours. There are other toys on the rag carpet and a child's vacant chair. The pet of the household must have been playing with them when the building started on its fatal voyage. The mother—is she not buried in the drift, her darling pressed to her bosom? The baby's fingers are stiff and icy cold. They will clasp the toys no more, and we drop a dear over a domestic revelation so full of tender pathos.

Soon we reach the corner of Main and Franklin. On a lot from which a building was removed to make room for Dibert's new block the opera-house is bunched in the jam. It sailed from Washington street, by what route nobody can tell, and is touching the building used as the Bijou opera-house for years. Queer, isn't it, that the two should cuddle together at last? Back of this lot is the post-office, the front absent, the boxes topsy-turvey, the mails soaked to paste, and Postmaster Baumer after the brick house on the corner of Main and Adams for temporary quarters. The *Tribune* office, in the second story, had a bit of side-wall hustled out, type pied and presses hurt. John Dibert & Co.'s bank, on the southwest corner, has an undesirable deposit of mud and refuse, which detached from the mass and spilled into the old brick building. The senior partner was carried off by the flood with his house and his daughter. Editor Schubert, whose *Freie Presse* was published above the bank, is also a victim, but the paper will shortly be on its legs again. The Park begins at the northwest corner, and Frazier's drug store faces it on the northeast. The building is considerably the worse of the tussle, a good piece of one wall falling in the affray. A box-car holds the fort in the middle of the street, and

WRECKAGE ON MAIN STREET BETWEEN CLINTON AND FRANKLIN.

a weather-beaten house reinforces it. The car is labelled "B. & O.," which settles its identity, but none can recognize the tenement. Below Dibert's two doors is the Savings Bank, not crippled, but very moist. The cashier of the First National Bank—Howard J. Roberts—has paid his last draft, which a man of his sterling worth could do without protest.

This is Alma Hall, four stories in height, a store and a gas-office below, law offices and lodge rooms higher up. The flood washed swarms of people toward the hall, where they were rescued. Three hundred found refuge within it all night, some coming over mountains of obstructions at the peril of life and limb. What an anxious time they had! The assemblage divided into three parties, one each on the second, third and fourth floors, in charge of the Rev. Dr. Beale, 'Squire A. M. Hart and Dr. Matthews. Lights were not allowed and specific rules were formally adopted. The sick, the injured, the weaker women and the children had the best accommodations that could be obtained. Sobs and moans, tears and supplications, vows and prayers were heard continually and no person slept. Two women gave birth to infants, and two more had broken limbs. Dr. Matthews had three cracked ribs, yet forgot his own pains and bruises in ministering to those who so greatly required his

intelligent skill. No one died during the night, but one sufferer yielded up her life this morning and several may follow her before Sunday. The pledges and promises made under the roof of Alma Hall, in the darkness and suspense of these weary hours, ought to produce a decided impression for good. Shall any violate them and urge Rip Van Winkle's plea, "This time don't count?"

Dr. Lowman's inviting house, fronting Main street and the Park, bears a number of scars. The porches are agee, the marble columns staggering and the walls dotted with gobs of mud to the third story. The family and several neighbors escaped to the roof, which afforded a wide view of the destruction, and in the evening reached Alma Hall. John Fulton's spacious brick residence, on the next lot facing the Park, is nowhere to be seen. He was at Connellsville and his family—one of them a married daughter, on a visit from Venango county—had an experience they would not repeat for the wealth of the Vanderbilts. From Dr. Lowman's to Market street, the north side of Main, resembles the average lottery ticket—a blank. The public building, which had cells for prisoners, rooms for Council meetings, the office of the Burgess and the headquarters of the police, has resigned permanently, The bricks are in the basement and scattered on the streets.

John McKee, a young man, was confined in the lock-up. If anybody thought of him, there was no time to open the grated door and give the prisoner a show for his life. This morning, when an officer headed off the lock-up, after an arduous search, McKee was lifeless. He had climbed to the top of the door. The water rose twenty feet above it and strangled him. A fly in a spider's web may sever the gossamer lines, but poor McKee was not a Samson who could walk off with an entire calaboose.

So it goes to the foot of the street. The remaining squares comprised dozens of the finest houses Johnstown could boast. The Cambria Club House has a dark streak across its upper windows and along its walls—high-water mark, and a rod of back wall has wandered away. Jacob Freund's mansion lost the rear end and a quarter section of the upper side. The old gentleman was alone in the house, his daughters having gone to New York, and he reached the roof as the water reached the head of the stairs. A score of these abodes of luxury have dissolved partnership with their possessors and might do a flourishing trade as "total wrecks." Others are not habitable. Col. J. P. Linton's home, at the end of the street, is a sample of many more that are not floated off or destroyed utterly. Around it not a house stands. The roadway is blocked with five feet of sand, and coquettes with the roof in the yard. Note the cars and a span of a bridge in the vast repository, with bodies galore. The Armory stepped off on the double-quick at the command of the wave, and here it sticks, a mile from its proper quarters. The drift is appalling and the army of Julius Cæsar would not be equal to the drudgery of clearing it away before the ides of March. Such a sight you will never behold again, should you live

to discount Methusaleh. Main street, with its multiform horrors and its flood phenomena, is to-day the most wonderful thoroughfare of any age or nation.

Dinner, did you say? Bless you, there isn't a hotel, a boarding-place or an eating-house left in the settlement! You couldn't find a sandwich if you raked Johnstown with a fine comb! Cellars on the hill-sides were watered worse than railroad stocks, and the provisions spoiled. The people on

COL. J. P. LINTON'S RESIDENCE, LOWER END MAIN STREET.

Prospect—what a view of the flood they had up there!—depended largely upon the farmers for supplies once or twice a week. This is the regular market-day, but you don't observe wagons and hucksters at every turn. We may be able to snatch a handful of crackers, should the Baltimore & Ohio road get in shape to run this afternoon. So we won't think of Delmonico's, though it does seem odd that one could have an appetite in this wilderness of horrors.

No need to walk over—ford rather—the cross-streets from Market to the bridge. There are none! Not a building or a landmark shows where thousands lived yesterday. The lower half of Vine street—it runs between Main and Stony Creek—as an aggregation of "shreds and patches" eclipses Nanki Pooh in his seediest garb. Two-thirds of its dwellings are caucasing in the hurly-burly surrounding the school-house, and the balance have hopped off

their foundations. Stonycreek street is a surprise, because it—stayed! The feathery frames along its south side dangle on the brink of the stream, which ebbed and flowed like a "poem of passion" during the flood, yet it did not scatter them as chaff. Back from the creek, among squares and rows, buildings heavier and higher went down in droves, but these neither crumbled nor floated. Though not in the direct line of the wave which charged through the centre of the town and made it a desert, the back-water worked harder than a squad of police to have them "move on." It bubbled over the shingles and gurgled in the garrets, gnawed holes in the walls and nibbled off the porticos, tugged at them in front and shoved at them in the rear, fired logs at doors and driftwood against the windows, and—the houses didn't go! The Sphinx of antiquity propounded no enigma to the Thebans so hard to solve as the problems such features of the Johnstown flood suggest.

Clinton street—passing down Main we glanced at it—presents fresh surprises. From Washington to Main it was built up principally with stores, hotels and shops, families occupying the upper floors. Three doors from Main, on the east side of the street, mark the basement filled with mud and wreckage. On this spot stood the Hulbert House, the leading hostelry. A snow-ball cast into a boiling caldron could not have melted more rapidly than this imposing brick hotel, which extended to the alley and was for years my stopping-place when visiting Johnstown. Sixty persons were in the house when the deluge came, but only nine of them are on earth this afternoon. Most of them rushed up-stairs at the first alarm. Their lives would have been pronounced a first-class risk by the most cautious insurance agent. They would watch the waters rise a foot or two, submit to some inconvenience for a day, and to-morrow the streets would be clear and things jogging in the usual way.

The great wave crushed buildings and streets, opened a broad lane and tilted against the wing of the hotel. The result was astounding. The whole building reeled, parted, disappeared! Fifty lives went out in the bewildering crash. Aladdin's palace vanished less swiftly and effectually. The good deacon's "Wonderful One-Horse Shay" left a bushel of dust to verify its collapse. Not a brick or a chip of the Hulbert House remained on the site, outside of those pelted into the cellar with the mud and the dead bodies. The roof destroyed the next building and steered to the corner of Main street. Floors, beams and thousands of bricks struck across the street with the force of a Krupp gun or a Roman catapult. A frame and three brick buildings—one McAteer's Hotel—sank in ruins, as egg-shells might do under the blow of a trip-hammer. On either side of the gap buildings stand, their fronts knocked out and driftings staring through the second-story windows. This clean-cut passage, in the very vitals of a solid square of Clinton street, is another of the flood mysteries that are not "dreamt of in your philosophy."

The two buildings below the Hulbert House have adopted Horace Greeley's

advice to "go West." Emil Young's two-story frame is on its pins, but the proprietor and his son were found dead in the store this morning. The family took off nine persons whom a bit of wreck floated near their house. The brick on the corner is badly punished. Note these heaps around Updegrove's store and the convent—huge trees part of the ingredients. Tread reverently; here are three bodies—two women and a child! Death and desolation hover over every foot of Johnstown. Were not the fountain of tears locked, every woman would be a Niobe or a Rachel, every man a David mourning for Absalom. It is like a stroke on the head, which stuns and renders the victim partially unconscious. With the reaction will come an overpowering sense of grief. Whatever spot your eyes rest upon is a reflection of the Acadia unfolded in "Evangeline." Each seems to be the one chosen by the deluge for its special fury, until you turn to the next and conclude that it is impossible to discriminate. Could ruin be more thorough and more universal?

Where are the people, you ask? Hundreds are crouching on the hills—homeless, friendless, penniless! Thousands are dead in cellars and streams, on the banks of the river, under the omnipresent fragments and the illimitable sand. Some have landed below the railroad bridge and will return when the creeks can be crossed, to cheer mourning relatives or to be bowed down in sorrow that none survive to welcome their escape from the very jaws of death. Many affrighted men hurried away this morning, taking with them the little bundles which held the scanty residue of their possessions. The great majority—too dazed now to do aught but think of the calamity—will remain to repair the waste places and build up a grander Johnstown.

Once more we enter Adams street. Groups loiter on the sidewalks. Neighbors meet and exchange greetings quite unlike the common salutations. Listen: "Good-day," says one, "how many lost?" "Six" is the brief reply, spoken as coldly as if the weather were the topic. "My wife and three children went down," says another to a man who holds up three fingers to signify the number he lost. "I wonder if my daughter is found," asks an old woman, as six men pass with a body on a stretcher. They will place it in the school-house, which is to be the morgue. See the throng of sad-faced people in the yard, where twenty men are making rough boxes to serve as coffins. The burials must begin on Sunday. Months will come and go before they end.

Kernville we can view from this point, as the Hebrew lawgiver viewed Canaan from Mt. Nebo. Stony Creek is not confined to its bed. Such a prodigal display of wreckage! It would load the fleets of Europe and the United States. Haynes, Somerset, Napoleon and Norris streets are running over with it. Houses have departed and it has taken their places. There are four acres of it in one mass. The big building so far away is the Unique Rink, three-fourths of a mile from its foundation walls. Hercules had a frolic cleansing the Augean stables in comparison with the labor necessary to clear

up Kernville and Grubtown, its southern annex. Opening the road over the Simplon, or constructing a way through a swamp for the passage of artillery was not more arduous than it will be to restore these streets to their normal condition.

Sandyvale Cemetery would astonish its tenants, were they to "revisit the glimpses of the moon" and behold the rubbish that played ten-pins with its monuments and buried its graves. Was ever "God's Acre" so desecrated and maltreated? Trees press the sleeping forms and a pig-stye rests in a family plot. Columns are broken, marble shafts thrown down and tombstones smashed. Bodies may be in the motley heap, for the dead are everywhere!

Moxham had a wetting to the second floors of houses by the creek and lost one resident—George Hummers. He was standing on the iron bridge, ran down the road for safety, fell over the bank and drowned. The bridge is passable and people are trying to reach it from the opposite shore.

A locomotive whistle! No doubt about it. A train on the Baltimore & Ohio road is feeling its way carefully from Moxham. It gets within a quarter-mile of Bedford street and the few passengers disembark. How they open their eyes at the havoc! Ha! here are other accessions—newspaper men from Pittsburgh. We shake their hands warmly; it is *so* pleasant to feel that the desolated town is again in touch with the world outside. They tell of coming to Sang Hollow by the Pennsylvania Railroad, walking to the stone bridge, climbing the hills and crossing Stony Creek at Moxham. There is food coming, and one of them offers us a generous lunch. This baked chicken will divide nicely between the two children we saw a moment ago crying with hunger.

When asked by Queen Dido to describe the fall of his loved city, the Trojan hero condensed volumes into one pregnant phrase: "*Ilium fuit.*" Beholding, as we have done to-day, the dismal waste and desolation of this afflicted community, we may apply the sentiment of Æneas and say: Johnstown *was!*

Ruins of St. John's Convent, and Refuse Drifted Around It.

XII.

FATE OF PASTORS AND CHURCHES.

ABUNDANT PROVISION IN SPIRITUAL MATTERS — PLACES OF WORSHIP AND MINISTERS — SANCTUARIES WIPED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH — CLERGYMEN AND THEIR FAMILIES DROWNED — FIRE AND FLOOD COMBINE TO DESTROY A SACRED EDIFICE — PECULIAR EXPERIENCE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY — A RECTOR AND HIS WIFE AND CHILD MEET DEATH LOCKED IN A FIRM EMBRACE — FATHER DAVIN'S ZEALOUS SERVICES AND LAMENTED END — THE WONDERFUL IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN MARY — ANECDOTES.

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."—WORDSWORTH.

POINTING HEAVENWARD.

CHURCHES were important factors in the moral and social economy of Johnstown. Twenty or more congregations had edifices of their own, some large and imposing, with tapering spires pointing heavenward, and others small and unpretentious. Diligent, competent ministers, whose influence was powerful and far-reaching, served them acceptably. Johnstown proper, Conemaugh Borough, Kernville and Cambria were provided with fine sanctuaries, Woodvale worshippers attending which they preferred. The choice was not restricted, a dozen denominations presenting their claims. Several of the oldest and richest supported mission branches and Sunday-schools in the suburban villages. The local vineyard was tilled carefully, nor did the gospel seed fall on unfruitful soil, if devout attention to the ordinances of religion be a criterion. The Johnstown brand of piety was not the spasmodic, effervescent sort, up in the clouds to-day and to-morrow groveling in

the mire. The churches and pastors on the morning of May 31st were:

ENGLISH LUTHERAN: Franklin street, near Kernville bridge; brick; value, $45,000; membership, 600; Rev. Reuben A. Fink, D. D., pastor.

GERMAN LUTHERAN: Jackson street; brick; value, $30,000; membership, 400 families; Rev. J. P. Lichtenburg, pastor.

SECOND LUTHERAN: Horner street; frame; value, $3,000; membership, 100; Rev. G. W. W. Amick, pastor.

ST. JOHN'S REFORMED: Somerset and Dibert streets, Kernville; frame; value, $4,000; membership, 160; Rev. W. H. Bates, pastor.

DUNKARD: Somerset street, Kernville; brick; value, $16,000; membership, 125; Rev. J. B. Reltgers, pastor.

ST. JOHN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC: Locust and Jackson streets; brick; value, with convent and rectory, $150,000; membership, 550 families; Rev. James P. Tahaney, pastor, and Rev. T. W. Rosensteel, assistant.

ST. JOSEPH'S GERMAN CATHOLIC: Railroad street, Conemaugh Borough; brick; value, with convent and school, $70,000; membership, 1,500; Rev. Bernard Manser, pastor, and Rev. Alto Heer, assistant.

GERMAN CATHOLIC: Cambria Borough; brick; value, $10,000; membership, 300; Rev. Edward Trautwein, pastor.

ST. COLUMBA'S CATHOLIC: Cambria Borough; brick; value, with school and rectory, $40,000; membership, 400; Rev. Father Davin, pastor.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL: Franklin and Locust streets; stone; value, with parsonage, $100,000; membership, 850; Sunday-School scholars, 800; Rev. Henry L. Chapman, D. D., pastor.

WELSH CALVINISTIC METHODIST: Vine and Llewellyn streets; brick; value, $5,000; membership, 120; Rev. D. C. Phillips, pastor.

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL: Haynes and Grant streets, Kernville; frame; value, $4,000; membership, 75; Rev. W. H. Snowden, pastor.

EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION: Morris street, brick; value, $14,000; membership, 250; Rev. F. P. Saylor, pastor.

ST. MARK'S EPISCOPAL: Locust street; brick, with parish hall and rectory; value, $20,000; membership, 200; Rev. Alonzo P. Diller, rector.

FIRST REGULAR BAPTIST: Franklin street near Stony Creek; brick; value, $20,000; Rev. H. L. Goodchild, retiring pastor.

WELSH BAPTIST: Main street; brick; value, $12,000; membership, 60; no pastor.

WELSH CONGREGATIONAL: Walnut street; brick; value, $12,000; membership, 150; Rev. E. W. Jones, D. D., pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN: Stony Creek and Vine streets; stone; value, $25,000; membership, 275; Rev. W. H. Mingle, pastor.

BRETHREN MISSION: Kernville; supplied by Rev. George Wagoner.

CHRISTIAN: Main street; brick; value, $16,000; membership, 160; Rev. John Brenensthul, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN: Main street; brick, with parsonage; value, $45,000; membership, 580; Rev. David J. Beale, D. D., pastor.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN: Franklin street, near post-office; brick; value, $20,000; membership, 60; Rev. Joseph C. Greer, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSION: Morrellville; frame; branch of Johnstown church.

The German Lutheran Church, one of the first to feel the heavy hand of the destroyer, was totally annihilated, not a brick or a shingle remaining to

attest that it had ever been. The walls were tossed about like tennis-balls. The parsonage and the school-house experienced the same fate. The pastor —Rev. J. P. Lichtenburg—wife and family of four went down with their home. Days passed before their bodies were recovered. They had lived in Johnstown only a month. The congregation was vacant a considerable time, owing to the lack of unanimity regarding a successor to the former esteemed pastor. Finally Mr. Lichtenburg, a man of superior ability and attainments, was chosen. The church had entered upon a fresh lease of prosperity, when its entire property and half its membership fell a prey to the flood. Mrs. Ludwig, an aged member, died from grief six weeks after the deluge. Four of her children perished—three sons and one daughter. The key of the church—the only thing left of the edifice—was given her by the sexton as a keepsake. It assuaged her grief somewhat, but the wound was too deep for earth to heal, and she expired clasping the key in her trembling fingers. Substantial aid has been given the congregation from abroad, and a new church will be erected.

The tall steeple of the German Catholic Church is a notable Johnstown landmark. The clock in the tower can be seen from a great distance. By it three-fourths of the citizens regulated watches, and its sonorous announcements of the hours are heard in the farthest corner of the sextuple boroughs. A broadside passed through its upper wall, tearing a hole in the bricks large enough to admit a steamship. The roof was not disturbed. Part of the wreckage lodged in the building, mashing the pews and floor, and part forced an exit through the opposite wall. A German resident of Woodvale was landed in the gallery by a mass of timbers. He explained in his Teutonic fashion:

"Mein crashious! It vos yoost von minute ven a cow coom in by mine side. So mad she vos as you never saw, mit her eyes sticking out. I vos scart most det und kept moving meself oudt ov der road, thinking der deyvil vos coom, horns and all. Down dose stair I toomble, but der cow she fall too. I got me oop undt oudt quick und knows noddings ov der cow more."

Another jolly Woodvillian, who tips the beam at 250 pounds, was whirled through the church at a lightning rate and pitched upon the roof of a house. He managed to swim and wade to the shore, where willing hands stood ready to assist him. Rejecting every proffer of aid, on the ground that others needed it much more, he contented himself with the exclamation:

"Boys, I came through that church quicker than hell could scorch a feather!"

A woman eighty years of age, nearly dead from confinement and exposure, was taken from beneath a lot of rubbish in this church on Monday evening. The old lady lay three days and three nights under the load, in quarters as cramped as those furnished Jonah in the interior of the whale. She revived and in a few days had regained her wonted strength.

The building has been repaired and the faithful clock ticks as of yore, but two or three hundred of the devout members assemble no more at the summons to the services of the sanctuary.

A few rods away, on the south corner of Locust and Jackson streets, was St. John's Catholic church. The congregation was very large, liberal and well-to-do. The water damaged the building and drove against it the brick house of David Cover, which stood on the northeast corner of the two streets. Maurice Woolf occupied part of the Cover building as a residence. Mrs. Woolf was baking and had a hot fire. When the house collided with the church both buildings caught from the stove. The scene was peculiar and terrible, with water surging half-way to the roof and fire consuming everything it could touch. A string of hose belonging to the Conemaugh Borough Fire

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AFTER THE FLOOD AND FIRE.

Company, which was found by some one, was put to good use in saving what adjoining property the flood had left. The church, the parochial residence, the brick house of Andrew Foster and the remains of the Woolf dwelling were burned. The flames raged until midnight in the tower and on the ridge. Two walls fell and two were blown up with dynamite the next week to guard against accident. The bell—an ancient relic—was badly dinged and cracked by the blaze and the descent to the sidewalk. A temporary frame church has been put up on the rear of the lot, in which service was first held the third Sunday of June. St. John's was a spacious structure,

finished and furnished elegantly. Connected with the church and supported by it was St. John's Convent, a large brick building, on the corner of Clinton and Locust streets. The convent and schools, which 600 pupils attended, were in charge of the Sisters of Charity. Sister Mary Helena was Mother Superior, assisted by twelve Sisters as teachers. The convent was almost wholly demolished. The only part standing is a wing in which the chapel was located. To this apartment, where so often they had knelt in devotion, the pious Sisters fled for refuge from the flood. Gathering in front of the altar as the torrent bore off two-thirds of the building, they supplicated the protection of the Almighty Ruler of the winds and the waves. Every moment threatened to sweep away the tottering wing of the convent, but the sublime trust of these good women did not waver. Once the servant-girl retreated to the bay window in the rear and called for help. She might as well have tried to fly as to look for aid from any human source. A Sister drew her back to the altar and counselled her to exercise faith in God. All night the little band knelt in fervent prayer. On Saturday morning they emerged from their refuge to comfort the afflicted, to nurse the sick and injured, and to succor children who had been bereft of home and parents. Sister Ignatia, Sister Marie, Sister Genevieve, Sister Elizabeth, Sister Augustine, Sister Perpetua, Sister Marie Louise, Sister Agatha and Sister Ursula were the subjects of this remarkable experience.

About eight o'clock in the morning friends of Mrs. Mary McNally, who died at Prospect on Thursday, escorted her body to this church for the funeral rites. During the requiem the water rose steadily. The carriages and hearse started for the Lower Yoder Cemetery, but could not proceed far and returned with the coffin, which was again placed in the church. It was there when the flood and the fire combined their efforts to destroy the edifice, but was not cremated. Some of the mourners, who did not go home as soon as the funeral was abandoned, were drowned in Johnstown. The singular conjunction of circumstances attending its destruction gave St. John's church great prominence in connection with the flood.

Rev. D. C. Phillips, pastor of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church, which was obliterated, reported lost from his congregation twenty-two adults and twenty-eight children under fifteen years of age. He and his family were at their house on Main street. After the wreck, Mr. Phillips chopped a small hole with a hatchet through the wall, between his house and J. A. Larkin & Co.'s jewelry store. Before he got the hole big enough to let himself and family through, he lost the hatchet. Then with his hands he tore the hole larger and obtained egress. After getting into the store of the Messrs. Larkin, the party found their way to the street and to a place of safety.

The Welsh, a thrifty and industrious class in Johnstown, were heavy sufferers. Their Baptist church was badly damaged and a large proportion of its members drowned. The Welsh Congregational Church was destroyed. The

pastor, Rev. E. W. Jones, D. D., and his wife lost their lives. The body of Mrs. Jones was unearthed on the Point, but no trace of her husband has been discovered. Mr. Jones was a divine of unusual force, a polished scholar, a logical reasoner and a zealous promoter of the public weal.

"He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

St. Mark's, the neat Episcopal church on Locust street, is a memory only. The rector, Rev. Alonzo P. Diller, and his wife and baby went down with their cosy home. The last seen of them was at an upper window. Mr. Diller had

MRS. DILLER. MRS. JONES. REV. A. P. DILLER. REV. E. W. JONES, D. D.

his wife and child in his arms, apparently ready to jump into the torrent. The house melted from sight and the water closed over them. Their bodies were found under strangely pathetic and peculiar conditions. Four Episcopal clergymen, who had been ordered to Johnstown by Bishop Whitehead, were working about the ruins near Lincoln street when they came upon the body of their late brother. Clasped in one rigid arm was the body of his babe, and in the other his wife, whose arms were about his neck. They were interred temporarily on Prospect Hill. The deceased rector was highly respected and popular. He belonged to the wealthy and influential Diller family of Lancaster,

where he was stationed before taking charge of St. Mark's in 1884. His wife, a lady of fine social qualities, was the daughter of Dighton Morrell, a prominent citizen of Henrietta, Pa. The congregation lost a number of active members, but the church will be rebuilt. The church established headquarters, the week after the flood, at the corner of Jackson and Main streets, under the care of Rev. Charles A. Bragdon, and rented a hall in the Hager block for Sunday worship.

The church of the Evangelical Association sustained a loss of eleven adult members. Forty-eight families belonging to the congregation were washed out and the property of seventeen was entirely destroyed. Rev. F. P. Saylor, the pastor, was at Somerset, and his family narrowly escaped, saving nothing but the clothing they had on.

The United Brethren, the Christian, the First Regular Baptist, the English Lutheran, the Second Lutheran and the Reformed churches got off tolerably well so far as buildings are concerned. All have to lament a sad depletion in the ranks of the members.

The Dunkard church, in Kernville, had one corner fractured by the Unique Rink, which sailed up Stony Creek with the back-water, and hit the house of God an unfriendly tap in passing. A freight-car traveled across the stream and struck another corner, dislodging a barrow-load of bricks.

The Presbyterian Church was inundated three feet above the pews and the basement deluged with mud. The parsonage received a liberal dose, obliging the pastor—Rev. Dr. Beale—and his family to spend weeks elsewhere. The weather-beaten frame, the original church of this denomination, was ejected from its position behind the present brick structure and pummeled as soundly as John Knox thumped the pulpit of St. Giles three hundred years ago. Buildings around the Presbyterian property were swept away, causing an overplus of ruins. For weeks after the flood the church served as a morgue, bodies reposing on boards set on top of the seats in the auditorium. Nearly three hundred of the members were called to their eternal reward. This frightful thinning out has not deterred the congregation from prosecuting religious work with renewed activity. The clergy of Johnstown never lost hope. They knew the manly fibre woven into the character of the people would assert itself, and that "Ichabod" need not be the motto of the churches.

On Wednesday afternoon, June 12th, the body of Frank Stadler, a young man whom everybody liked, was dug from the mud in the vestibule of the Presbyterian church. The discovery was a ghastly surprise, as workmen had been walking over the spot for ten days, not imagining the remains of a fellow-mortal lay beneath their feet. The swollen, discolored corpse was identified by a key-ring bearing the name of the owner.

The First Methodist Episcopal Church has the most eligible location in the town, cornering on two central streets and fronting the Park. Its stone

walls defied the power of the flood, and saved buildings in the neighborhood from utter extinction by breaking the backbone of the wave. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Chapman, describes the event graphically:

"I was writing a sermon on the text, 'Man Dieth and Giveth Up the Ghost, and Where Is He?' when interrupted by the rising waters. When the rush of the torrent came I saw a box-car from the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad station driven past the house, down Franklin street toward Main, with surprising velocity. A man was on top of it, who, just then passing under a shade-tree at the corner of the parsonage yard, seized hold of its branches and climbed

INTERIOR OF THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

into it. He was the agent of the road, who had leaped from the roof of a house to the car, and now from the tree climbed into the front window of the parsonage from the porch roof. As soon as I saw the box-car coming I exclaimed: 'The Reservoir has broken,' which was the signal for all the family to run for the attic.

"Looking from the attic windows, I saw the row of frame houses which stood between us and Main street lifted up, whirled around, and then borne swiftly away. A minute later an Arabian jumped into the window without any clothes on except shirt, drawers and vest. Going to the window looking toward his late home, he kneeled down and counting his beads, crossed himself and prayed loudly in his own language. We gathered in the attic, pale, affrighted and awe-stricken, expecting each moment to be swept away. We prayed, talked of heaven and of God's promises, and resolved to live or die together.

"Our church, a large, substantial stone building, which cost, with lot, nearly $90,000, stands erect, without a crack in its walls, its tall, graceful spire still pointing to the skies. It is to its

massive size and strength that we owe the preservation of the parsonage and probably our lives. It stood directly in the path of the flood, which struck it principally in the rear. But inside it is very seriously damaged. The floor has been broken up and the center fallen into the cellar. The pulpit platform stands on end against the wall, the choir gallery is completely wrecked. The pews, tossed in every direction, are many of them broken, the cushions water-soaked and covered with mud, the windows so badly broken that new ones will be necessary, and the plastering ruined as high as the water reached, which is about eighteen feet. Some of the buttresses have been broken off, but can be rebuilt. The lower story of the chapel is in a very dilapidated state, and the large Sunday-school room above much injured. It is estimated that from $8,000 to $10,000 will be required to restore the church to the state in which it was before the flood."

This grand church, which was the cause of splitting the great body of water that rushed down the Conemaugh, was doomed to destruction by dynamite. Such was the order issued by the Citizens' Committee. The news reached General Hastings, who placed a guard around the building and warned off the vandals. The damage was repaired during the summer, Methodists in the Pittsburgh conference contributing the bulk of the funds for this laudable purpose.

Cambria's turn now! St. Columba's church, built by dint of unflagging perseverance and consecrated last year, is invaded. Altar, pictures, figures, holy emblems, seats and walls are broken and defiled. Father Davin, his heart lacerated by the misery and ruin he cannot avert, is at the pastoral residence, to which the Sisters in charge of the parish schools had been conveyed, lest their frame house prove insecure. The outpouring of the dam was not expected then, but the rains had made the Conemaugh uncomfortably neighborly. So Sister Raphael, Sister Flavia, Sister Rose Aloysia and Sister Rita were saved for farther usefulness.

How the pastor labored with apostolic zeal these trying days! His constitution was undermined and he reluctantly consented to visit Colorado. It was a sore trial for Father Davin to leave his afflicted people, but disease had seized him and he must seek a different climate. He died at Denver in September and his remains were brought to Johnstown. The funeral was the largest and saddest in the history of the community. "Mankind had lost a friend." One who knew the honored dead paid him this tribute:

"On the 31st of May, that ever-memorable day on which so many people were hurled into eternity by the bursting of the South Fork dam, Father Davin sat in his office and watched the waters rising. He said that he had been told that the dam was giving away, but the rumor was circulated so often before that he paid no attention to it. He saw the Conemaugh swell and overflow its banks, but this did not cause him to leave his post.

"Finally the water rose to the parlor floor and he began to think something unusual had happened. Taking a man with him, he went to the Sisters' school in water up to his waist, and carried the Sisters one after another to his own house. By the time this task was done the great volume of water had reached Johnstown and Cambria City. The rumbling and crushing of houses and trees warned the inmates of Father Davin's house to seek a place more secure, as the water was nearing the second story of his handsome house.

"To the third story the whole party went, and there spent the night in frightful expectation that the worst would come every minute. Several times the house shook and the shrieks of the injured and dying, who were almost within arms' reach from the windows, were something terrible. Father Davin went to his second story window and, at the risk of his own life, saved two or three people from drowning by pulling them through the windows.

"The horrors of that night preyed continually on Father Davin's mind, and partly broke down his constitution. The next night, when the waters had subsided, Father Davin sent all the people in his house to the hill for safety, but remained in the house himself. His home and church were partly destroyed, and two feet of mud left on the first floor. His first work after he could get out, which was about twelve hours after the dam broke, was to look after the injured and dead.

"He threw the doors of his church open and turned the beautiful edifice into a morgue. As many as 125 bodies were in it at one time, and there was not an hour of the day or night that Father Davin was not consoling with the friends of the dead when they called to remove any one. In mud up to his knees, he paced from altar to vestibule, assisting in the removal of the dead bodies.

"During the afternoon of Saturday, June 1st, he walked down to the banks of the Conemaugh. Here he found three men robbing the body of a man unknown to him. Being quick to resent a sacrilege of this kind, Father Davin struck the villain on the head with his cane, stunning him. The miscreant soon recovered and dealt Father Davin a terrible kick on the side with a hob-nail shoe, from the effects of which he never fully recovered.

"No sooner had Father Davin told some of his parishioners what had happened than they started in hot pursuit of the robber of the dead, but failed to find him. The effects of the assault laid Father Davin up for some time, and until the time he died he complained of it. During the excitement in Johnstown, Father Davin's house was thrown open to every one, and here many a weary worker found a night's rest.

"The newspaper men were his favorites, and in his elegant home the knights of the pen found much needed rest at the finish of the day's labors. Several times Father Davin was advised after the flood, both by friends and doctors, to take a vacation, but this he steadily refused to do, giving as a reason that it looked to him like shirking duty when the wants of the people required his presence.

"A short time ago, however, he was prevailed upon to go away for awhile, and he went to Denver, where he died. The last words he spoke on leaving his house were to his sister Stella. As he was about to enter the carriage for the train, he said: 'I am afraid I did not leave quite soon enough.'

"If a monument is to be erected to those who did noble work at Johnstown, and in their disinterested zeal for the public welfare forced themselves beyond the power of human endurance, Father Davin's name should be inscribed upon one of the most imposing the love of man for true heroes can design. He loved the humanity by which he was surrounded, and when that humanity was in suffering he gave up his life in an effort to ease their misery and to give them strength to bear the pain he could not alleviate."

In the noblest sense Father Davin's was a martyr's end, and his shall be a martyr's crown. "Peace to his ashes."

An image of the Virgin Mary, standing on a pedestal, was the one thing spared in the German Catholic church, Cambria. The rich robe was not even spattered. No stain was on the lace and the flowers were unsullied. The report that it was preserved by supernatural agency gained credence. Bereaved women thronged to the church to pray and adore. The

priests disclaimed anything miraculous. The water had not reached the figure—"only this, and nothing more," yet the story grew and magnified.

Rev. D. M. Millar, in a private letter to a friend, wrote :

"Lives saved, but all else gone. The accumulation of a lifetime engulfed in water and mud without one minute's notice. Self, wife and girl dragged from water twenty feet deep to roof of our own house while both were floating, by two men providentially thrown there, they know not how. With drenched clothes sat on roof in rain till water left attic after house had lodged in debris ; then got the trap-door to wet attic and sat on a narrow board all night and till afternoon next day, chilled to the heart, without food or drink, when by help from outside were taken out of second story window, over the tops of a hundred crushed houses to river, and rafted across to a steep, barren hillside, when, after great effort, we reached acquaintances, where we have been ever since, both bruised and injured, but not seriously. Eleven sleep on floor in one small bed-room, but still more comfortable than hundreds of others. We cannot get away yet ; will get to Conemaugh as soon as we can, but no passage way yet. Several members of Conemaugh church are dead, and a majority of the balance are bankrupt. Individual supplies cannot reach us safely yet, except by letter. Money is needed most of all."

Although not settled over a congregation when bid "come up higher," one venerable minister is deserving of loving mention. No ordinary man was the Rev. George Wagoner, one of the oldest and most esteemed citizens of the desolated region. Born in Westmoreland county in 1826, he received a country-school education and careful instruction from his father, a man of very enlightened, progressive views, and an ardent Abolitionist. At 20 years of age George was licensed to preach in the United Brethren church. He gave the best years of manhood to the church, serving it in every capacity to the close of his life. He was the oldest minister, in length of service, in the Allegheny Conference. In 1850 he located at Johnstown. His occupation required frequent removals, but he always returned to the home of his choice, living there continuously since 1869. Intense application to ministerial work impaired his health and he was forced to desist from preaching in 1860. Studying dentistry, he practiced this profession in addition to performing much clerical work and looking after a mission church in Kernville. Conceiving the plan upon which the United Brethren Mutual Aid Society of Pennsylvania conducts its business of life assurance,

REV. GEORGE WAGONER.

together with the present officers he established its system and managed its affairs. He held the first policy the company issued, and was a Director from its organization in 1869. On the fatal day of the flood he and his wife and three daughters—Cora, Lizzie and Frankie—were in their home on Market street. Water surrounded the house and they stayed within doors. Music and converse whiled away the hours. They were contented and happy, unaware of the dreadful fate hanging over them. As the angel of death swept down on the mighty wave the sweet voices of the three girls were heard in joyous song floating through the misty air. Hemmed in by buildings they could not see the avalanche. Thus they were saved the agony which the knowledge of certain doom must have caused. The house collapsed instantly and the pure spirits of its inmates were wafted to the presence of the Creator. Another daughter—Mrs. Emma Bowman—her husband and two pretty babes, who lived at Woodvale, were carried down the deadly current with their home. The bodies of six of Mr. Wagoner's family have been recovered and reverently laid to rest in Grand View Cemetery. Three more are hid away somewhere in the vast mass of ruin which, with its harvest of missing ones, hallows every foot of the Conemaugh Valley to the Unknown Dead. The surviving members of the family are Clara H., wife of Dr. A. N. Wakefield; George M. Wagoner, M. D.; Mary J., wife of "Chal." L. Dick, esq., and Jessie F., wife of Mr. William H. Miller. Dr. Wagoner was distinguished for courageous maintenance of the right and his readiness to uphold the weak and deserving. Affectionate, congenial and lovable, his was a model household. The fate of this estimable family is one of the most mournful tragedies of the Johnstown flood.

Mrs. Veith, wife of a minister, was at George Heiser's on Washington street when the flood came, having been removed by her husband from their residence on the bank of the Stony Creek. Their house stands, but the Heisers, Mrs. Veith and all belonging to them are gone.

Rev. James A. Lane saved his life by the exercise of remarkable presence of mind. He told the tale as follows:

"After I was carried down a short distance by the raging torrent I got wedged in between two stumps of trees which held me fast for several hours. Then a large piece of wood caught in my suspender on my back and turned my head under water. I was almost helpless, and would have drowned in a very short time. Finally it flashed on me that my pen-knife was in my trousers pocket. I reached down, pulled my knife out, and cut my suspenders off, thus saving my life."

The counties south and west of Johnstown developed a new form of liberality which met with the financial approbation of the religious world. The proposition was that a united effort be made to rebuild all the churches of Johnstown, not allowing the people there to contribute. The movement started among the Presbyterians. Bishop Whitehead said that, so far as the Episcopalians were concerned, they proposed to rebuild without waiting for a popular

movement, but that the project was meritorious and would receive his cordial support. The Episcopal church cost $25,000. To rebuild it a fund has been raised by the churches of the diocese. The new church will not be as large as the old one, by reason of the fact that a large percentage of the congregation has been lost. The United Presbyterians, who had a book depository fed to the flood, opened a subscription in Pittsburgh toward renewing the establishment. The Rev. H. B. Grose, of the Baptist church in Pittsburgh, paid a visit to Johnstown to find out how the people stood. It will cost $25,000 to put the two Baptist structures to rights. Besides doing this it is proposed to pay the salaries of the Baptist preachers for one year. The help so freely tendered has enabled the various congregations to repair the churches that suffered least and in due time to replace those destroyed.

A proposal has been favorably entertained which contemplates the erection, in Grand View Cemetery, of a monument to the clergymen who perished. The idea may be carried into effect in 1890, probably by asking dime contributions from church members throughout the country, that large numbers may share in the work.

"Peace to the just man's memory; let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
Of ages; let the mimic canvas show
His calm, benevolent features; let the light
Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
Of all but heaven; and in the book of fame
The glorious record of his virtues write,
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his and catch from him the hallowed flame."

The third Sunday in June was notable for the first religious services in the open air since the flood. Three ministers and Manager John Fulton, of the Cambria Iron Works, conducted Presbyterian worship, large audiences assembling. Bishop Whitehead, of Pittsburgh, officiated for the Episcopalians, whom the inundation deprived of their fine edifice and rector, and other eminent clergymen assisted at union meetings. Father Trautwein, half whose flock perished, and Father Tahaney celebrated mass, the former in Cambria and the latter near the site of the Gautier wire works. Service was held at the corner of Main and Adams streets, at the Pennsylvania railroad station, at the foot of the pontoon bridge on the Kernville side, and on Prospect Hill. The general tenor of the sermons not only dealt with the great losses which the people sustained by the flood, but referred to the necessity of all the leading men and women striving to forget as far as possible their past by their willingnass to retrieve a competence for the future. The sermons, while divested of strict orthodoxy, tended to lift the weight of woe that bore down the hearts and spirits of the willing Christian workers of the town. More impressive than the most elaborate ritual in a stately cathedral were these reverential, attentive gatherings of devoted listeners under the blue canopy, in the midst of their wasted homes and the bitter memories of the crowning tragedy of the century.

Grand organs did not thunder glad anthems, there were no hearers slumbering in cushioned pews, but hearty thanks for their safety went up from thousands of voices, mingled now and then with sobs for those over whom the grave has closed forever.

The sun of Thanksgiving set on the Conemaugh in a driving snowstorm and the glare of the Cambria furnaces lit up the sky fitfully. Six months before different lights illumed the valley—a blazing church at one end—the fragments of a thousand homes blazing at the other. From Decoration Day to Thanksgiving the cycle of Johnstown's tribulations runs. The accounts had been made up, the last bodies removed, the distribution of relief completed. Two thousand hearts had been desolated, and the day of praise for benefits received during the year was not universally observed. Many of the churches held services, which were moderately attended. Rev. John E. Bold, the new rector of St. Mark's—the building is a shed on stilts—did not refer to the flood. One of the hymns has this stanza:

"Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain.
For His mercies still endure,
Ever fruitful, ever sure."

The little choir sang it without a quiver, or a tremor, or a vocal suggestion of any kind that rain had not been entirely a blessing to Johnstown. Rev. Dr. Chapman, in the Methodist church, discussed the responsibility for the disaster, saying:

"Could we expect God to put His hand in that crumbling bank and stay the floods, when through the folly of man God permitted this to occur? It is a subject of wonder that He did not allow 10,000 instead of 5,000 to perish. We should be thankful for that. We should be thankful, too, for aid sent us from everywhere."

Impressive exercises in other churches marked the day. The Catholics indulged in congratulations that St. John's Convent, the first building of a public character to be re-erected, was occupied by Father Tahaney, and would be supplemented by a larger one for the Sisters who counted their beads that lonely night in the little chapel. Over the main entrance a large stone is inscribed:

Flood, May 31, 1889.
Rebuilt 1889.

Thus passed the first Thanksgiving after the flood. If the saloons were freely patronized and business was not generally suspended, people turned their faces forward hopefully, grateful they had not yet been taken to the land, beatific though it be,

"Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths never end."

Scene Above the Stone Bridge.

XIII.

ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES.

No Scarcity of Mishaps and Wonderful Deliverances—All Night in Trees—Hurled Under the Stone Bridge—Six Days Pinned in the Debris—A Box-Car as an Ark of Safety — Landed on the Telegraph Wires — Praying in an Attic — Wedding Guests Wading—Floating Long Distances and Reaching Shore—People Alive whom Friends Supposed to be Lost—Wrested from the Very Jaws of the Destroyer —Tales of Survivors that Almost Stagger Credibility.

"Man is born on a battle-field. Round him, to rend
Or resist, the dread Powers he displaces attend
By the cradle which Nature, amidst the stern shocks
That have shattered creation and shaken it, rocks.
He leaps with a wail into being and, lo!
His own maker, fierce Nature herself, is his foe.
Her whirlwinds are roused into wrath o'er his head,
'Neath his foot roll her earthquakes, her solitudes spread
To daunt him."—Lord Lytton.

ALL NIGHT IN A TREE.

ADVENTURES, some ludicrous and others serious, and escapes so wonderful as to stagger credibility were almost necessarily part and parcel of a calamity so prodigious. Stories of mishaps more or less grave were by no means a rarity on Saturday. Friends greeted friends whom they supposed to be under the charred ruins of the bridge, buried in cellars or lying on the banks of the Conemaugh, and heard with bated breath of their astonishing deliverance. Daniel in the den of lions seemed not more certain of immediate death. Men and women are walking the ill-paved streets of Johnstown who, had they not been marvellously wrested from destruction last May, would be walking the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. Call it Providence, Luck, Fortune,

what you please. How easily the brittle thread may snap, and yet how much a sentient being may undergo and—live !

On Thursday night Mrs. George Stantler, wife of a photographer, was taken from the wreck of a house on the Point. The body of a woman had been found near the residence of Henry Haws, which, when taken to the Presbyterian church morgue, was supposed to be that of Mrs. Stantler. Her son viewed the body and said that it was not his mother's. The finding of the woman alive proved that he was right. Mrs. Stantler was lying in a cavity beneath a pile of beams and rafters, which held up the mass of ruins on top and prevented them from crushing her. She was unconscious and just breathing. Her hold on life was a very slender one, and it was feared she would die. When the news of her rescue, after six days and nights of exposure and lack of nourishment, spread through the town, hundreds of people crowded about the stretcher on which she was carried to see her. It was considered almost miraculous that she should have remained alive so long. The rain and cold were enough to kill her, without the bruises and wounds which she received during the flood.

Mrs. Frank Malzi clung to the eaves of a house all Friday night, up to her waist in water, and was nearly dead when rescued next morning. A resident of Conemaugh Borough caught a tree and spent the night on a fragile limb. His frail support threatened to topple every time a log or a section of a house banged against it. The percher had a wounded hand, which increased the difficulty of holding on with the tenacity required to prevent falling into the drink. He waded out on Saturday morning with a stiffness in his joints and a crick in his back that a centenarian would find it hard to rival.

Mr. William Kuhn and Miss Daisy Horner were married at the residence of the bride's parents on the evening before the flood. A number of the guests remained until the following day, when the water rose to the second story. All sought safety on the third floor. Here they spent a dreadful night, fearing every minute the building would be wrecked. The flood left the house intact, and the entire party were rescued next morning. The fine dresses, flowers and other mementos of the wedding were a strong contrast to the ruins over which the guests walked to places of safety.

Dr. H. Phillips, of Pittsburgh, arrived in Johnstown on Memorial Day to visit his mother. Besides himself in the house were his mother, his brother-in-law and two nieces. Dr. Phillips was the only one who escaped death. He was rescued after being in the water seventeen hours.

The wife of Andrew Baker, of Woodvale, was the only person who passed *under* the arches of the stone bridge. Reaching the bridge on the front wave of the flood, she shot through one of the arches with terrible velocity. Floating down the river, some men took her out at Coopersdale. It was at first thought she was dead, but stimulants restored her, although she required

constant attention through the night. The family left for Kansas a few days afterwards. Two of the children were drowned.

Mrs. J. W. Stevenson and her two daughters were at their new home on Market street. They ran up-stairs and mounted a bed. It fell to pieces and, as the water pressed them up against the ceiling, they tore off the plastering and lath and made an opening through which they escaped to the attic. While thus engaged the building was riding like a vessel on the raging waters. It landed in front of Dr. Walters' residence on Vine street, and the ladies were taken into his house.

Mrs. Harry B. Aaron, of Bedford County, with her daughter was visiting her sister, Mrs. Rinard Replogle. All fled up-stairs and the water followed. They hurried to the attic, Mr. Replogle leading the way, his wife and seven children clinging to him and to each other, and Mrs. Aaron and daughter bringing up the rear. At the east end of the attic were two windows. Mr. Replogle stationed himself at one and two of his children stood at the other. He called upon them to fall on their knees and join with him in prayer. Mrs. Aaron and her child knelt down at a bed about the middle of the room, while the others huddled together at the windows. Presently the house slightly raised from its foundation and tilted up at the east end. This lowered the west end, the water rushed in, and Mrs. Aaron and her little one sank beneath it. The Replogles were saved after a terrible experience. Mrs. Aaron and daughter were found in each other's arms.

Reuben Benson was in the most dangerous part of the district when the deluge swept down upon him. His parents were swept away and his wife and three small children perished. He was carried down as far as Nineveh, where he took refuge in a tree-top, in which he roosted all that night.

Aubrey Parsons, his wife, two children, brother-in-law and sixteen neighbors were on the roof of his house when it floated away. The building was stopped by the Pennsylvania Railroad track, upon which Mr. Parsons placed his family. In a moment the section on which they were standing turned over, throwing all in the water. He managed to get on the track again and saw his children's heads between two ties, the bodies submerged up to their necks. He barely had time to release them when the track started away, but was caught by telegraph wires and the members of the family separated. Mrs. Parsons was pulled under by the wires and drowned, but the father succeeded in getting his children and brother-in-law on the wires. Then they jumped on logs and rafts and made their way to the blooming mill, where they remained till Saturday morning. After moving the children to a place of safety, Mr. Parsons began the search for his wife's body, which he found in the open-hearth works. One of the children was severely injured.

Elis Driscoll, wife, two children and sister-in-law were floated on their residence, 22½ Main street, to the stone bridge, where Mr. Driscoll succeeded

in getting them out of the water. The entire party were taken to the house of Wm. F. Jackson, in Brownstown, where in less than two hours Mrs. Driscoll gave birth to a female child. Mother and baby survived.

A thrilling escape was that of Miss Minnie Chambers. She had been to see a friend and was returning to her home on Main street. The sudden rise in the waters caused her to quicken her steps. Before she could reach home, or seek shelter at any point, the waters had risen so high and the current become so strong that she was swept from her feet. Her skirts served to support her on the surface for a time. At last, as they became soaked she gave up all hope of being saved. Just as she was going under, a box-car that had been torn from its trucks floated past her. She managed by a desperate effort to get hold of it and crawled inside the open doorway. Here she remained, expecting that every moment her shelter would be dashed to pieces by the buildings and obstructions that it encountered. Through the door she could see the mass of angry waters filled with all manner of things. Men, women and children, many of them dead and dying, were whirled along. Several tried to get refuge in the car with her, but were torn away by the rushing waters before they could secure an entrance. Finally a man did make his way into the car. On went the strange boat, while all about it was a perfect pandemonium. Shrieks and cries from the thousands who were driven to their death filled the air on every side.

CLINGING TO A BOX CAR.

Miss Chambers said the scene would haunt her as long as she lived. Many who floated by her could be seen kneeling with clasped hands and upturned faces, as though in prayer. Others wore a look of awful despair on their faces. Suddenly, as the car was turned around, the stone bridge could be seen just ahead. The man who was in the car called to her to jump out in the flood or she would be dashed to pieces. She refused to go. He seized a plank and sprang into the water. In an instant the eddying current had torn the plank from him. At it twisted around it struck him on the head, causing him to throw out his arms and sink, never to reappear. Miss Chambers covered her face to avoid seeing any more of the horrible sights. With a great crash the car struck one of the stone piers. The entire side was knocked out. As the car lodged against the pier the water rushed through it and carried Miss Cham-

bers away. Again she gave up for lost, when she felt herself knocked against an obstruction. She instinctively threw out her hand and clutched it. Here she remained until the water subsided. She was on the Cambria Iron Works, and had been saved by holding to a pipe that came through the roof. That awful night she remained there, almost freezing to death, while enveloped in a dense mass of smoke from the burning drift. The cries of those roasting to death she heard plainly. On Saturday some men succeeded in getting Miss Chambers from her perilous position, and took her to the house of friends in Prospect. With the exception of bruises, she escaped without injury.

George Hartley was one of the few who got out of the Hulbert House alive. He said:

"About five minutes before the crash came, we heard a whistle blow. Thinking it was for a fire, all ran up-stairs. I had just reached the second-story landing when the waters struck the building and the walls crumbled, penning the helpless guests in the ruins. As the waters rushed over my head I became fastened between the timbers, with no possible means of escape in sight. Concluding that it was perhaps the easiest way to die after all, I opened my mouth and prepared to meet my doom. Then the roof was raised by the angry elements. This released me from my precarious position, at the same time tearing most of my clothing from my person. I grasped the edge of the roof and, after pulling a man named Mark Benford out of the water, weak as I was, I managed to pick my way on the drift across Main street to the Fritz House. There Benford and I rescued a girl, who worked at Clark's notion store, and one of the Fritz House chamber-maids. We also rescued Mrs. Greiss, who worked in Weaver's confectionery, as we were gaining the upper floor of the Fritz House, where all hands were compelled to remain for the night."

When the flood swept Clinton street, Misses Kate and Rose Spenger, Peter Wess and Charles Wess, the landlord and his wife were in the Fritz House. "Larry" Wess, brother of the landlord and bartender in the saloon, had left about two o'clock to take Jacob Bopp's children up to the hill. Mr. Bopp declined to let the children go, and "Larry" and John Kessler went alone, determined to be safe. When the Hulbert House fell it crashed against the Fritz and smashed in the whole front. Hornick's Keystone Hotel also floated against it. Mrs. Burggraf and four children, who had taken refuge in the Keystone, were carried into the Fritz House. So were John Hornick, wife, four children, and a servant girl; W. H. Rosensteel and daughter, who floated on the roof of their house from Woodvale; Frank A. Benford, of the Hulbert House; J. L. Smith, the marble man, who was at the Hulbert; Miss Mary Early and another girl from the same hotel; John Dorsey, a traveling man from Philadelphia, badly crushed; Conrad Schnabel, who entered the building through the rear; Alphonse Spenger, who was at the Keystone; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McAteer, a countrywoman and several others. All huddled together in the rear of the third story, and all night long gazed out upon the fearful wreck in front of them. "It was a terrifying scene," said Mrs. Wess, "and everybody in the building seemed to know their prayers that night." To add to the terror of the situation St. John's Church, but a short distance

away, was in flames. Hornick's Hotel building caught twice, thus threatening them with destruction by fire, but the flames in the Keystone were extinguished both times. All escaped on Saturday morning.

No building in town was better known than the "Old Arcade." For seven or eight years it had been owned by Charles Oswald, who kept a saloon in the north end. The roof of the Arcade carried Mr. Oswald, his wife, and five children, Wesley Horner, wife, and four children, and Mrs. John Spenger and her son Edward to the stone bridge. Mr. Horner, young Spenger, Mrs. Oswald and one son were rescued.

It is remarkable that all the blind people in Johnstown were saved. Among them were Mrs. Hohman, lame and infirm from age; Mr. Edwards, the broom-maker, and Mr. Geist, the cigar-maker. Many very old people also escaped. Judge Potts, Charles B. Ellis, Judge Easly, David Peelor, William Cover, Hugh McGuire, Mrs. Sarah J. Morrison and Mrs. Magehan may be mentioned. Some of them had frightful experiences, but all were soon able to be about as usual.

Mrs. Mary Levy and her two daughters had a close call. She is the last of the family of John Schell, who was the proprietor of a large landed property in Bedford county and laid out the village of Schellsburg. The residence was broken up and they escaped from roof to roof until rescued by friends, after remaining on the wreck one night and part of the next day. Although eighty-five years old Mrs. Levy stood the exposure well. Her daughters clung to her with loving care and tenderness.

George Rinebolt's mother, aged eighty, resided on Chestnut street, Cambria. Mr. Rinebolt went down to her house while the water was rising on Friday forenoon. Fearing the house might be floated away, he secured a large rope and fastened one end of it to the building and the other to a large tree in front of the residence. Every house about it was swept away, and one was thrown upon its side squarely against Mrs. Rinebolt's. Though moved about, it was held in place, and tree and house are still fast friends.

Mrs Catharine Gaffney and her five children were floated from Cambria on the roof of their house. At Sheridan Station one of the children was rescued, a little farther down another, and so on until the raft arrived at a point between New Florence and Nineveh, when the mother, aged sixty-three years, was landed.

Cohen & Marx were in their new store in Bantley's building, Main street, trying to make their goods as safe as possible, when the big water came. As it rose they had to rise with it or drown. Up they went not far from the skylight in the floor above, which they were compelled to break with their fists. Their hands were badly cut by the glass, buf they got out in safety. Mrs. Marx left her home on Walnut street and went to Mrs. Cohen's, on Lincoln street. Mrs. Marx, with her baby in her arms and followed by Mrs. Cohen,

hurried up-stairs. The water pursued them and in a few moments was up to their waists. They got on the roof just as a higher house floated against theirs and they climbed upon it. Thence they proceeded along the roofs about a square, several times jumping gaps several feet wide, and once throwing the baby across a chasm. They spent the night on a house-top, and were taken off on Saturday afternoon.

W. C. Lewis, of the Savings Bank, his wife and two lady friends were on the second floor of his brick dwelling when the upper side and rear portion fell, taking with it the platform for the stairway to the third floor. They searched for a way to gain that floor, as the water was fast approaching. To step on the hanging stairway appeared to invite death by falling into the water running through the house. Being the only mode to get to the third floor, Mr. Lewis accepted the last chance and reached the stairway across the abyss. It held. He assisted his wife and the young ladies, and all were soon on the roof of Dr. Lowman's house. Shortly what was left of Mr. Lewis' house fell.

Owen Davis, clerk at the Baltimore & Ohio station, was busy about the freight warehouse. The water upset his work, himself, the freight building and the cars in the yard. Mr. Davis came over to Main street quite rapidly, and was taken in at the rear of George W. Moses' building. He had been struck a severe glancing blow on the head by a heavy timber and was covered with blood. There were no appliances at hand for staunching the flow. His companions believed he would die during the night from exhaustion, but he pulled through.

Mrs. C. O. Luther and her daughter, Mrs. George Galbreath, her son-in-law and three children were at the Galbreath residence, corner of Market and Lincoln streets. Mrs. Galbreath had been confined two days before, and two of her children were in bed with the measles. The family were on the second floor. The water forced them against the ceiling until nothing but their heads was out of the liquid. The tender of an engine struck the house and split the roof open. This let the inmates out. They scrambled over and floated on roofs and debris until they came to the house of Dr. Walters, on Vine street. They were taken on the roof, which floated around with them for some time. Then the building settled down and they entered the attic through a hatchway. There they remained until Saturday evening in their wet clothing, cared for by Doctor Walters and his family. Mr. Luther and his children were in safety on the hillside above Locust street.

John C. Peterson, a small man, who lost his clothes and was given a suit large enough for a descendant of Anak, in a voice husky with emotion told me his sad story:

"I'm the only one left! My poor old mother, my sister, Mrs. Ann Walker, and her son David, aged fourteen, of Bedford county, who were visiting us, were swept away before my eyes and I was powerless to aid them. The water had been rising all day, and along in the afternoon

flooded the first story of our house, at the corner of Twenty-eighth and Walnut streets. I was employed by Charles Mun as a cigarmaker, and early on Friday afternoon went home to move furniture and carpets to the second story of the house. As near as I can tell it was about four o'clock when the whistle at the Gautier mill blew. About the same time the Catholic church bell rang. I knew what that meant and I turned to mother and sister and said: 'My God, we are lost!' I looked out of the window and saw the flood, a wall of water thirty feet high, strike the steel works. They melted quicker than I tell it. The man who stopped to blow the warning whistle must have been crushed to death by the falling roof and chimneys. He might have saved himself, but stopped to give the warning. Four minutes after the whistle blew the water was in our second story. We started to carry mother to the attic, but the water rose faster than we could climb the stairs. There was no window in our attic. We were bidding each other good-bye when a tall chimney on the house adjoining fell on our roof and broke a hole through it. Then we climbed out on the roof and in another moment our house floated away. It started down with the other stuff, crashing, twisting and quivering. I thought every minute it would go to pieces. Finally it was shoved over into water less swift and near another house. I found that less drift was forced against it than against ours, and decided to get on it. I climbed upon the roof, and in looking up saw a big house coming down directly toward ours. I called to sister to be quick. She was lifting mother up to me. I could barely reach the tips of her fingers when her arms were raised up, while I lay on my stomach reaching down. At that moment the house struck ours and my loved ones were carried away and crushed by the big house. It was useless for me to follow, for they sank out of sight. I floated down to the bridge, then back with the current and landed at Vine street. I saw hundreds of people crushed and drowned."

The adventures of H. W. Slick and wife, with those of his father and mother, were quite exciting and diversified. Their homes were on Stonycreek street, adjoining the wall which hems in the stream, considered an easy prey for the current which annually visited the town. Shortly after three o'clock on Friday the huge body of water crept over the porches. At four o'clock the families emerged from their houses and got aboard the dray wagon of W. S. Weaver. Two large horses were attached, driven by John Schnabel, and the wagon started for the hill. The contents of the reservoir, looking like an immense volume of smoke, struck them and turned the horses around, dashing them against a tree in front of the residence of Harry Thomas. All saw the poor animals in a struggle for life that ended in death. The human freight in the wagon was left in the branches of the tree. One of the innumerable buildings carried away by the ocean of waters struck it, when it tumbled as though it were a match. Down the party came with a crash and landed in water up to their necks, grasping and plunging for something on which they might save their lives. An old stable chanced to stop. Under it Mrs. H. W. Slick was hurled and lost to view, but quickly came to the surface. The strong arm of her husband grasped her and placed her on the roof, where she evinced fortitude that would have done credit to the bravest of men. Mr. Slick's father, George R., an invalid, was seen clinging to the debris, wholly oblivious of his perilous situation. He was dragged to the frail roof of Mrs. Slick's mother, who sat by him from five o'clock that evening until noon of Saturday, the

heavy rains dashing over them and no aid near. After the mowing down of many structures and the floating of the mass of buildings had ceased, H. W. Slick, his wife, William Price and several others left the stable which saved them and concluded to seek other and better quarters. After a hard struggle, in which the wife of H. W. Slick was bereft of her clothing, they reached the electric-light station, and climbed the ladder fastened to its side, thus gaining the roof. The whole front of the building yielded to the pressure brought against it. Those who were on the roof secured a foothold on the partially constructed wareroom of Marshall & Weakland. Quarters there were considered unsafe. By throwing boards from one building to another, the entire party made their way into the third story of the Thomas building on Main street. There all remained the entire night, wet and cold, and witnessing sufferings which never can be related. They heard the shrieks and cries of people on all kinds of buildings and rafts. At intervals during the night Mr. Slick heard the cries of his mother for help, and endeavored, by cheering words, to have her worry through the severe agony, which she did to the wonder of all. Mr. George R. Slick died a few days afterwards, the exposure and fatigue proving too much for his enfeebled frame.

The wife of the telegraph operator at Mineral Point — his station was across the creek from the village — gathered her children and started to run down the street. Remembering she had left the key in the door, she took the children and ran back. As they neared the house the water forced the mother and her little ones between the buildings. The only outlet was toward the mountain and they ran that way. The water chased them, but they managed to clamber up far enough to escape. Thus an accident saved four lives.

A. J. Leonard, of Morrellville, hearing that his house had been swept away, determined to ascertain the fate of his family. Constructing a temporary raft, and clinging to it closely as a cat to the side of a fence, he pushed the craft into the raging torrent and started on a chase which, to all who were watching, seemed to court certain death. Heedless of cries "For God's sake go back, you will be drowned!" he persevered. As the raft struck the current he pulled off his coat and in his shirt-sleeves braved the stream. Down plunged the boards and down went Leonard, but as it arose he was seen still clinging. A shout arose from the throats of the hundreds on the banks, who were now deeply interested, earnestly hoping he would successfully ford the stream. Down again went his bark, but nothing could shake Leonard off. The craft shot up in the air apparently ten or twelve feet, and Leonard stuck to it firmly. Slowly he worked his boat to the other side of the stream. After what seemed an age of suspense he finally landed, amid ringing cheers of men, women and children, and found his family safe.

The stories of people floating a mile up the river and then back two or three times are easily credible, after seeing the evidences of the strange course

of the flood. People who stood near the ruins of Poplar Bridge saw four women on a roof float up on the stream, turn a short distance above and come back, go past again and once more return. Then they went on the current to the lower part of the town and were rescued as they passed the second-story window of the school-house in Millville. A house from Woodvale traveled to Grubtown uninjured. On it was a man who lived near Grubtown, but was working at Woodvale when the flood came. He was carried past his own house and told people at the bridge to bid his wife good-bye for him. The house passed the bridge three times, the man conversing with those on shore and giving directions for his burial, if his body should be found. The third time the house went up it grounded at Grubtown, and in an hour the voyager was safe at home.

Henry D. Thomas, the dry-goods merchant, related the following story:

"I was caught between a plank and a stone wall and held in that position a long time. The water came rushing down and forced the plank against my chest. I felt as if it were going through me, when suddenly the plank gave way and I fell into the water. I grabbed the plank quickly and in some unaccountable way managed to get the forepart of my body on it. In that way I was carried down the stream. All around me were people struggling and drowning, while bodies floated like corks on the water. Some were crying for help, others were praying aloud for mercy and a few were singing as if to keep up their courage. A large raft which went by bore a whole family, and they were singing, 'Nearer my God to Thee.' In the midst of their song the raft struck a large tree and went to splinters. There were one or two wild cries and then silence. The horror of that time is with me day and night. It would have driven a weak-minded person crazy."

A man who was imprisoned in the attic of his house put his wife and two children on a roof that was eddying past and stayed behind to die alone. They floated up the stream and back, got upon the roof of the very house they had left, and the whole family were saved.

When the Levergood brick residence on Bedford street was struck by the flood, it was occupied by Grandmother Levergood, her daughter Lucy, and Mrs. Ann Buck. The first two were drowned. Mrs. Buck, who is eighty years old, managed to get upon the roof and floated to Sandyvale cemetery, where she landed in a tree. Here she spent the entire night, during which she spoke to others in similar positions. On Saturday she was taken from the tree and cared for by her son, whose surprise and delight to find his mother living cannot be described.

Mrs. Jane Cox lived on Railroad street, and John McDermott had his home with her. Mr. McDermott had been forced to wade about in the water at his store on Broad street, which was flooded before the deluge came. He left the store, went home shortly after three o'clock, and decided to refresh himself with a bath. While thus engaged Mrs. Cox called to him that there was great excitement on the streets, that people were running hither and thither, and that something more than usual must have happened. Mr. Mc-

Dermott advised her to take the children to a place of safety. Neither she nor her family would leave without him. He at once began to dress, but succeeded in getting on only his underclothing and pants when he heard the crashing and roaring. Dashing down stairs, he led the way, with his little daughter, up Railroad street to Malzi's alley, through which they ran to the hill. The water was so close upon them the advance wave of the flood struck some of Mrs. Cox's children a short distance from the house and nearly swept them off their feet.

John Burket, his wife and four children were in their house on Washington street, opposite the Company store. The Woodvale bridge struck the house and destroyed it, separating the family. Mr. Burket was rescued at the rolling mill, badly injured. Two of the children were taken out on Kernville Hill. Little Frank had an arm broken in two places. His life was saved by little Jessie, fourteen years old. Two children were lost. Mrs. Burket was carried past the stone bridge and down the river. She was under water several times, but retained her presence of mind. Two miles above New Florence her raft struck a tree, into which she managed to climb. Without a stitch of clothing on, she spent the night in the branches. Next morning she was rescued and taken to a house near by. She did not get home until Wednesday. Her family thought, of course, that she was lost, and hailed her return as one risen from the grave.

James Davis, the photographer, lived on Iron street, Millville. He had remained at home on account of rheumatism. When the water got dangerously high in the afternoon—the family having already been driven to the second story—Mr. Davis said he would swim to the railroad embankment and build a raft. He had got about half way when he noticed the water rising rapidly under him. He looked around and saw his house lifted up. It was too late to turn back, so he continued on to the embankment and thence escaped to Prospect Hill. His wife and three young children were lost.

Cornelius Burns, at the risk of his own life, rescued twenty-eight persons. He was approaching the river near Cambria when the flood came. He dashed into the water and continued his gallant work of rescue until completly exhausted and prevented by the floating debris from saving others who floated beyond his reach.

Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Maggie Shaffer kept a boarding-house on the corner of Main and Market streets, a locality that was terribly ravaged. How the family and some of the guests fared was told me by one of the latter :

"Miss Maggie called us to follow her out of a back window on the porch-roof, whence she led the way through a window of a three-story brick house with a mansard roof, the property of Mr. James. We stood in the gutter of the mansard. I cannot begin to give an idea of the awful scene. Some were crying, some screaming at the top of their voices, some saying good-bye, others praying and one said the end of time had come. Others were clasped in each other's arms and had given up entirely. I could hear persons at a distance, among them little children,

shouting for help, amid the tremendous noise and cracking of the buildings that were falling to pieces as they drifted towards us. To increase the horror, half a mile above us the wire mill had been running in full blast. The waters coming so suddenly upon it created a steam that made the air dark, like clouds sweeping the horizon. About this time a house struck the one we were on. A young man named Felix Bard was on the other side of the window. He and I jumped to the roof of the one that struck ours. It knocked the brick walls down and then the mansard roof fell. We stepped over on the flat tin-roof, and commenced our journey down towards the stone bridge. There were thirty-eight persons on the roof and in the attic of the mansard of the house. When the brick walls were knocked away the roof floated. Strange to say, not one of the thirty-eight perished. We did not have a long voyage—not more than two squares. The reason was the water seemed to divide. We floated around a while and settled down a quarter of a mile above the great bridge. The bridge might have been the means of doing a great deal of harm, but I think it saved our lives. It was the cause of forming an eddy just where our house and many others landed. When the roof of our house stopped most of the people went into the large brick building owned by General Campbell. They made their way on the debris, got on the roof, and from the observatory into the house.

"After the waters went down I took an opposite direction, and saw Mr. Frazer in the garret of his own house looking out of the hatch-hole. I went in. His wife and a boy were there. The little fellow was crying as though his heart were broken. Mrs. Frazer was as composed as if she were sitting in her parlor. I remarked to her that she seemed to be very resigned. She said she was not in the least alarmed; her life was in the hands of her Maker, and He would take care of her and do what was right. I shall never forget the lady's peaceful expression. Mr. Frazer told me to look out of the window at a brick house and notice if the waters were receding. They were falling, and presently I got on the roof of another house. Hearing some noise between the houses, I saw a man's head pop up through the drift. He was held by two logs and made every effort to extricate himself. The logs kept rolling and he could not get out. I went down to the end of the roof, caught him by the hand and held him until help came that I summoned as soon as I could. All this time I was supported by a snow-break on the edge of the roof. Finally we succeeded in landing him safely on the roof. The stranger wiped the water from his eyes, coughed and spit, drew a long breath, looked up and said quietly, 'This is a devil of a flood, ain't it?' Praying was more in order than swearing, but no one resented the remark.

"The balance of the evening I was kept busy getting out persons both dead and dying. Into the Club House we took the bodies. I went in the direction of a call for help and found a woman fastened in the debris, in an upright position. Her head, shoulders and arms were above the water. I tried to pull her out, but could not. Two men came, but still we could not move her. She begged for God's sake to get her out. Her head fell from one side to the other. She was too weak to hold it up long at a time. We began taking some of the drift away, and found that she was in bed. I caught hold of something I thought was bed-clothing and pulled a dead woman out of the water. We laid her on the bank. A trunk was standing near and some one took out a slouch-hat and placed it on my head. I had no hat or shoes, and it was very cold and raining. We tried our very best to get the woman out, but could not. I was completely exhausted, got sick and had to go. The others stayed and at last brought the women to the club-house. She soon died.

"I am a mechanic, work at my trade and have three children that are dependent on me. My wife died two years ago. What clothing and effects we had were lost in the flood. I had nothing after the flood, but we are very thankful we escaped with our lives."

John Stenger, dry-goods merchant on Main street, lost his sons, John, aged twelve, and Leo, aged three. Five girls from Linton's laundry, back of his

store, John Carr, Henry P. Derritt and others were saved in his building, which was badly wrecked.

C. N. Barclay, of Altoona, who had been working in the office of the Johnstown *Democrat* for some time, wrote the adventures of himself and his cousin, H. W. Storey, esq., and family, at whose house the flood caught him:

"I was not in my office when the crash came, but was several squares down town. I went down before 9 A. M. to help my cousin take his carpet and furniture up-stairs, as had been done on former occasions when the river overflowed. The high flood struck us about 4:15 P. M. We ran to the third floor, and the water came to within two feet of where we were. Our house had moved from its foundation about fifty feet, when it was stopped by a counter current. It held there until the railroad embankment gave way and the water fell and let us down to the ground. I don't think I shall ever care about going boating again. The water was about nineteen feet around us, and we had to remain up there until about ten o'clock the next forenoon, when I made my way out from the trap-door on the roof down over other buildings and debris, under which there was still one to ten feet of water. I took a boat at the corner of the Club House building and rowed to the Pennsylvania railroad station, from which point I succeeded in reaching Ebensburg at 6 P. M. on Saturday."

Mr. Hoerle and Frank McMullin were in the *Herald* office on the second floor of the brick building, corner of Main and Bedford streets. They ran down the back way and found Mr. Slick attempting to put his wife on a horse. Helping the lady into the saddle, they started up Main street towards Green Hill. Slick concluded to return for a favorite dog and was never more heard of. The two printers and Mrs. Slick reached the hill in safety, though not before the pony was swimming and the men wading up to their necks in water and drift.

Forty persons were rescued at the late General Campbell's mansion, lower end of Vine street, as they floated past, by catching ropes thrown to them. The Cambria Club House was a similar haven of safety to a score of floaters. The members of the club were at dinner, but cheated death by fleeing to the upper floors and the roof. Colonel Higgins, the manager, was in the third story of the building with his family. A man was hurled by the torrent through the window. He was attended, swooned, and upon inspection was found to have a broken leg. The leg was bandaged and the man resuscitated. When this last act of kindness was accomplished he said faintly:

"This ain't so bad; I've been in a blow-up!"

E. B. Entwistle, of the Johnson works, rowed to a house near the flaming debris at the bridge, and found a woman with a broken arm and a baby. After she had got into the boat she cried, "Come along, grandpap." An old man, chilled but chipper, jumped up from the other side of the roof, slid down into the boat, and ejaculated with imperturbable coolness:

"Gentlemen, can any of you give me a chew of tobacco?"

W. A. Rose, a prominent attorney, and his family went to the second floor of their house about two o'clock. When the water rushed for the residences

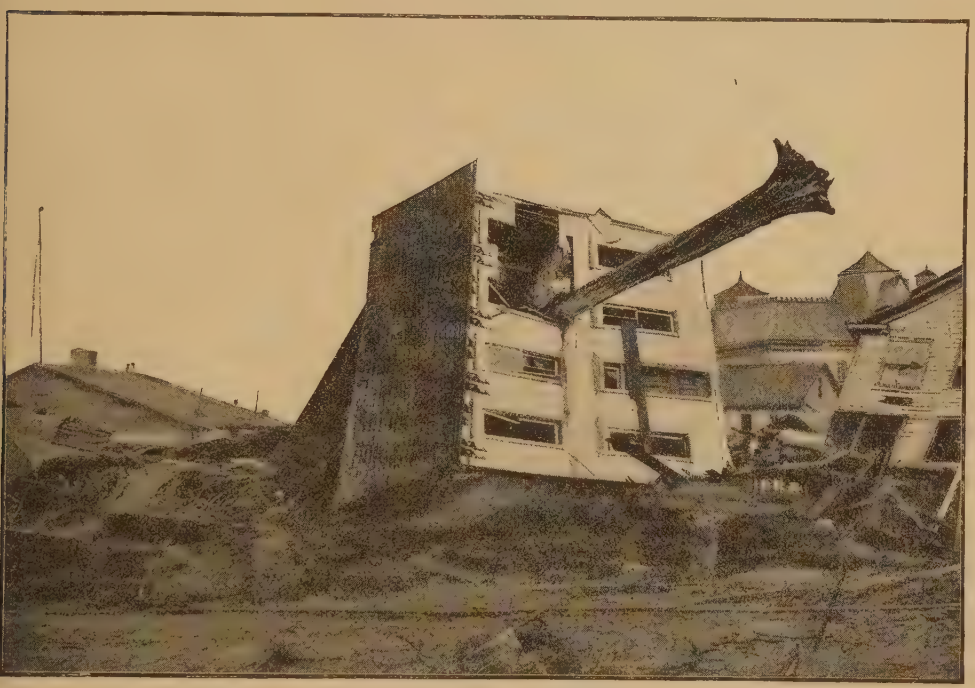
on Main street they retreated a story higher. Distress was apparent on all sides. A sick neighbor appealed for a stimulant and was handed a cup of coffee on the end of a broom, a gulf that could not be passed separating her from the Roses. By this time houses began to crumble and vanish. The roof gave way, scattering the family and fastening Mr. Rose between heavy timbers, which fractured his right collar-bone and compressed his breast-bone. Assisted by his youngest son, Percy, he succeeded in again reaching his own roof. There he witnessed the apparent death struggles of his wife and daughter, utterly helpless to assist them. Lying outstretched on the roof, with his family, a little waif and a domestic, he sailed near the Kernville Hill. Another roof came up alongside which they boarded, and were taken up Stony Creek. The Unique Rink came flying along and all resigned themselves to their fate. Mr. Rose exclaimed, "This means death." A log hit the rink and veered it into another channel. Then a friendly current forced them in the rear of the residence of Dr. Swan, whence they made their way into the house. Winter, the second son, at the risk of his own life, carried Mrs. Reese, seventy-one years old, from a dangerous place to a safe one. The oldest son, Horace, drifted away from the remainder of the family. After an eventful experience he was taken, almost exhausted, from the debris into the house of Frank Coleman.

Three girls had their clothes torn off while struggling in the water, and were thrown on the bank above the stone bridge. They hid in the rubbish until Saturday night, when hunger overcame their maiden modesty and forced them to call to some men for assistance. Food and clothing were obtained and the trio taken to a shelter.

Henry Ludwig, of Bedford street, sent his three children to the residence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ludwig, on Main street, while he and his wife remained to lift carpets. August Young, Henry's brother-in-law, had also taken his wife to her parents' home, and he and Charles Ludwig went down to Henry's house to assist. They had arrived but a short time when the water came rushing along, drowning all the inmates and carrying the house to the Point. John Ludwig and son George were in their store on Washington street endeavoring to keep goods out of the wet. They saw the mountain of water rolling down the valley, ran up-stairs and managed to get upon the roof, which immediately parted. They clambered to the roof of Frank Hay's brick building, none too soon, for the structure melted and the roof floated away to Locust street, where George was taken off. He saw his father float away and thought he would be killed, but after jumping from raft to raft the old gentleman finally landed close to the residence of Dean Canan, on the South Side, and was rescued. Not until Saturday afternoon had the family any idea that the father had been saved.

John Shultz occupied a two-story frame house on Union street, a short avenue intersecting the lower part of Main. The household consisted of nine

persons. Six of them were in the building when it moved off, but all were saved. A large tree hit the house amidships, transfixing it as a javelin might a man. The building turned over, carrying the tree with it, the roots sticking thirty feet in the air. In this shape it stranded on the Point, at the end of Main



TREE THROUGH THE HOUSE OF JOHN SHULTZ, LOWER END MAIN STREET.

street, beside a number of other houses that presented a queer spectacle. These buildings were hopelessly damaged and fire was used to clear away the accumulation of rubbish. The tree gave the Shultz house a curious appearance which attracted throngs of visitors and brought dozens of cameras to perpetuate it in photographic form.

In the upper part of the town, where the back-water went into the valley with diminished force, there were many of these odd scenes. Houses were toppled over one after another in a row, and left where they lay. One was turned completely over and stood with its roof on the foundations of another house and its base in the air. The owner came back and, getting into his house through the window, walked about on his ceiling. Out of this house a woman and her two children escaped with little hurt, although they were planted on their heads in the whirl. From another a woman shut up in her garret escaped by chopping a hole in the roof. A Hungarian named Grevins leaped to the

shore as his house went whirling past, fell twenty-five feet upon a pile of metal and escaped with a broken leg. Another came all the way from Franklin, circled around with the back-water and finally landed on the flats near the corner of Main and Market streets.

Thomas Magee, cashier of the Cambria Iron Company's store, described the manner in which he and his fellow-clerks escaped from the water, saved the money-drawers and rescued nineteen people:

"It was 4.15 o'clock when the flood struck our building with a crash. It seemed to pour in from every door and window on all sides, as well as from the floors above us. I was standing by the safe, which was open, and snatched the tin box containing over $12,000 in cash, and with other clerks at my heels flew up the stairs to the second floor. In about three minutes we were up to our waists in water, and started to climb to the third floor of the building. Here we remained with the money until Saturday morning, when we were taken out in boats. Besides myself there were in the building Michael Maley, Frank Balsinger, Chris Mintzmeyer, Joseph Berlin and Frank Burger, all of whom escaped. All Friday night and Saturday morning we divided our time between guarding the money, providing for our own safety and rescuing people. One man, in trying to jump, fell into the water and was saved only by the greatest exertion and his own skillful swimming. We threw out ropes and gathered logs and timbers together until we had enough to make a raft, which we bound together with ropes and used in rescuing people. During the night we rescued Henry Weaver, his wife and two children; Captain Carswell, wife and three children, and three servant girls; Patrick Ravel, wife and one child; A. M. Dobbins and two others whose names I have forgotten. Besides this we cut large pieces of canvas and oilcloth and wrapped it around bread and meat and other eatables and threw it or floated it out to those who went by on housetops, rafts, etc., whom we could not rescue without getting our raft in the drift and capsizing. We must have fed one hundred people in this way alone. The money we guarded until Monday night."

James B. O'Connor and John Knuff were on Washington street, noticed the water beginning to rise and ran into Lamberd's saloon. The water broke open the door and flooded the floor. All hastened to the roof. O'Connor and Knuff floated away on the kitchen, landing against Dr. Andrew Yeagley's house. The end of the building fell in and they climbed upon the roof of the adjoining residence, Dr. B. L. Yeagley's. Thence they contrived to get to the Beantly building, after a severe struggle in the water. A large number of men and women had gathered who spent the night huddled together, suffering severely from the cold. Many of them had scarcely any clothing. Of the thirteen persons who took refuge in Lamberd's place, only one—Miss Joanna Lamberd—was drowned. Her sister and others of the party were rescued at Alma Hall, and some got out at Dr. Lowman's. Mr. Knuff lost his gold watch and a roll of bills.

Frank Benford's dun mare was standing in the alley between the Hulbert House and John Hornick's hotel. Parties on top of the Fritz House saw her submerged and buildings passing over her. To the surprise of all she was found on Saturday morning in the mire and wreck that filled the cellar, with no injury but the blinding of both eyes. Such an escape no other horse ever had since the days of Bucephalus.

Professor Johnson, superintendent of the public schools, was at Mrs. John B. Hay's house, corner Walnut and Locust streets, with his brother and young Mr. Hay. The Professor was held by two floors catching him on the temple until carried down to the bridge and up along the hillside. One of the floors, yielding to some pressure, released him. With the aid of Mrs. Hay and his brother, who obtained a foot-hold on a piece of roof, he escaped to the side of the hill.

John C. Carney resided on Franklin street, opposite the Mansion House. Early in the afternoon he and his little family removed to the three-story building of Joseph Beiter. High water soon drove them to the roof, and when the great wave came the building was twisted to pieces. The part Mr. Carney and his family were on was swept on top of a large pile of debris that had collected at the east end of the Baltimore & Ohio depot, and they were rescued through the second-story window of the *Democrat* office. Mr. and Mrs. Carney and two children, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Beiter and two children were taken in. Mr. Beiter's leg was broken, and he was severely injured by timbers in the water. One of his children was dead. After the Carneys had been safely landed they missed their baby, a girl fifteen months old. On Saturday, eighteen hours afterward, the baby was found on the pile of debris at the office alive and well, and placed in the arms of its almost frantic mother.

George Irwin, of Hillside, Pa., was found, on Saturday, in a clump of bushes beside the railroad tracks, a mile below Johnstown. His tongue protruded from his mouth and he gasped for breath. Brandy revived him and he was soon able to give this account of his adventures:

"I was visiting friends in Johnstown. We were submerged without a moment's warning. I was taken from the window by a druggist, Mr. Hay, but lost my footing and fell into the water. I clung to a saw-log until I struck the Cambria Iron Works, where I caught on the roof of the building. I remained there an hour, when a piece of raft knocked me from my position. I floated on it until I got down here and stuck in an apple-tree. I saw one woman and two children floating nicely until they hit the corner of a building and all sank. I would rather have died than to witness their agony."

Miss Sue Caddick, of Indiana, was stopping at the Brunswick Hotel, on Washington street. She said she had a premonition of danger and tried to get Mrs. Murphy to take her children and leave the house. The lady laughed at her fears and partially dissipated them. Miss Caddick was standing at the head of the second flight of stairs when the flood burst upon the house. She screamed to the Murphys—father, mother and seven children—to save themselves, ran up stairs and got into a higher room with the children, the oldest of them a girl of fourteen. The mother and father were whirled to death instantly and the children clung to Miss Caddick. To save herself, as the building was disintegrating, she was forced to thrust them aside. They all drowned, except the oldest boy, who floated to Blairsville and landed in a tree. Miss Caddick held to a fraction of the building, which floated out of the swirl, and

was saved before dark. She described her grief at having to cut loose from the children as greater than her fear after getting into the water.

William Dougherty rode down the river on a stick. When the waters struck the roof of the house on which he had taken shelter he jumped astride a telegraph pole, riding twenty-three miles, from Johnstown to Bolivar, before he was rescued.

Mr. Walters, an attorney, who spent the night in Alma Hall, has his office on the second floor of the building. He was at his home, Walnut street, with his family, and all were carried away. The family drifted on the roof in another direction, and he passed down several streets and alleys until he came to the hall. His raft ran against that building and he was thrown into his own office headforemost.

James Norn, an old gray-haired man, had just sat down to eat his supper when the crash came. The whole family, consisting of wife and eight children, were buried beneath the collapsed house. He was carried down the river to the railroad bridge on a plank. At the bridge a cross-tie struck him with such force that he was shot clear upon the pier, a mass of bruises and cuts from head to foot. He refused to go to the hospital until he found the bodies of his loved ones.

John Henderson, his wife, mother-in-law and three children succeeded in getting upon some drift, after their house carried them quite a distance. Mr. Henderson took the babe from its mother's arms, but it soon died from cold, and he had to drop the corpse into the water. The aged mother-in-law was fragile and expired. Mrs. Henderson, who had been separated from her husband by a dashing wave, kept with her two children for some time. Finally a great wave dashed them from her arms and out of sight. They were clinging to some driftwood, and providentially driven into the arms of their father, who was down the stream unconscious of the proximity of his loved ones. Another whirl of the flood and all were sent into Stony Creek and carried by backing water to Kernville and rescued. Mrs. Henderson had nearly the same experience.

Dr. Holland, a physician on Vine street, saw both of his children drown. They were not washed out of the building. He took them in his arms and bore them to the roof. Composing himself, he kissed them and watched them float away. The bodies were recovered. After their death the father was carried out into the flood and to a building, in the window of which a man was standing. The doctor held up his hands. The man seized them, dextrously slipped a valuable ring from one finger and brutally threw him out into the current again. The physician was saved and looked long for the thief and would-be murderer.

J. Paul Kirchmann, a young man, boarded with George Schrœder in the heart of the town. The house toppled and went rushing away in the current.

There were seven in the party and Kirchmann found himself wedged in between two houses, his head under water. He dived down, again came to the surface and got on the roof of one of the houses. The others had preceded him there, and the house floated to Sandyvale cemetery, a mile away, where all of them were rescued. Kirchmann had fainted, and for seven or eight hours was supposed to be dead.

A little boy and girl came floating down from East Conemaugh. The water turned the raft toward the Kernville hill. As it struck the bank the boy jumped on the hill, dragging his little sister with him. Both were saved.

William H. Rosensteel, the Woodvale tanner, was in the house with his two daughters, Tillie and Mamie, his granddaughter and a dog. All were carried down on the kitchen roof. They floated into the Bonton clothing store, on Main street, a mile from their house, where they stayed until taken out on Saturday.

Jacob I. Horner, of Hornerstown, and his family of eight, climbed into a tree and remained there all night. Their house was overturned.

Miss Wayne, of Altoona, who was visiting at Conemaugh, had a miraculous escape. Every article of her clothing was torn from her by the furious flood during her struggles in the water. She was rescued near the bridge. There was no female apparel at hand, and she had to don trousers, coat, vest and hat until suitable garments could be procured.

At the house of Edward H. Jackson, 58 Market street, besides himself and family, were his uncle, aunt, sister and two children. They watched their chance and when a house passed by jumped upon it. By careful manœuvering they managed to reach Dr. S. M. Swan's house, a three-story brick building, where there were about two hundred other people. Mr. Jackson sprang upon a tender of an engine as it floated down, and reached the same house. All the women and children were hysterical and most of the men paralyzed. From the windows of this house ropes were thrown to persons who floated by on roofs. In this way several were saved.

A German woman, whose name could not be learned, ran to the roof of her house for safety. The house was carried away and the lower portion crushed as if it had been an egg-shell. Below the stone bridge it struck another roof, on which were a rooster and a hog. The rooster sat on the peak of the roof, as stately as a general leading an army to victory. At Nineveh both roofs were dashed high up on the shore and woman, hog and rooster were taken off safe and sound.

Workmen of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, clearing away a pile of refuse that enveloped several freight cars, encountered a stable. It belonged to the priest of St. Columba's Church, Cambria. As the waters fell away and the mass settled, the stable sank under the cars. When it was at last cleared, a man went in and found a cow calmly chewing her cud and gazing stolidly at

the floor, which still remained solid. In the same stall were a small black dog, a Plymouth Rock rooster and two hens, all alive and none the worst for their voyage.

Miss Ida Fahnestock, of Pittsburgh, came to Johnstown on Memorial Day to visit the family of Mr. Boyd. The house of the Boyds was swept away, the entire family clinging to the roof. They and Miss Fahnestock were saved by climbing through the window of a school and remaining in the third story until rescued in boats on Saturday. The Boyds escaped unhurt. Miss Fahnestock was slightly injured.

George W. Hamilton and family were at their home, 122 Locust street. The first Mr. Hamilton knew of the bursting of the reservoir was hearing a roaring sound. He looked out the window and saw what appeared to be a great wall coming toward him. The family ran to the rear of the house and climbed upon a porch roof. This roof broke away and floated to the Club House, against which it struck. Then it veered into Main street and went to Anderson Walters' house on Lincoln street. From there, after the wreckage stopped moving, the Hamiltons clambered to the Morrell Institute. "Bole's Row," which stood opposite the Turner Hall on Clinton street, and floated back of the Institute, was one of the first buildings to come sailing from up town. It struck the Institute building at one corner, knocking out a few bricks, swung around and rested. There were 175 people in and on the Institute building during the night, and many more were brought to it on Saturday morning.

The tragedy will furnish a rich field for writers of fiction. Persons who are living to-day may have made the confusion and loss of life a pretext for disappearing. How many people, ignorant of the fate of their loved ones, will go to their graves with the hope that some day the familiar faces will again be seen? How many hidden misdeeds and lives on the verge of an abyss were swept out of time and away from exposure by the swirl of the cruel waters? The possibilities are unlimited, and there could be no stronger climax than the rush of the torrent down the Conemaugh valley. What a field for Dumas or Victor Hugo!

THE SITE OF THE HULBERT HOUSE, AND GAP ON THE WEST SIDE OF CLINTON STREET.

XIV.

HEROISM IN VARIED FORMS.

IMITATORS OF JIM BLUDSO AND BANTY TIM NOT UNKNOWN — NUMEROUS GALLANT RESCUES — A NEGRO SAVES A CHILD — FAMILIES AND FRIENDS TAKEN OFF FLOATING HOUSES — HE STAYED TO SOUND THE WARNING — BOY HEROES — FAITHFUL DOGS — TRAMPS WITH GENEROUS SOULS — MEN AND WOMEN WHO STUCK TO THE POST OF DUTY — TELEGRAPHERS WHOSE SERVICES DESERVE UNSTINTED HONOR — REDEEMING TRAITS EXEMPLIFIED UNDER TRYING CONDITIONS BY A HOST OF NATURE'S TRUE NOBILITY.

"The dam dissolves, the ice-plain growls,
The floods dash on, the water howls!
'I'll bear thee, mother, across the swell,
'Tis not yet high, I can wade right well.'
She places the mother safe on the shore;
Fair Susan then turns tow'rd the flood once more.
'Oh, whither? Oh, whither? the breadth fast grows,
Both here and there the water o'erflows;
Wilt venture, thou rash one, the billows to brave?'
'They shall and they must be preserved from the wave!'"—GŒTHE.

A CHILD RESCUED BY A NEGRO.

HEROES adapted to the exigency are generally on hand when a crisis arises. It was so at Johnstown. Had it not been the death-roll would bear the names of hundreds of people who are alive and well to-day. Jim Bludso and Banty Tim are not myths, figments, mere fancies of the poet's brain. They crop out continually in real life. Theirs are the deeds which shed lustre on humanity and merit a place on the scroll of fame—a niche in the temple of honor. The heroism that, forgetting the perils it incurs, braves imminent danger for the sake of others, is a redeeming quality. The flood developed the occasion to manifest it in varied forms, sometimes unexpected, often unobtrusive, but always worthy of emulation. Eternity alone will reveal the bright array of self-sacrificing deeds performed when the dark shadow enveloped the Conemaugh Valley. There was neither time nor dis-

position to enter on earthly books the deeds of greatness which conferred the stamp of nobility upon many a generous spirit. On the tablets of human sympathy and in the everlasting archives they shine resplendent, as well those all traces of which the water washed away as those repeated from lip to lip.

Harry Koch, a saloon-keeper, and George Skinner, a colored man, were on the roof of the former's premises, near the end of Bedford street, by the bank of Stony Creek. Their situation was not an enviable one. The African remarked to his companion:

"Massa Koch, dis yer mout be a good time to done gone an' pray, but I'm mos' feared it am too late!"

Shortly a house sailed towards them, with Max McAchiver and Gertie, the little daughter of John Quinn. Mrs. Geis, with her babe, Libbie Hipps and Gertie had run to the attic of the Geis house. They prayed and Mrs. Geis said they would die together. Gertie tells it in her own artless way:

"Then the plaster 'gun to tum off and the water wuz jess all over!"

She caught hold of a plank, got on it and floated to Bedford street. McAchiver lifted her from the plank to a floating roof, which drifted near Koch and Skinner. The latter called out:

"Throw her to me!"

Max did so, and Skinner resolved to swim with the child to dry land. Plunging into the water, he supported her with one hand and struck out with the other for a safe spot. After a severe test of muscle, the brave negro had the satisfaction of restoring Gertie to her friends. George has a black skin, but his soul is white, and his heart is exactly in the right place. Uncle Tom's rescue of Eva was not more gallant and praiseworthy than Skinner's heroic action.

Jacob L. Caldwell showed himself possessed of the qualities of which heroes are made. He had taken refuge in the upper part of his house, on Stony-creek street, with his family. When he saw the buildings coming he seized his wife and child and leaped from the attic window to a passing roof twelve or fifteen feet below. A jam occurred and he picked his way, with his precious burden, to the roof of the electric-light building, a part of which collapsed just as he reached it. From there he got to John Thomas' building and all were saved. Dr. William Caldwell and wife, Jacob's father and mother, and Miss Bertha Caldwell had almost a similar experience and were saved in the same building.

When the wall of rolling water struck Miss Minnie Faulkner's home she was thrown into the stream, but managed to grasp a window-shutter, on which she floated for some distance. Suddenly she heard her name called. Looking across a short expanse of turbulent water she saw her affianced husband, George Bernheisel, floating on the roof of a house and motioning to her. After divesting himself of his superfluous raiment, he plunged into the flood, and by a

desperate effort reached his lady-love and brought her safely to shore. They clung together until Saturday morning, and in a few days joined hands together to battle in the flood-tide of life.

At the house of Charles H. Wehn, 41 Napoleon street, fourteen persons were taken into the attic by members of the family and rescued. A Miss Jones, who was badly burned in the fire at St. John's Catholic Church, was among the number. Mr. Wehn was at the *Tribune* office with the rest of the force.

Charles Horner, aged eighteen, employed at Harry Swank's machine shop, blew the whistle as a warning to residents of the Fourth Ward. He continued the good work until the fires were extinguished by the water and the building floated a square away. Then he coolly walked from raft to raft until he reached a place of safety. A number of people saved their lives by fleeing to the hills upon hearing the whistle.

Robert McCauliff, an employé of the Pennsylvania railroad, removed his family to a place of safety before the catastrophe, and had gone back to attend to his work of watching at the stone bridge. He was caught in the flood. While endeavoring to get to land he saw a babe about eight months old submerged under some rubbish and resolved to save it. Grasping a piece of scantling which was floating in the debris, and wielding it somewhat after the manner of an acrobat using his balance-pole, he kept himself and his burden from sinking by catching both ends on floating objects whenever he was thrown into the water. He finally reached the railroad embankment. For a couple of days no owner claimed the baby, and Mr. McCauliff began to think of adopting it, when Mrs. James, of Iron street, Millville, put in an appearance and recognized it as her child. The mother's joy was most affecting.

Even nature's outcasts and the social parasites displayed the traits which are the patent of true manhood and womanhood. A strapping tramp saw several men attempting to extricate the body of a woman held down by the half-roasted carcass of a cow at the bridge. The tramp pushed the lighter weights aside and walked away with the obstruction. Then he picked up the corpse and carried it half a mile to the morgue. For days he worked among the corpses, scarcely stopping to eat or sleep. Blessed with herculean strength and a heart big in proportion, he was as kind to the living who called as serviceable to their dead. The tramp was named Martin. His conduct won him friends, who set him up in business in Johnstown.

To another tramp belongs the credit of saving the lives of a mother and her little girl. This ragged nomad, against whom the hand of every man was turned, plunged into the angry waters near Lockport and deluded death of two helpless beings whom it had almost marked for its own. Mrs. Horner and her twelve-year-old daughter had floated from Johnstown to Lockport, five miles, on the roof of a house. The last vestige of the house parted and left mother

and child struggling with the waves. They grappled at a passing tree and both managed to clutch it. The mother screamed :

"For mercy's sake, hold on, daughter, to the last ! If die we must, we will die together !"

At this moment a tramp, watching from the shore, caught sight of the two forms struggling in the water. Heedless of his own safety, he plunged in and landed mother and daughter safe and sound upon the shore. He was a modest hero. While the wondering crowd were caring for the two whom he saved and discussing his heroism, he quietly stole away and was heard of no more. The tattered jacket often covers the warmest, bravest heart.

Past a party of thirty or forty men, in Morrellville, floated a gray-haired old woman, clinging to a spar and loudly crying for help. After vainly begging the men upon the banks to assist him, William Decker, a youth of twenty-one, tore the roof from a hog-pen and, using a couple of sticks for paddles, made for the centre of the river, from which he piloted the old woman safely to the land.

A gay girl of the town, who had lived a life of shame for years, jumped from a roof to save a baby. She had just reached the child when a piece of timber struck her on the head and the poor creature sank beneath the waters. Who dare pronounce this Magdalen less a martyr than if she had served as a missionary roast at a cannibal feast ?

D. H. Edwards, a freight conductor on the Pittsburgh Division of the Pennsylvania railroad, was halted at Sang Hollow on Friday evening. The attention of himself and crew was attracted by a boy clinging to a piece of square timber. An attempt was made to rescue him, but he was struck by debris and carried down the river some distance. Another and successful effort was made forthwith. He asked his rescuers to look out for his mother. Mr. Edwards saw her coming. Throwing one arm around a telegraph pole, he extended the other toward her. Securing a firm hold of her he struggled to get her on land. A floating plank hit her on the shoulder, causing such a tension on Mr. Edwards' arms that both his shoulders cracked. Extending the arm he had around the pole so as to grasp with the other hand the arm holding the woman, he swung himself toward the shore. Two brakemen seized the lady, who was borne up the embankment and placed in the cabin of the train. A fire was built, coffee furnished the nearly-exhausted woman, and she was removed to a house. She said that the house in which she lived was on Clinton street. It was carried toward the stone bridge, where it was met by a receding current and carried up Stony Creek about a mile. A returning current brought it back and floated it near its original foundation. Nearly opposite the Baltimore & Ohio offices it crossed to the Conemaugh River, and was swept over the embankment between the bridge and the railroad tower. Then all on the roof of the house disappeared in the flood, and what became of them she did not know. How she managed to survive is a mystery. In the water

she succeeded in grasping two narrow boards and with one under each arm was carried on the surface of the wave. Where she secured these frail supports she has not the remotest idea.

Among the unwritten and unhonored heroes of the flood were "Bob," Dorsey King's spry black horse, and "Jack," a big Newfoundland dog. Each saved two human lives and his own. Bob, after floating off in his stable, got loose. Attached to his neck was a long halter with which he had been tied to keep out of mischief. Seizing this halter, one man was pulled by Bob to the shore. As if he knew what he was about, or because the shore was not easy to get up, Bob went back and half a mile lower down came out with a man on his back. Jack was seen to tow out at Woodvale a woman who clung to his shaggy mane, and on the edge of Johnstown he brought out a baby, holding it by its frock high up, as a retriever brings his game. A Newfoundland dog at Morrellville plunged into the foaming, boiling torrent, seized a drowning man by the coat collar and hauled him safely to dry land. The man had never seen the dog before and could not find out to whom the noble creature belonged.

"JACK" BRINGS A CHILD TO SHORE.

Henry Roberts, who lived near St. John's Church, lost one child two months old. He had in his house a Newfoundland dog, which was near the child when the fatal flood struck the house. The dog seemingly realized the situation, caught the child and started to swim to land. The force of the waters washed the dog and child against the school-house, where they were held until the water began to abate. As soon as the animal could he swam to the hillside with the babe in his mouth and delivered the dead infant to some people standing by.

Charles Kress has a dog which he prizes highly since the flood. When the water reached their brick residence, on Washington street, the family took to the roof. The building was washed away, and great difficulty was experienced in keeping upon it. Time and again Mr. Kress caught one or the other of his family just about to fall into the water, until Mrs. Kress dropped in beyond his reach. Then the faithful dog, which had followed the family to the

roof, caught her by the clothing and held her until she was rescued by her husband.

Among the heroes of this disaster—and some of them swept off in the flood will never be known—John Stitt, a boy, should have a memorial in enduring granite. He was seventeen, and worked in the Pennsylvania railroad machine shop at Blairsville. After helping to pull several people out at the bridge, he went to the shops and came back with a locomotive headlight. Standing on the bridge he turned it this way and that, not only saving many from being dashed against the bridge, or caught in the houses that cracked like egg-shells against it, but enabling others to get to the shore. Several times he was urged not to stay, but he kept his place and held the light, occasionally taking off his hat and sending up a cheer as he saw one after another safely reach the bank. Then a wave larger than the others came, there was a crash, and noble little John, still with his saving headlight, was washed away.

Elvie, the bright little daughter of John Duncan, with her mother and two younger sisters, fled to the roof. A telegraph pole crushed the roof and threw the two children into the flood. Without hesitation brave Elvie jumped into the water, caught her drowning sisters and managed, by hard swimming, to get them to shore. The young heroine of this adventure received countless encomiums for pluck and presence of mind which would have done honor to the manliest citizen of Johnstown.

Joe Dixon, the wide-awake news dealer, who resembles Tom Thumb in size and build and aspect, was hoisted out by another lad, Edward Decker, just as the driftwood hurled his stand off its pins. Joe's father and infant sister were held between two houses by the upturning. Both houses were carried down against the bridge. In sight of his wife and children the father drowned, the water rising and smothering him because of his inability to get from between the buildings. His wife was so badly crushed that she will be crippled the remainder of her days. The children, including the babe in its father's arms, were all saved. Friends in Pittsburgh, delighted with Joe's manly fortitude, raised money to erect him a new store and stock it nicely. The support of his mother and the younger children, he is a veritable hero in his simple daily life.

Charles Hepenthal, aged 18, who lives at East Liberty, was on his way to school at Bellefonte. When the train was stopped at Sang Hollow by the flood, the passengers left the cars to view the rushing water. They saw countless bodies floating by and were utterly powerless to bring them to shore. A small frame house came down the stream and floated into the eddy nearly opposite the train. The passengers got as close to the house as possible and heard the faint crying of a babe. Young Hepenthal expressed his determination to rescue the child. Attempts were made to dissuade him from what seemed to be a foolhardy act, but he persisted. The bell-cord was cut from the cars and

tied around the body of the youth, who swam to the house, in a few minutes emerged with the babe in his arms and brought it to shore amid the cheers of the crowd. The child's mother was still in the house and he went to get her out. Procuring a railroad tie he made another trip to the house. After much difficulty the woman was landed safely. They had scarcely left the floating structure when a sudden surge swept it into the stream and it was soon out of sight. The mother and babe were well cared for and their brave young rescuer was the hero of the hour.

Edward Dick, a young railroader living at Lockport, saw an old man floating on a tree trunk. The agonized face and streaming gray hair excited his compassion. He plunged into the torrent and brought the old man safely ashore. Scarcely had he done this when the upper story of a house floated by with Mrs. Adams, of Cambria, and her two children. He plunged in again, and while breaking through the tin roof of the house cut an artery in his left wrist. Although weakened from loss of blood, he succeeded in saving both mother and children. George Shore, another Lockport swimmer, pulled out William Jones, of Cambria, who was almost exhausted and could not possibly have survived twenty minutes longer in the water.

Genuine heroism does not always exhibit itself in active deeds which challenge applause by their magnificent daring. There is another form, not so conspicuous, but surely not less admirable. Patient, undaunted steadfastness to duty is a rare and comely virtue. Those who, in the face of peril and even death itself, did not desert their posts were as certainly possessed of heroic qualities as the winners of battles. Mrs. Ogle, the operator in charge of the Western Union telegraph office, was one of this class. For twenty-eight years she had been faithful to the trust reposed in her. The office was located in a frame building next the Public Library, on Washington street. Heart and brain were enlisted in her work. What messages of joy and sorrow her nimble fingers had dispatched and received during the years that make up nearly the average of life! She had known vicissitudes and could sympathize with those to whom consolation is a soothing balm. On the day of the flood Mrs. Ogle sat at the instrument whose click meant so much. The waters rose above the floor during the forenoon. Friends begged her to leave, but she refused. News of washouts, detentions of trains and possible accidents was coming over the wires, with now and again a word of warning regarding the South Fork dam. To points below Johnstown the devoted woman repeated all such tidings, urging the operators to keep a sharp watch. At length the waters threatened to cover the table holding the little machine with the electric pulse. A few light touches of the key and these words flashed to the stations west:

"This is my last message."

To stay longer in the room would be foolish and useless. The wires were grounding and in five minutes would be silent. Then the brave lady went up-

stairs, expecting to remain until the waters subsided. That she anticipated her last hour was at hand is most improbable. Her "last message" was, no doubt, designed to inform neighboring operators that the waters had interfered with the wires and rendered further communications impossible. Yet the fact that she preferred to stay at her desk until driven to an upper room, resisting

MRS. H. M. OGLE.

the entreaties of neighbors to go with them out of the way of the rising tide, shows the exalted courage of Mrs. Ogle. The real flood descended two hours after she had been compelled to leave the office. The two-story frame building was a speck on the wave. With it was borne the intrepid woman whom

long, competent service had endeared to the public. Mrs. Ogle and her daughter, Miss Minnie, perished together. Her sister, Mrs. Hirst, went down in the crash of the Public Library. The bodies of mother and daughter were found on the Point, close to the telegraph instrument that had ticked the last intelligence from Johnstown.

Mrs. Ogle was the widow of Hon. Charles Ogle, of Somerset, whither the remains of herself and Miss Minnie were taken for interment beside the husband and father. The family lived many years at Somerset, where they had a wide circle of relatives and acquaintances. Mr. Ogle represented the district in Congress, acquiring celebrity by introducing the bill which abolished the service of gold-plate in the White House as at variance with the simplicity of a republican form of government. After his death the support of the children devolved upon Mrs. Ogle, whom one son survives. He is the assistant-postmaster of Johnstown, and a young man of high character. His manly conduct during and since the flood won him the warmest praises. It proved him to be a worthy son of worthy parents.

Two other telegraph operators and three messenger boys were lost. The young men who rushed to Johnstown to manipulate the wires and satisfy the public hunger for details of the disaster were cast in the heroic mould. They endured privations without a murmur, fixed instruments in sheds, on barrels, anywhere and everywhere, that the stricken community might be in contact with the anxious, throbbing world. Night and day, in rain and sunshine, early and late they stuck by their keys and flashed what industrious correspondents could glean in the harvest-field of desolation and death. A gentleman representing an eastern journal wrote of these noble fellows in this strain of well-deserved eulogy :

"The flood wiped the telegraph lines out of existence for seven or eight miles through the Conemaugh valley, and damaged them all the way into Pittsburgh. Communication on the night of the disaster was restored over a few wires as far as Sang Hollow, three miles from Johnstown, but nothing like regular service was possible until the next day. Then operators were got as far as the south end of the railroad bridge, and linemen strung a few wires over wrecked poles, trees and houses to the same place. One of the four or five buildings left standing near that end of the bridge was a small shed used once for a coal-bin, and later for the storage of oil. It was about ten by fifteen feet inside, and high enough for any ordinary man to stand upright in. There was a door which would not shut, and a square hole in one side did duty for a window. It was a very dirty, very damp and very dark hole, but it was the best that could be obtained, and within half an hour after reaching the spot the operators were at work in it. Boards set up on barrels, and other supports around three sides of the shed did for desks. Almost anything from a nail-keg to a piece of scantling set on end did for a seat. Seven wires were got into this shed by Sunday, and seven men were there to operate them, but it was rarely that over two or three of the wires could be got to work at the same time. The hasty manner in which they had been strung, and the continuous stormy weather kept the wires breaking down as fast as a force of linemen could find the trouble and fix them up.

"When the newspaper men from the East began to arrive on Monday afternoon the wires were working pretty well, but the operators who had been on duty for twenty-four hours, con-

stantly sending press matter for Pittsburgh and private messages by the hundred, were completely exhausted. New York men were the first to file stuff for the East. The chief operator groaned and the other operators writhed as they saw the matter begin to pile up, but they didn't beg off or even miss a tick at the prospect of twenty-four hours of solid work that loomed up before them. The worst that any of them did was to breathe a few heartfelt prayers for the eternal salvation of 'those plugs at the other end.' The only grumbling, in fact, that was done during the whole of this long stretch of work was at the poor quality of the operators at the Pittsburgh end of the wires, whose incapacity, augmenting the unusually hard work, was something to set a first-class sending operator wild, and was the principal cause of what delay there was in sending press matter from Johnstown.

"As darkness came on the trials of the operators were doubled. There was no light to be had at first, except from bits of candles set on end; afterward one or two miner's lamps, and finally a real lantern and a naphtha torch were added to the illuminating properties of the office. All together they gave about as much light as two ordinary gas jets. The copy was written on all sorts of paper with all sorts of lead pencils, by all sorts of men, under all sorts of unfavorable conditions. It was a weirdly variegated and distressingly illegible lot of manuscript. The operators were so exhausted that they could scarcely retain their seats on their rude benches and stools. They were so blinded by the poor light and the long hours of work that they could scarcely see the manuscript. The wires were heavy, and were grounded frequently by the wind and rain. Everything went to Pittsburgh, and the receivers there were a collection of excruciatingly chumpy chumps, speaking from a sending operator's point of view. Yet the stuff was sent off somehow or other, by far the greater part of it in time for use in the next morning's papers, and with an accuracy that, under the circumstances, was fairly wonderful. At five o'clock the next morning the operators were still at work upon some remnants of press stuff and upon the private messages which had been accumulating during the night. They gave out rapidly, however, after that, and by six o'clock wandered off to find sleep in whatever corner they happened to drop down.

"By six o'clock there was only one wire working, and the only man left able for duty was the chief, Jack Edwards, a little fellow with red hair, a red mustache, a freckled face, and a gritty eye. He may be pretty under the ordinary circumstances of civilized life, but that morning, after forty-eight hours of work in that hole, with his clothes dirty and dishevelled, several days' beard on his face, and his eyes bleared with weariness and from the poor light, he was a pretty hard-looking customer. The only thing that was beautiful about him was his grit, and that was exceedingly fair to behold. In spite of the conditions under which he labored, he had got out of that old oil-shed during the forty-eight preceding hours more matter, probably, than had ever been sent in the same time by any seven operators in the employ of the Western Union Company. No man ever got more service out of the same number of wires than he got during these forty-eight hours out of the wires from Johnstown to Pittsburgh, and no man ever had poorer wires to work with, at that. Every moment, almost, the breaking down of a wire would necessitate a new combination of instruments and wires to keep things moving, and as fast as one combination was fixed up down would go another wire. The mere keeping of the wires straight would have been a tough job, but besides this Edwards was for most of the time receiving clerk, cashier, superintendent of the delivery service, battery man and chief lineman, as well as wire chief and chief operator. When not otherwise engaged he also worked a key himself, to take the place of an exhausted operator. The way in which he kept his head through all these manifold duties was marvellous. It was all in his head, for there were no other facilities to help him. There were not even hooks to hang messages on. Press stuff as fast as received was filed in the left pocket of his sack-coat; private messages went into the right pocket. Nine-tenths of the press stuff was being filed a few pages at a time: from two to half-a-dozen men were filing stuff for each paper. To keep each paper's stuff together and to avoid mixing the

stuff of different men addressed to the same paper was alone a task worthy of an expert in handwriting and human nature, for it takes extensive knowledge of human nature to enable a chief operator to tell, when a frenzied individual thrusts half a dozen pages of loose manuscript into his hand, ejaculates "Here's some more of that; get it off as soon as you can,' and rushes away, just at what point in a pocket stuffed with manuscript those particular half-dozen sheets are to be inserted. Clear grit and a cool head, however, carried Chief Operator Edwards and the acres of columns of special matter and hundreds of private telegrams safely through those first forty-eight hours, and that they did so was a mighty good thing for the press of the country and for the people who patronized the press. If he had ever got rattled and mixed things, the manner in which that pocketful of specials, always being drawn from, but continually kept as full as Fortunatus's purse, would have got into the various newspaper offices would have horrified the editors and have shocked the public, if the public had ever got a chance to read it, though the chances are that its condition would have been so appalling that no attempt would have been made to print it.

"More operators arrived the next day, and things were a little easier for the men, but they still had to work at least twelve hours a day, to eat whatever they could pick up from the relief stores, and to sleep wherever they could find a place to lie down. Most of them hired a room in a small frame house near, and by lying close together, sardine fashion, seven or eight of them could sleep on the floor at once. As soon as the night men got up the day men took their places. That was the best bed any of them had for ten days after the flood. The office for that time remained in the oil-shed without any improvement in the facilities. The Pittsburgh managers of the Western Union seemed to have been completely paralyzed by the extent of the damage done to their wires by the flood. There was no reason why a decent office and comfortable quarters should not have been provided in Johnstown within three days, while they could almost have built a new line from Pittsburgh in the time they took to fix up the old one. Higher officials of the company from Chicago and other cities finally arrived and took charge of matters. The lines were then quickly extended across the river and into the room that was cleaned out in the office building of the Cambria Iron Company. The oil-shed was then abandoned and the operators installed in comfortable chairs at real desks.

"After the first couple of days Manager Munson, an old Western Union man, had charge of things in Johnstown during the day, but the bulk of the work, so far as press matter was concerned, continued to fall on Chief Edwards and his night gang, which was made up most of the time of Robert McChesney, assistant chief, and M. J. Chamley, George S. Fairman, N. F. Hunter, W. E. Record, William Buckholdt, Samuel Deering and R. J. Koons."

The newspaper men behaved splendidly, doing a service to mankind the full difficulty of which the busy, practical, hard-headed world did not stop to think about. It was the opportunity of a century, the biggest item in American history, and every paper in the United States realized its transcendent importance. The ablest writers were despatched at once to the flooded district, which it required no small effort to reach. How they printed the horrible particulars, keeping the public posted every hour of the day, is known wherever newspapers are read. But of the privations and endurance involved in preparing the glowing columns whose minutest details were devoured with feverish impatience few know anything. The occasion had come to put to the severest test the mettle of the press, nor were heroes lacking to use it to the best advantage. Provided the facts be told, what matter that hardships be experienced? Little cared the pencil-pusher that his food was the coarsest, his seat

the hard side of a brick-pile, his resting-place in the open air, his desk a coal-shovel! The true newspaper man never fails to respond to the call of duty, and just then duty was summoning him with a trumpet voice such as earth has seldom or never heard.

Who arrived first on the ground is a mooted point. The number claiming the honor is as great as the servants of Washington, or the survivors of Waterloo. The Harrisburg *Telegram* was probably the only outside paper whose representative happened to be on the spot. He was reinforced as quickly as writers and artists could get through. Wonderful celerity was displayed in traveling to the scene of horror. Special trains were chartered, wagons were hired, and no expense was spared to accomplish the prime object — penetrate Johnstown and send the news. Pittsburgh was the nearest city and its leading papers rose to the emergency. One of the brightest of the young men from the Smoky City furnished this vivid sketch:

"It was half-past five o'clock on Friday evening when the first news of the flood reached Pittsburgh. A number of queries were sent out by the different newspapers to several available points, asking for more definite information as to the extent of the flood and its destruction. When, after an hour's delay, a perfect flood of messages telling of the horror came over the wires to Pittsburgh, the keen discernment which always characterizes the newspaper man asserted itself. A few minutes after seven o'clock the *Dispatch* and the *Times* had chartered a train, which went flying off in the direction of Johnstown. Charles S. Howell and Captain Montreville, of the *Times*, and L. E. Stofiel and James Israel, of the *Dispatch*, were on board. Almost at the same time W. C. Connelly, jr., of the Associated Press, together with the *Commercial-Gazette*, the *Post* and *Chronicle-Telegraph*, chartered a train, which followed immediately. On this train were Parker L. Walter, of the *Chronicle-Telegraph*; Frank X. Burns, of the *Commercial-Gazette*; Robert W. Herbert, of the *Post*; and H. W. Orr, chief operator of the Pittsburgh bureau of the Associated Press. This train reached Bolivar, twenty miles west of Johnstown, about 10:30 P. M., where the first train had stopped, locomotion being impossible farther.

"It was pitch dark and raining heavily, but the men were there prepared to face any danger to obtain the news for their respective papers. They had no sooner dismounted from their trains than they started in detachments across the mountains, some on foot and some in wagons, in the direction of New Florence, which was reached between two and three o'clock in the morning. Here they could see the reflection of the burning wreck at the stone bridge several miles up the valley.

"After a journey of several miles in mud and slush, across ravines, up mountains, and down steep hill-sides, Messrs. Howell and Montreville captured a wire at New Florence and sent out one of the first messages that arrived in Pittsburgh from the devastated valley. Mr. Connelly captured another telegraph wire at New Florence, and found it intact. It was then that his forethought in bringing Mr. Orr with him to the scene proved invaluable. In a few moments Orr had the telegraph instrument attached to the patched-up wire, sending the news of the Associated Press to every city in the country simultaneously with the messages which Messrs. Howell and Montreville were lucky enough to get over the wires a short distance away. The *Post*, *Commercial Gazette*, and *Chronicle-Telegraph* reporters, finding the *Dispatch* in possession of the office nearest to New Florence, wasted no time in scattering themselves along the line of the Pennsylvania railroad until they were able to send from different stations a rich harvest of the news gathered on the eventful trip over the mountains and up the valley at the dead of night.

"Nearly all the morning papers in Pittsburgh issued extra editions until noon on Saturday, when the *Press*, *Chronicle-Telegraph* and *Leader* appeared on the streets with additional details, gathered by their representatives who reached the scene of the calamity before noon. It was not until late Saturday night that a wire could be put in operation from any point within sight of Johnstown. Then a single wire was of comparatively little use, considering the vast volume of news that had accumulated in the hands of the indefatigable reporters. Hence they were compelled to travel for miles on foot down the valley to different stations between Johnstown and Bolivar to send their messages.

"When Johnstown was finally penetrated, a coal-shed on the hill-side above the stone bridge, where the drift had accumulated and taken fire, furnished temporary quarters for telegraphic headquarters. A brick-kiln near by furnished shelter, if such it might be called, for the reporters, who carried on their work for several nights and days without catching a single hour's sleep to renew their vigor, which kept constantly diminishing from want of food and rest, until several of them were compelled to end their labors from sheer exhaustion. A scanty supply of rations arrived on Sunday night, when the brick-kiln and pug-mill adjoining became the permanent working, eating and lodging houses of the newspaper men.

"The *Times* and *Press* took possession of the first floor of the pug-mill, while the Associated Press and *Chronicle-Telegraph* established headquarters in the upper floor of the structure. The *Dispatch* and *Leader* took joint possession of an old wood-shed in the neighborhood, the *Leader* occupying it in the morning and the *Dispatch* during the afternoon and night. The *Commercial-Gazette* took charge of a section of a brick-kiln, and the *Post* joined forces with the Associated Press and *Chronicle-Telegraph* in the pug-mill. By this time the work of sending out messages from a permanent headquarters had commenced. It was a clear case of working under difficulties for all concerned. Slabs of fire-brick, perpendicular boards of the wall, barrel-heads, coffin-covers, shovel-bottoms—in fact, anything that could support their paper—were put to use as writing-desks.

"The shaky floor of the old shed was full of ugly holes, and to enter the place in the darkness of night was to place one's life in jeopardy. John S. Ritenour, of the *Post*, fell twenty feet, wedging between timbers and so severely injuring himself that he was compelled to leave for home to secure medical aid. Sam. Kerr, of the *Leader*, was also on the brink of eternity, having fallen from the top of a house in the drift when the foundation began to give way under him. Had he not been rescued by one of his colleagues he could not have escaped drowning. Clarence M. Bixby, of the *Post*, while crossing the railroad trestle about one o'clock in the morning, fell through the gaps into the water below. A timely rescue saved him from a watery grave. His injuries were dressed by a physician who happened to be in the neighborhood relieving the sufferers at that time.

"The culinary department was taken charge of by Tom Keenan, of the *Press*. With an old coffee-pot taken from the debris at the bridge, some canned corned beef, a few boxes of crackers, a few quarts of condensed milk and a bag of unground ooffee, he was soon enabled to get up a meal for his starving comrades which was the envy of those in the neighborhood who, while hungry, did not belong to the band of scribes, whom they looked upon as a lot of luxurious revellers.

"By Monday the force of telegraph operators at the press headquarters had been increased and by evening a number sufficient to establish night and day forces were at work. Food became more plentiful, and soon everything about the place had discarded the garb of hunger and famine, and the reporters and operators worked with renewed vigor and increased efforts. By this time the representatives of the Eastern and Western press began to arrive, while the Pittsburgh papers increased their force every hour. The New York *Sun* men got as far as Harrisburg over the Pennsylvania railroad. There they were compelled to turn back and reach Johnstown by way of Albany, Cleveland and Pittsburgh, one detachment coming by way of

Baltimore on a special train. The *Herald, World, Times* and *Tribune* reporters, together with the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* men (who came from Washington), took the route by Chambersburg, over the mountains of West Virginia, covering over one hundred and fifty miles in wagons. Busby, of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, got in on foot from Sang Hollow. Deering, of the New York *Mail and Express*, followed suit. Their experiences were varied and often quite amusing."

The hardships and exposures of these trying days and nights sowed the seeds of disease in more than one of the enterprising writers for the press. F. Jennings Crute, a bright and brilliant wielder of the Faber, attached to the staff of the Philadelphia *Press*, contracted a cold which settled on his lungs. Consumption set in, ending the promising life on December 3d. Young Crute was a slight, fair-haired boy in appearance, gentle and tender as a woman, loved by all who knew him. His work could be classed with that of the oldest and most experienced. It was his incisive attacks that rid Philadelphia of many dens of vice. He laid down the pencil to go to the hospital, and died in the harness.

The first issue of the Johnstown *Tribune*, after an interruption of two weeks by the flood, displayed the hand of a hero and philosopher at the helm. Mr. George I. Swank filled eleven columns with the names of the living who had registered, following with eight columns of "Identified Dead." A story full of pathos, told as only an eye-witness could of the catastrophe, commenced with these two plain, unaffected paragraphs:

"Well, the reservoir came, and Johnstown went visiting. Some of us on very long visits indeed—never to come back.

"All that is left to most of us is the ground the town was built on, and even that is not the same."

The employés of the *Tribune* were getting the paper ready for publication on the evening of the flood. The streams were already pouring down the valley and inundating the streets. The editor sat near his telephone, and as different incidents were reported he spread them on paper and they were soon in type. This matter, consisting of two columns, compiled on that ever-to-be-remembered Friday, appeared in the issue of June 14th, "each paragraph speaking," as Mr. Swank remarked, "like a voice from the dead."

The citizens of Bolivar, Nineveh and New Florence did nobly. On them devolved the saddest tasks. Into their hands the Conemaugh had given up hundreds of its dead, and right reverently were they accorded the last rites of humanity. The labor and strain imposed on the small towns were tremendous. Their work was done without a grumble. Thus out of all the ruin and loss of property and life, and over all the agony which rent so many hearts, there rise clear and beautiful instances of heroism which prove, even in contrast with the depravity shown side by side with them, the nobility of human nature.

Cora Moses, who used to sing in a church choir, sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," as she drifted away to her death amid the wreck. She died sing-

ing it. There was only the crash of buildings between the interruption of the song of earth and its continuation in heaven. Another woman, whom the flood widowed, said :

"I hunted a long time yesterday for the foundations of my little home, but they were swept away, like the dear faces of the friends who used to gather around our table. But God doesn't own this side alone ; He owns the other side too, and all is well whether we are here or there. You who are left living must go to work with a will. Be men, be women !"

There were heroines whose deeds rivaled those of the sterner sex. On Tuesday morning laborers pulling over a vast pile of timber and miscellaneous matter on Main street found beneath the mass, which was as high as the second-story windows, a young woman and a puny infant. The girl must have been handsome in the flush of youth and health. She had seized the helpless babe and endeavored to find safety by flight. Her brown hair was filled with sand, and a piece of brass wire was wound around the head and neck. A loose cashmere gown was partially torn from her form, and one slipper—a little bead-embroidered affair—covered a silk-stockinged foot. Each arm was tightly clasped around the baby. The rigidity of death should have passed away, but the arms were fixed in their position as if composed of an unbendable material instead of muscle and bone. The fingers were imbedded in the sides of the baby as if its protector had made a final effort not to be separated and to save if possible the fragile life. The faces of both were scarred and disfigured from contact with floating debris. The single garment of the baby—a thin white slip—was rent and frayed. The body of the young woman was identified, but the babe remained unknown. Probably its father and mother were lost in the flood.

Delicate ladies, nurtured in luxury, braved disease and danger, slept in sheds and attics and ate the roughest food that they might nurse patients whom the strain brought nigh the gates of death. Florence Nightingale, Emily Faithful and Elizabeth Fry had their counterparts in these gentle messengers of "goodwill towards men." Their soft touch smoothed the pillow of the dying, cooled the aching brow and chased away pain as medicine could never have done. Before their gentle presence vice and meanness cowered. They cheered the discouraged, comforted the bereaved, relieved the suffering and inspired the wavering. The depressed took courage, the despairing received a fresh stimulus to honorable effort.

Children also exhibited heroic traits. Dr. James J. Fronheiser, General Superintendent of the Cambria Iron Works, lived on Main street. His house was one of the last to go, and he himself, his wife, two daughters, son and baby were thrown into the raging torrent. His wife and one daughter were lost. He, with the baby, reached a place of safety, and his ten-year-old boy Jacob and twelve-year-old girl Mamie floated near enough to be reached. He caught Mamie, but she cried :

"Let me go, papa, and save Jacob. My leg is broken and my foot is caught below."

When he told her he was determined to rescue her, she exclaimed :

"Then, papa, get a sharp knife and cut my leg off. I can't stand it !"

The little fellow cried to his father :

"You can't save me, papa. Both my feet are caught fast and I can't hold out any longer. Please get a pistol and shoot me, but don't let me drown !"

Captain Gageby, of the army, and some of the neighbors helped rescue both children. Mamie displayed Spartan fortitude and pluck. All night she lay in a garret, without a mattress, covering, medicine or attention, without a murmur or a whisper, the water reaching to the floor below. In the morning she was carried down-stairs, her leg dangling under her, but when she saw her father at the foot of the steps she whispered to Captain Gageby :

"Poor papa ; he is so sad !"

Then turning to her father she threw a kiss with her hand and laughingly said :

"Good morning, papa, I am all right."

The plucky little thing got along handsomely and the boy suffered no ill consequences from his immersion.

A poor woman and her little girl, four years old, stood idly on Lincoln street. Speaking to the child, she looked at me with staring eyes and said nothing. "She was born where that sand pile is," said the mother, pointing to a mound from which some bits of wood protruded, "and her father and two brothers are underneath it." Blinding tears checked her utterance. Then the dear child turned her face to the weeping parent and said :

"Don't ky, mamma ; oo knows oo's dot me to love oo !"

This was comfort, and the sorrowing woman smiled as she lifted her darling in her arms and kissed her again and again. She was ready to take up the burden of life once more for the sake of the one tie which bound her to earth. Ten rods from that spot a mother and a baby were found dead. In her effort to save the child the poor woman had bent her body over it, thus keeping the ruins from crushing out the infant life. But this was no hindrance to the water, which drowned both.

One woman, after washing the corpse of her husband on Friday night, strove to forget her own great sorrow in ministering to others. Before Saturday's sun rose she had prepared nineteen bodies for the tomb and spoken words of sympathy to scores of stricken mourners. The forms of heroism had no limit, neither were they confined to any age, or condition. These were the silver lining to the dark cloud, irradiating the desolated valley and pouring balm into thousands of despondent souls.

Bless these heroic spirits every one !

XV.

DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.

MULTITUDES OF BODIES TO BE TAKEN FROM THE DEBRIS AND INTERRED — IMPROVISED MORGUES AND THEIR GHASTLY TENANTS — AGONIZING SPECTACLES — ROUGH BOXES FOR UNSHROUDED CORPSES — OVER THE HILL TO A TEMPORARY BURIAL-PLACE — HUNDREDS UNIDENTIFIED — NINEVEH'S DISMAL CARGOES — CRAZED BY GRIEF — FINAL REMOVAL TO GRAND VIEW — CORONER'S INQUESTS — WHERE SORROW HELD UNDISPUTED SWAY — THE MOST MOURNFUL DUTY THAT FELL TO THE LOT OF SURVIVORS.

"I've builded the houses that lie around
In every nook of this burial-ground
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude one by one;
But come they strangers, or come they kin,
I gather them in — I gather them in."—PARK BENJAMIN.

BURYING HIS OWN FAMILY.

THE MOST perplexing problem that ever taxed the human mind was the disposal of the multitudes of the dead at Johnstown. Three thousand corpses were tangled in the fragments of two thousand buildings, half-buried in cellars, strewn along the banks of the streams, lying in streets and yards and concealed beneath masses of rubbish. Battles had been more destructive and had left greater numbers to be put out of sight, but the departed warriors lay on the surface of the ground and could readily be thrown into trenches. Here two-thirds of the bodies could not be extricated without vast labor, so entwined were they with the rubbish and the barbed wire from the Gautier mill. June had dawned and hot weather must breed pestilence. Faces of victims stared from every pile of refuse and glared at one from every heap of sand. Undertakers had been swept away with their wares,

funeral supplies were not at hand and no trains could get within miles of the town. The plague in London and the yellow fever at Memphis dwarf into insignificance beside such a combination of distresses and obstructions. Mathematicians can solve Euclid, and regiments of soldiers can speedily put a few shovels of earth over their fallen comrades. A million men could not in a day—or a week, for that matter—reach the mutilated, crushed, swollen forms which made a large percentage of the litter which had twisted and snarled and interlaced the ruins of the Conemaugh Valley into complex shapes. Could a situation be more ghastly?

Two or three dozen bodies were cared for on Friday evening, because they remained in buildings which did not float off and were easily accessible. The real work of taking them out began on Saturday morning. The school-house on Adams street, in the Fourth Ward, was selected as a morgue and to it the first bodies were conveyed. The same day Deputy-Sheriff James Williams opened one at Morrellville, and another was established in a planing-mill at Nineveh. On Sunday similar repositories were opened in the Pennsylvania railroad station, the Presbyterian Church and in St. Columba's Church, Cambria Borough. Subsequently the station-morgue was transferred to the Millville school-house, which became the general morgue after most of the bodies had been recovered and the necessity for separate establishments no longer existed. For many days bodies were plentiful as logs, the whirl of the waters putting them under the boards and timbers. The rigidity of arms standing out at right angles to the bloated and battered bodies showed that death, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, took place amid the ruins—that is, after the wreck of houses had closed over them. The bruising by trees and other debris, with exposure in the water or the open air, tended to hasten decomposition, making hasty interment imperative.

My first visit to the morgue in the Fourth ward—the only one yet established—was early on Saturday afternoon. Passing through the throng in the yard and the vestibule, fifty-three bodies were counted in the room on the right. They were stretched on boards along the tops of the desks. Next the entrance lay, in her damp clothing, the waiter-girl who had served my last dinner at the Hulbert House, with another of the dining-room girls by her side. Some of the corpses were discolored by blows and badly cut, and others were frightfully contorted. The glassy eye-balls, open mouths and agonized expressions presented a fearful spectacle. One sweet little girl of three years lay on a desk, the wet clothes clinging to the tiny form. Her face resembled wax and wore a smile, just as if she slept peacefully in her bed at home. Many tears flowed at the sight of the lovely child cold in death, still so wonderfully life-like. Beside her lay a baby, and in the same room were ranged a dozen others of tender years. A few had been wrapped in cotton and all were washed clean. In the little room back, on a bench, reposed Samuel Eldridge,

the one policeman who perished. A cloth-covered casket was at the door to receive his remains. A procession of visitors filed past constantly, trying to identify the bodies. Later the corpses were coffined and placed outside. Tacked to each coffin-lid, which was partly open that the face might be visible, was a numbered card with a description of the body—color, sex, height, weight, probable age, complexion, style of dress and articles found on the remains. Many were recognized and claimed by this means, while still more lay unidentified. What could appeal more touchingly to a compassionate heart than these upturned faces, so quiet and passionless, whom none knew or wept over. They suggested Browning's lines on visiting a "house of the dead" in Paris:

"Only the Doric little Morgue!
The dead-house where you show your drowned,
Petrarch's Vaucluse makes proud the Sorgue,
Your Morgue has made the Seine renowned.
First came the silent gazers; next, * * *
Last, the sight's self, the sermon's text, * * *
Men who had lived but yesterday,
Each on his copper couch, they lay
Fronting me, waiting to be owned;
I thought and think their sins atoned."

When a body was recovered men carried it on a stretcher to the morgue. On Saturday this labor had to be performed under great disadvantages, owing to the depth of water still remaining, the enormous mass of wreckage and the softness of the mud. Vehicles could not be employed, as the streets were effectually blockaded and four-fifths of the horses and wagons gone. Arrived at the morgue, the clothing of the corpse was searched, in case the flood had left a shred of apparel on the body, and the result inventoried. Valuables were handed to the proper authorities. Usually it was absolutely necessary to turn a stream of water through a hose on the bodies, which were thickly coated with mire. Often knives had to be used to scrape off the defiling filth and congealed blood. There was no attempt at embalming the first day, for no appliances could be had. The same reason compelled putting many of the corpses in rough boxes, without shrouds or any change from the wet clothing the lifeless clay had worn the day before. It was hard to consign beautiful girls and innocent children to such receptacles, but no alternative remained.

The cemeteries could not be reached from Johnstown. Sandyvale was covered with water and the spoils of the flood, and the bridges leading to Grand View had been washed away. Except to the people of Kernville no road was open to any burial-place. In this dire strait a piece of ground back of Prospect was fixed upon as a temporary graveyard. On Sunday morning the interments began. A rope ferry and a lot of boats that leaked like sieves conveyed the bodies across Conemaugh Creek. Men bore them up the steep hill—a most toilsome ascent. At the appointed spot laborers plied spades and picks, digging shallow graves. The soil was gravelly and full of stones. Into one of these holes each coffin was let down and the dirt shoveled in. A

card nailed on a bit of board, corresponding with the tag on the casket-lid, recited all that was known regarding the unconscious slumberer. There were no gaudy trappings of woe, no mourning garbs, no nodding plumes, no caparisoned steeds, no floral emblems, no long train of carriages, no tolling bells, no words of eulogy, no dirges, no prayers, no tears. None save the bearers of the burdens and the grave-diggers witnessed the last rites over many a fair woman and brave man, clever boy and winsome girl. There were no religious services and no surpliced clergy to utter the solemn words:

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

The water receded sufficiently for bodies to be reclaimed on Sunday from the Point and Cambria Borough. A lad named Davis was the first taken from the area of the burned district above the railroad bridge. Soon after a family of five—father, mother and three children—were pulled from the smoking ruins, charred and disfigured terribly and one of the little girls with an arm torn off. The dead clustered thickly in the heaps of wreck and the cellars. From the basement of the Hulbert House twelve were taken, and forty more of the guests from the streets in the vicinity of the hotel. The work of rescuing the bodies went ahead so diligently that within a week nearly two thousand had been recovered and buried. The advanced stage of decomposition rendered identification very difficult in hundreds of cases, leading to endless confusion. A person would view a body and identify it as a relative or friend, while the next comer would call it an entirely different individual. One corpse was identified as eleven young ladies in a single afternoon. Miss Minnie Shaffer, a clerk, who went to the country the day before the flood, was recognized in a corpse at the Millville morgue and buried, was recognized and buried at Nineveh, and returned alive and well the second week in June. In some instances the survivors were so benumbed that every corpse they looked upon seemed to be that of a near friend or relative. Mrs. H. L. Peterson, a resident at Woodvale for years, while looking for Miss Paulson, of Pittsburgh, came to a coffin marked:

"Mrs. H. L. Peterson, Woodville Borough, Pa., aged about forty, size five feet one inch, complexion dark, weight about two hundred pounds."

This was quite a good description of Mrs. Peterson. She tore the card from the coffin and one of the officers was about to arrest her. Her explanations were satisfactory, she was released and the body added one more to the long list of the unknown. At St. Columba's Catholic Church a woman identified a body as that of Katie Frank. The undertakers labeled it accordingly, but in a few moments another woman entered the church, raised the lid of the coffin, scanned the face of the corpse and tore the label from the casket. The undertakers were warned by the woman to be more careful. She then began to weep and left the church in despair. She was the mother of Katie, who was never found.

Skilled assistance was not withheld. The Pittsburgh undertakers organized a relief corps on June 1st. In response to a message asking how many physicians were needed, this laconic answer was received on Saturday evening from Sang Hollow, the nearest point to Johnstown which had telegraphic communication:

"Physicians are not needed; send as many undertakers as possible."

This message was received by Undertaker James J. Flannery, who hastily issued a call for a meeting of the undertakers of Pittsburgh and Allegheny at his office at 9.30 the same night. Representatives of twenty-eight undertaking establishments attended and volunteered their services. At eight o'clock on Sunday morning the volunteers left for Johnstown. The corps was made up of seventeen undertakers and numerous assistants. Mr. Flannery remained in Pittsburgh until Monday to superintend the obtaining of recruits and shipping embalming supplies. He enlisted a number of other undertakers, and on Monday morning started for Johnstown with a strong additional force, swelling the total to fifty-five. Among those who arrived later on were H. C. Tarr, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who rode one hundred and eighty-one miles overland to tender his services as an embalmer. During the first few days the full corps were kept constantly at work washing, embalming and preparing the dead for burial—a task to which even these experienced men were hardly equal. The sights they were compelled to witness, the terrible grief of some of the survivors, the dazed condition of others, coupled with the horrible and sickening stench that arose from the putrefying bodies, thoroughly unmanned them all. Notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the task and the fact that they had worked day and night without a morsel of food or an hour's cessation of labor, there was not one among all the number who murmured or exhibited a desire to shirk his self-imposed duty. After the majority of the bodies had been interred the undertakers were divided into relief corps, twenty-five remaining until the State authorities took charge. These undertakers are entitled to the warmest praise for their excellent service, rendered without hope of reward beyond the satisfaction arising from a noble performance of duty.

The attitudes and conditions of scores of the dead were singularly impressive and pathetic. Particularly at Nineveh were they excruciating. The journey down the river had mutilated the victims shockingly. They lay in rows on the floor of the planing-mill, the majority entirely nude until muslin could be procured to enfold them. Along the river bits of clothing, a tiny shoe, a baby's dress, a mother's wrapper, a father's coat and every article of wearing apparel imaginable were to be seen hanging to stumps of trees and scattered on the bank. An acre of ground was purchased for a burial-place, and three hundred bodies were interred there in plain coffins until removed to Grand View Cemetery five months afterwards. The authorities of Westmore-

land and Indiana counties set men to patrol the banks of the Conemaugh for bodies, which were handled carefully and given decent burial.

Limp corpses, which had lost nearly all semblance of humanity, with matted hair, holes in their heads, eyes knocked out and bespattered with blood, were sights to move the stoutest hearts. A young mother, taken out of the river, was sadly disfigured. All her clothing was torn off. She clasped a male babe, apparently not more than a year old, tightly in her arms. The little one was huddled close to the face of the mother, who had evidently raised it to her lips to imprint on its lips the last kiss it was to receive in this world. Both were put in one coffin and consigned to an unmarked grave.

Bodies and fractions of bodies were unearthed in abundance every hour, as hand-spikes, axes, hooks and crow-bars in stalwart hands pried up and dislodged the superincumbent debris. On Main street the work began in front of the First National Bank. Twenty-one bodies were taken out in one hour, not much mangled or bruised, considering the weight of lumber above them. Several were wedged in crevices. In the central part of the town examination was tolerably sure to reveal corpses in every corner. Four or five would be found in a space ten feet square. From Stony Creek came one which resembled the gnarled, misshapen root of a tree. The hands of another were clinched over the head so rigidly that two men had to use their strength to force them into the coffin. Frequently two or three friends assembled where bodies of relatives were supposed to be located and watched the operations of the workmen with feverish impatience. Early the week after the flood the whole business had been systematized. Six thousand men were clearing the ground, each gang of twenty directed by a foreman, and bodies were recovered rapidly. The weather continued surprisingly cool, the temperature becoming chilly at night. This merciful boon prevented the spread of an epidemic and made it possible to identify bodies which were not dug out for weeks. Sometimes putrefaction had advanced so far that the coffins were taken to the spot and the remains tumbled in for immediate conveyance to the grave—fit only to fatten the worms, to rot and fester and be a prey to corruption! So frail and transitory a thing is manly strength or womanly beauty!

One gang on the Point encountered the upper story of a house, which sent out an odor of burned flesh. It was merely a pile of broken boards, but small pieces of a bureau and a bed-spring from which the clothes had been burned indicated the nature of the find. "Dig here," said the physician to the men, "there is one body at least quite close to the surface." The men started in with a will. A quantity of household linen was brought up first, of fine quality and obviously such as would be stored in the bedroom of a house occupied by people in easy circumstances. Shovelsful of jumbled rubbish were thrown up, and the odor of flesh became more pronounced. Presently one of the men exposed a charred lump of flesh and lifted it up on the end of

a pitchfork. It was all that remained of a poor creature who had met an awful death between water and fire. The trunk was put on a cloth, the ends were looped up and the parcel was taken to the river bank. It weighed about thirty pounds. A stake was driven in the ground to which a tag was attached giving a description of the remains. This was done in many cases to the burned bodies, which lay covered with cloths upon the bank until men came with coffins to remove them. Then the tag was taken from the stakes and tacked on the coffin lid, which was immediately closed up, as identification was out of the question.

The massive stone bridge of the Pennsylvania railroad is the point of demarcation between Johnstown, Millville and Cambria Borough. As the impacted network of timbers, telegraph poles, houses, trees, wires, fragments of cars and five iron bridges, boilers, masses of iron, twisted beams and girders, heavy safes, pieces of railroad track, pianos, sofas, dressing cases, crockery, trunks and every conceivable article of household use was loosened little by little, large numbers of bodies were disclosed. A young woman was found on Tuesday morning, crushed and mangled under the wheels of a gondola car. The doctor declared he had never seen pain so intense pictured on a face. On the top of a trunk filled with lady's attire was a body so burned, so horribly mutilated, so torn from limb to limb, that even the workmen, who had seen so many of these frightful sights that they were growing accustomed to them, turned away sick at heart. Close to it was part of a horse's head tied to a cindered fragment of a manger, the only sign of the stable in which the animal burned. Five yards off lay two scorched towels, a cake of soap and a child's skull in a bed of ashes. A human foot in a charred boot marked the fate of an unfortunate mortal in the macerated mass of splintered dwellings, human beings, domestic animals, machinery, locomotives, the contents of stores and residences, the products of factories, all ground in a mighty mill and jammed together inextricably and irretrievably. A woman's hat, the rim burned off, and a reticule with a hand still holding it fast, two shoes and part of a dress told the workmen how one woman met death. A commercial traveler had perished beside her. His broken valise—still full of samples—remnants of clothing and a few bones were all. Similar objects were found in every rod searched by the toilers, who lifted out the shattered remains that could not be recognized and hurried them to the graves prepared for the nameless dead.

Articles of domestic use scattered through the rubbish helped fix the identity of some of the bodies. Part of a set of dinner-plates informed one man where, in an intangible mass, his house was, with his wife and child. In one place was a photograph album with one picture recognizable. From this the body of a child near by was identified. A man, who had spent a day and all night looking for the body of his wife, was directed to her remains by part

of a trunk lid. Many a tear flowed on account of poor old John Jordan, of Conemaugh. His wife and children had been swept from his sight in the flood. He wandered over the gorge searching for them, and at night the police could not bring him away. At daylight on Tuesday he found his wife's sewing-machine and called the workmen to help him. First they found a little boy's jacket that he recognized. Then they came upon the rest of them all buried together, the mother's burned arms clinging to the little children. The white-headed old man sat down in the ashes, caressed the dead bodies and talked to them just as if they were alive until some one came and led him quietly away. Without a protest he went to the shore, sat down on a rock, talked to himself and then got up and disappeared in the hills.

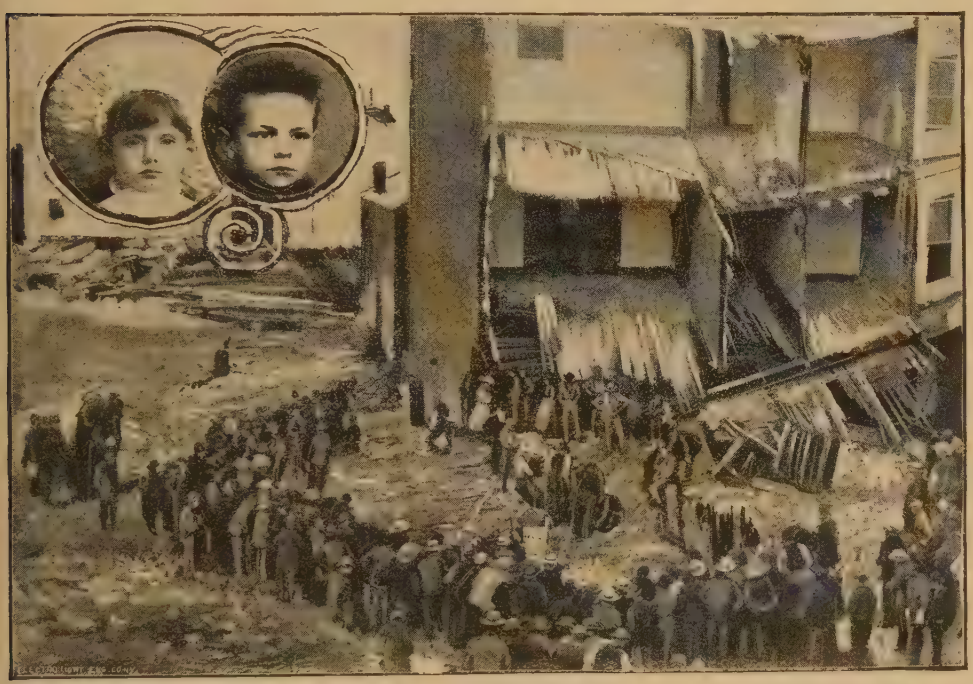
Deep in the meshes were the bodies of a woman, a child and a laborer with hobnailed shoes. They were beyond the reach of the workers clearing the wreck near the bridge, who could not get near the corpses until considerable blasting with dynamite had been done. This introduced a new horror, the dynamite sending portions of bodies high into the air. Legs, arms and heads went hundreds of feet skyward at each explosion, falling back in particles which could not always be collected for burial.

From a pile of wreckage on Feeder street, a few doors north of Main, the body of an unknown woman was taken one June afternoon. She was large and well-dressed, but none could identify in the blackened form a human being, lately imbued with life and feeling, who had to be hidden beneath the sod without delay.

Strangely enough, all the bodies of the fifty victims who perished in the Hulbert house were speedily recovered, except those of Maria and May Benford, sisters of the proprietor. On the morning of June 21st, the former was found in front of Campbell's drug-store, Main street, a hundred yards from the site of the ill-fated hotel. The lower part of the face was gone, leaving only the exposed jaw and cheek bones. The position was very natural, with the left hand on the breast and the right arm lying by the side. Three rings on a finger of the discolored hand rendered identification easy. A few feet away lay May, who was recovered soon after. She was sick in bed when the deluge carried her away, and her sister is believed to have been in her room at the moment of the disaster. The two were buried in Grand View Cemetery, beside their mother and brother, who also lost their lives.

An old frame building on the corner of Main and Bedford streets had a tin-shop on the ground floor. John Murtha occupied the second story. On Friday evening, June 21, imbedded in the cellar of the building, which had been utterly destroyed, a body was discovered. It was soon found to be that of a woman, whose clothes enabled them to identify her as Miss Maggie Ripple. The body lay on the left side, at an angle of about thirty degrees, with the hand raised some distance, as if it had been clutching at something.

The skull was entirely bare of flesh, presenting a shocking appearance. So wedged and fastened in the mass of boards and bricks was it that an hour was spent in digging before it could be taken out. While engaged in this sad task five more bodies were found beside and under the first, clasped together in the firm embrace of death. They were John Murtha, his wife and three



TAKING OUT THE BODIES OF JOHN MURTHA'S FAMILY, AND PORTRAITS OF TWO OF THE CHILDREN.

children. Mrs. Murtha was a sister of Miss Ripple, and all six had evidently sought refuge in a small room on the side of their modest home above the tin-shop. They were fearfully decomposed, and those who saw the remains will never forget the sight. Disinfectants had to be sprinkled over them constantly. Tender hands prepared them as carefully as possible for burial, which had to be done at once. The finding of these corpses made the people shudder at the frightful harvest the cellars might disclose when cleared of the mud and refuse. God pity them!

These dreadful sights and scenes were of daily and hourly occurrence for weeks, blunting the sensibilities, callousing the finer feelings and unnerving those obliged to come into contact with them. In some instances other persons who knew them had to point out the dead to the living, and assure them positively of their identification before they could be aroused. Thus a railroad laborer, who had come to look for a friend, walked up and down like a

man in a trance. He looked at the bodies, taking no apparent interest in any of them. At last he stopped before one which he had passed twice, muttered "That's Jim," and went out just as he had come in. Other identifications were precisely like this. There was no shedding of tears nor showing of emotion. They gazed upon the features of the dead as if totally unable to omprehend it at all, reported their identification to the attendants, watched the body as it was put into a coffin and went away with that miserable look of bewildered wretchedness which puzzled the physicians and evoked the compassion of the stranger. People read, with scarcely a thought, a line of this kind in the newspapers, dated from Johnstown:

"Fifty bodies were found to-day."

Did you ever stop to think what these dispatches really meant? Fancy something of the sort in your own neighborhood, where you couldn't go over street without stumbling over or at least hearing of the finding of a neighbor's remains! It is hard to understand the full force of such a condition of affairs, except by actual experience. The story was repeated constantly for months in the stricken district, acres of which were covered with wreckage that hid the remains of thousands of victims of the appalling calamity which steeped the Conemaugh valley in all the bitter miseries Pandora's box ever contained.

The scenes which transpired in the headquarters of death cannot be outlined. Mothers were there searching for sons and daughters, fathers seeking wives and children, and little toddlers crying for a "mamma" upon whose loving face they were never to look again. The "touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin" welded sufferers and strangers in bonds of tearful sympathy. The stoutest could not view without emotion friends hanging around the morgues for days and weeks in quest of a missing one. How they clung to the faintest hope! Many a stiff and bruised corpse was recognized by a mark, or a strip of clothing, or some peculiarity the sharp glance of affection could alone detect. The weary searching of hundreds went unrewarded. One women, whose reason tottered when she found her husband and two children in the debris, could not be persuaded that they were buried. Her frenzy developed brain fever, in the delirum of which she mercifully lost consciousness for weeks.

Nine morgues were opened in all, each of which had its quota of sorrowful tragedies. At the Fourth ward school-house morgue a woman from Erie fainted on seeing the long line of coffins. At the Kernville morgue a boy named Elrod, on finding his father and mother both dead, seized a hatchet and for some time would let no one enter, claiming that the people were lying to him and wanted to rob him of his parents. Another Kernville lad of about twelve years came day in and day out, and eagerly viewed every new corpse found, only to turn away with a weary sigh. He had lost mother, father and sister, and the cruel waters refused to yield up to him even their mangled remains.

The bodies held and coffined at the hose-house in Morrellville presented a different aspect. The mud was six inches deep, and the drizzling rain added gloom to the scene. Here and there could be seen, kneeling in the mire, broken-hearted wives and mothers who sobbed and prayed. The incidents were heartrending. In one rude box lay a beautiful young woman. "Any one know her?" called out a committee-man. A crowd passed the box, but no one called her name. On the face was an expression of perfect rest. The features were fine and the clothes elegant. Lying in a row at the Cambria morgue—St. Columba's church—were five children from two to six years old, whom nobody knew. A hundred bodies were deposited on the muddy seats. Outside the sharp voices of the sentinels were constantly shouting: "Move on!" Inside, weeping women and sad-faced, hollow-eyed men bent over loved and familiar faces. On Sunday a man with haggard face and eyes fairly starting from their sockets, pointing to the corpse of a young woman said, as the tears coursed down his cheeks:

"There, that is my wife, or, rather, is all that is left of her. Take her remains to my house on Prospect Hill and prepare her corpse for burial. Take this money; it is all I have, but you may have it if you'll only attend to her. She was all I held dear in life; now that she is gone, I have nothing to live for."

A handsome woman, with hair black as a raven's wing, walked through the depot where a dozen bodies were awaiting burial. Passing from one to another, she finally lifted the paper covering from the face of a woman, young and with traces of beauty showing through the stains of muddy water. With a cry of anguish she reeled backward, to be caught by a man who chanced to be passing. In a moment she had calmed herself sufficiently to take one more look at the features of the dead. She stood gazing at the corpse as if dumb. Turning away with another wild burst of grief—the dead girl was her sister—she said:

"And her beautiful hair all matted and her sweet face so bruised and stained with mud and water!"

The body of a lovely young girl was found on Monday at the office of the Cambria Iron Company. When the corpse was conveyed to the morgue a man entered in search of missing relatives. The first body he came to he recognized as his wife. A few feet farther off he identified the young girl, his daughter, Theresa Downs. Both had been found within a hundred yards of each other, and they were laid side by side in the cemetery.

While looking for the dead, the living were sometimes found. At the Fourth-ward morgue a father and son met:

"My God, John! can this be you? I thought you dead, and hoped only to find your body."

"'Tis I, father, safe and sound. But how about mother and baby?"

"Gone! All gone!"

The old man wept as he uttered these words, and both linked arms as they started to the next morgue on their weary mission. The work of the Pitts-

burgh undertakers in embalming the dead rendered it possible to keep them two or three days longer, in cases where identification was dubious or no claimants appeared. Rev. Dr. Beale had general supervision of the morgues and to him reports were sent of all bodies recovered, with such particulars as could be obtained.

The body of Eugene Hannon, found near the First Presbyterian Church, was identified by his father. The young man was a member of the League of American Wheelmen, and his bicycle was within a few yards of his body. The father laid the wrecked wheel on the coffin of his son.

Let us enter some of these morgues three or four days after the flood. This brick school-house in Millville, which saved three hundred lives, is now the abode of that number of the dead. Crowds linger around and watch each corpse the carriers or the wagons bring in. The yard is packed with coffins of stained pine. Piled up on one side are coffins — little coffins, medium coffins, large coffins — coffins for children, coffins for men, coffins for women. Stretched on boards in the lower school-room are corpses dragged from the creek, the river, the debris and the burned wreckage. Some have great bruises and welts and are covered with blood. Some are decaying and discolored — past recognition. The air reeks with insufferable odors and the desks are biers. Three of the former pupils lie on the desks with pieces of paper pinned to the white sheets that cover them, giving their names. On the blackboard are figures and writing, chalked by hands now stiffened and mouldering. One of these reads:

"Home, Sweet Home."

Aye, the deft fingers which wrote these words would write no more. The little child had indeed reached "Home" — the home that endures. Who knows but he was lying on one of these desks, just ready to be coffined and carried to the narrow home? Till sunset on Monday every desk in the classroom supported a coffin. Each coffin was numbered and each lid turned to show the face within. Between the pretty drawing and the neat writing of the school children was scrawled the bulletin: "Hold No. '59' as long as possible; supposed to be Miss Paulson, of Pittsburgh." But "59" wasn't Miss Paulson. A citizen of Johnstown claimed it as his sister's corpse, and the casket was moved out to make room for another.

At the Presbyterian church the first floor is washed out completely and the second damaged. The walls, floors and pews were drenched, mud collecting on the matting and carpets two inches deep. The chancel is filled with coffins, strips of muslin, boards and all undertaking accessories. Across the tops of the pews are a dozen pine boxes, each containing a victim. Printed cards are tacked on each. Upon them is a description of the enclosed body, with the name if known. Nine are unnamed and will be buried to-morrow. The great number of bodies not identified seems incredible. Some of these

bodies have lain in the different morgues for four days. Thousands of people from different sections of the State have seen them, yet they remain unrecognized and unclaimed. This is the strongest testimony of the wholesale destruction of entire families and neighborhoods. Alas! here is a familiar form. Ex-Sheriff John Ryan is in this coffin, his body just recovered from the wreck and carried to the church. Nineteen persons in his brick building on Washington street were lost and only two escaped. The dead are the sheriff, his wife, mother, and three daughters; Mrs. James J. Murphy, "Granny" Kunkle and two daughters; Miss Unverzagt, Miss Alexander, James O'Neill (driver), Jacob Bopp and two daughters; John Schiffhauer and daughter, and Miss Rose Gardner, domestic. The saved were James Rutledge, clerk in Mr. Ryan's store, and the sheriff's youngest son, John. Mr. Rutledge told me the mournful story. The sheriff, himself, and the driver were in the store laboring to save the goods. When the rush came they started to go up-stairs, Ryan and O'Neill ahead. By the time Rutledge reached the stairway he was in water up to his neck. The sheriff and O'Neill, after landing on the second story, ran forward into the brick part of the house. Rutledge stepped back in the frame to help through a window Mrs. Kunkle and others, who had climbed over the roofs from their houses. While he was thus engaged the brick part of the building was struck by the deluge and swept away with everybody in it. The frame part quickly followed and was smashed up. Rutledge floating off toward and down Main street and to a point in the river a short distance above the old mine. There he scrambled across fifty yards of wreckage, including a part of the Mansion House roof, and got on the hillside. Little John Ryan, the ex-sheriff's son, got hold of a door and held on until it bobbed up to the surface. Then the door floated off, and he clung to it until drifted over to the South Side and rescued. He was the only person saved from the brick part of the sheriff's house, and this coffin holds all that was mortal of genial John Ryan, "one of Nature's noblemen."

EX-SHERIFF JOHN RYAN.

Day after day the search went on, foreigners and natives assisting. For a month the harvest of corpses kept at a high figure. When the cellars were

cleaned out many were discovered. At first coffins could not be had, and five thousand were ordered from Pittsburgh. Car-loads of this lugubrious freight reached the stone bridge on Tuesday. An undertaker adopted a utilitarian device to get them over the shaky rope bridge which afforded the only means of crossing the Conemaugh. With one train from the West came several hundreds of the morbidly curious, bent upon all the horrors which they could stomach. A crowd of them crossed the bridge and stopped to gaze round-eyed upon a pile of empty coffins meant for the bodies across the river in the ruins of Johnstown proper. As they gazed the undertaker, seeking transportation for the coffins, came along. A somewhat malicious inspiration of genius lighted his eye. With the best imitation possible of a military man, he shouted to the idlers :

"Each of you men take a coffin."

"What for ?"

"You want to go into town, don't you ? Well, not one of you goes unless he takes a coffin with him."

In ten minutes way was made at the ticklish rope bridge for a file of sixteen coffins, each borne by two of the unwilling conscripts, the undertaker bringing up the rear. Trains kept piling up the pine boxes until the supply exceeded the demand. Dispatches of this kind would appear in the papers :

"Eleven car-loads of coffins arrived to-day."

The coffins were stacked around the morgues, on the pavements and at the railway stations. They were the first thing to greet the stranger and send a frigid current down the spine of the visitor. Many were small as violin cases — for the great army of babies and young children. The heaps lessened steadily, for bodies were dug out daily for five months. Fires consumed masses of the useless rubbish, purifying the atmosphere and ridding the district of obnoxious refuse at a single operation.

Walking near one of the morgues a week after the flood, just as a body taken from Stony Creek was being carried in, curiosity prompted me to enter once more. What a dreadful place ! The air was stifling with the acrid, nauseous stench of human corpses. In the room rough wooden caskets lay around on the floor, each holding a tainted, decomposing body. Pointing to one of the rude receptacles, which held the form of a young woman whom even a violent death could not deprive of traces of great beauty, a middle-aged man remarked :

"She's been here long enough and must be buried this afternoon !"

The speaker's tones had not a particle of feeling, and he moved among the dead as though they were so many sticks or vegetables. The girl he had indicated was one more in the long procession of unfortunates. The remains had her name marked on her linen, and her unborn babe was a portentous text on woman's folly and man's lust. The bracelet clasping her slender wrist,

which had to be cut from the swollen arm, was of the kind known as a "porte-bonheur," locking with a tiny key which the lover keeps. Poor thing! it was a "porte-malheur" circlet for her. Two human beings less in the world, an unmarked hillock in the cemetery — such is the story in brief. Does the world stop to reflect upon these tragedies in everyday life? Alas, no! It just wags on as before, caring little or nothing for the dismal scenes that mark each step of its progress.

Six burial places received the bodies of the victims whose friends did not remove them to distant points. The nearest was Sandyvale Cemetery, on the outskirts of Kernville, Stony Creek bounding it on one side and the Baltimore & Ohio railroad running close to its eastern limit. There most of the Johnstown dead were buried until Grand View Cemetery was opened three years ago by a corporation. The ground was level, sandy, laid out nicely, with numerous evergreens and tidy graves. The rubbish planted by the flood had to be cleared or burned to make way for the bodies sent by the committees. This was commenced at the southern end. At the time of my first visit the corpses had to be taken through an avenue of fire and over live ashes. There were no unknown dead at Sandyvale, consequently they were interred in the lots belonging to their friends. As the cleared spots would afford room a body was deposited and the grave made to look as decently as four or five inches of mud on the surface would permit. One sad incident was the sight of two coffins with nobody to bury them. A solitary woman gazed at them in a dazed manner, the rain beating on her unprotected head. A Woodvale citizen was obliged, from the scarcity of help immediately after the disaster, to dig the graves himself and lay in them, alone and unassisted, the bodies of his wife and two children, which were found in Kernville on Monday. Pretty hard, wasn't it?

Wednesday, June 5th, was marked by the immense number of burials. The unidentified dead recovered up to Tuesday morning were then laid away. Black clouds darkened the sky, thunder rumbled and the winds sighed a low accompaniment. Hundreds were put in shallow trenches, with no sign of mourning but the honest sympathy of the men who handled the caskets. Many had to be the architects of these coffins, which were patched from pieces of board fastened with nails or hoops. All day wagons bore loads up the steep Prospect hill. It was sad to see them going up the hill on farm wagons, two or three in each, and no friends following the mud-covered vehicles improvised as hearses. The sight lost none of its sadness and pathos by its frequency; only the horror had given place to apathy and stupor. Here comes one of these wagons, in it a coffin and two women too full of grief for tears. The years that have passed over the head of one have grown the white blossoms of old age; the other is young, and assists her companion to the ground. The coffin in the wagon contains the husband of the younger

woman, the son of the older. They alone of all their friends and relatives survived; they alone sobbed over his grave. As fast as bodies are taken away from the morgues others come to fill their places, so that the tragedy goes on unremittingly.

Two men toiled up the hill bearing a coffin on their shoulders; behind them trudged three children—one a girl of twelve, the others toddlers scarcely able to walk and far too young to comprehend what had befallen them. One of the pall-bearers was a section-hand. On Friday he had taken his children to see their grandmother at Nineveh. His wife remained alone at home. She was drowned, and on Saturday morning after the flood her body was recovered. This explains the coffin and the little procession.

A Pittsburgh journalist describes a striking incident that came under his observation. Charlotte Cushman could not have delineated "Meg Merrilies" more truthfully:

"Who is this strange being coming over the hill? Her hair is silver and her dress is poor, but from her mouth issues the crooning of old songs while she trips lightly over the graves, laughing all the while. 'Arrest her, men! She has dared to desecrate this holy place.' But no! Her face is blank and expressionless. My God! her life has been spared, but her mind has gone out with the flood. Care for her tenderly, search for her friends. Friends! Ah, has she any friends now? These are but instances of the misery that hovered on every hand. Let us away; there's madness in the very air!"

Two locomotive headlights lit up the Prospect graveyard several nights for the men to work. They rapidly shoveled in the dirt. No priest was there to consecrate the ground or utter a prayer. The coffins had such inscriptions:

"No. 61, unknown girl, aged 8 years."

"No. 72, unknown man, black hair, aged about 35 years, smooth face."

Some of the bodies were more specifically described as "fat," "lean," and to one the term "lusty" was applied. The different cemeteries duplicated these experiences continually. At one this conversatien was noted:

"Say, John, are you sure that's number sixty-three over which you're putting that head-board?"

"Of course I am. Don't you recollect this is the big one we had so much trouble carrying?"

"Oh, yes; I guess you're right. Hold the ropes tight, boys. Lower it slowly. There, that's all right."

Twenty-six bodies taken to the hose-house in Minersville were buried on Wednesday forenoon. Eight women, a baby and four men were not identified. Everywhere were nameless graves, and the descriptions were too indefinite to hope for identification after burial. What could you expect from a description like this, picked out at random:

"Woman, five feet four inches tall, long hair."

In the afternoon and night those at Nineveh were buried on the crest of a hill. The people of Westmoreland county discharged their duty faithfully.

The coffins ordered were not cheap affairs. Economical citizens advised that the commissioners buy an acre of marsh land by the river, which could be had for a few dollars, but these gentlemen declined the miserly proposition and secured a desirable plot. Three trenches were dug two hundred feet long, seven feet wide and four feet deep. The coffins were packed in very much as grocers' boxes are stored in a warehouse. Of the bodies 117 were unidentified. Twenty-five were shipped to relatives at outside points. In several instances friends of those recognized were too poor to do anything to prevent their consignment to the trenches.

The scheme to abolish all the morgues, except the one at the Millville school-house, was accomplished by June 20th. The Fourth-ward, the Presbyterian-church, the Minersville and the Peelorville morgues were closed earlier and those in Cambria and Morrellville virtually so, leaving one in Millville and one on the South Side the only ones really open. John Henderson, the undertaker, was placed in charge of the morgues. His place of business had been destroyed and his partner drowned. By the end of June he had erected a new building, on the east side of which he placed a portable frame structure of one story and one room, known as an "Oklahoma." This constituted the last morgue, and the directors proceeded to prepare the school-houses for the fall term. The official report shows the following bodies handled at each of the regular morgues and at one place used temporarily:

Morgue A, Fourth ward	301
Morgue B, Presbyterian church,	92
Morgue C, Millville and Pennsylvania railroad station	344
Morgue D, South Side	143
Morgue E, Cambria City	875
Morgue F, Morrellville	238
Morgue G, Nineveh (both sides)	248
Morgue H, Dibert's soap factory	12
Total	2,253

This is probably as nearly correct as is possible under the circumstances in every district except Cambria. Though this was closed the middle of June 875 are said to have been received there, while the Millville Morgue, which was in continuous operation, has a record of only 344. The error, if there be one, was made by those having charge of the Cambria Morgue, who gave no descriptions or names of fully one-third the entire number. When bodies were first recovered the descriptions were necessarily recorded on slips of paper picked up in the ruins. These were in some instances lost and in others possibly repeated, and thus it is next to impossible to obtain an accurate list of the dead.

The bodies recovered below New Florence, those never found, the number destroyed at the bridge and the dead not taken to any of the morgues, will

swell the total to about 3,200. The new directory of Johnstown, published in September by C. B. Clark, of Altoona, is not far off this estimate. At the time of the flood the whole edition, which was in a book-bindery, was lost. From the proof-sheets the names were obtained and printed as they were before the flood, with a special record of those lost. The number of drowned is put at 3,500. One of the things noted is that of the 95 saloons and liquor-dealers in the flooded districts all but six were completely wiped out. In those remaining the stock was destroyed, so that there was, in fact, total destruction by water.

Another basis of comparison is the membership of the churches. The pastor of one church with 600 communicants counted the lost at 200, another with a membership of 300 gave 100 as lost. This is not counteracted by the estimate of several of the Cambria Iron Company's foremen that 1,000 of the 5,000 employes on the rolls were drowned. They were mostly strong men, and a loss of one in five in such a class might mean a much greater loss in the general population. There were only 3,000 of the 5,000 former employes of the Cambria Iron Company remaining. Some of the host presumed to have gone away immediately after the calamity to other places may, like Tennyson's mute-steered dead, have gone "upward with the flood."

Crowded though Johnstown was with sorrowful scenes, no spot in or about the desolated district was more sadly suggestive than the burial-place back of Prospect. Climbing the high hill in front of the Pennsylvania railroad station, passing the brick school-house and traversing a rough country-road a hundred rods, a turn to the left brought the visitor to a plot of ground enclosed by a temporary fence of rough boards nailed lengthwise to small posts. The scenery is rarely beautiful and romantic, presenting a panorama of hills and ravines so lovely that the eye dwells upon it admiringly. But within the enclosure, on the gentle slope once covered with green grass and then heaped with mounds, a picture unutterably touching was revealed. About four hundred of the victims of the fearful disaster that overwhelmed the Conemaugh Valley, on May 31, 1889, found here a resting-place. Nine-tenths of the graves had tenants whose names were unknown, none identifying them at the morgues where they were exposed to view when first taken from the wreck. At the head of each was a bit of board stuck in the ground, with a piece of paper describing the sleeper below. The rain washed away many of the descriptions, leaving only the bare board and the number to indicate that a human form lay beneath the gravel, which was almost destitute of sod. Pity the heart that could look at this temporary cemetery unmoved!

One touching feature of this burial-place was the large number of small graves, where children of tender age were laid. Upon scores of these it was my painful duty to look as they were extricated from the ruins and borne to the school-houses that served as morgues. These little mounds told a sad

story of the appalling destruction of child-life by the angry waters. Some were mere infants, others were the prattlers who gave joy and life to happy homes, and still more had begun to go to the schools in which their cold bodies lay after the horrible flood. Not a few of these little ones were never identified, for the reason that entire families were swept away and neighbors were involved in the ruin that blotted out so many households.

In the upper corner of this graveyard was one plot enclosed by four rude posts and a border of narrow boards, over which, four feet above the ground, a wire frame stretched. Fragrant flowers and plants showed that loving hands cared for the hallowed spot with tender interest. This was the grave of Harry G. Rose, the young lawyer and District Attorney, who died in his own home, crushed by falling timbers. Those who knew him could not refrain from tears as they beheld this mound. Two rods away was a similar enclosure containing the graves of Rev. Alonzo P. Diller, rector of the Episcopal Church, his wife, child and niece, who went down with their dwelling in the cruel waters. On pieces of boards their names and ages were painted, and bunches of flowers attested that the good rector was not forgotten by such of his congregation as remained.

Credulous correspondents, who believed the wildest yarns, circulated fearful stories of hungry dogs ravaging the graves of the victims buried on Prospect Hill. According to these imaginative writers, the curs tore up dozens of graves and devoured the corpses. Nothing of the sort occurred. The four hundred bodies were put in coffins too deep in the earth for any animal to touch them, and men guarded the enclosure night and day. Surely there were sufficient horrors without distressing grieving friends with reports of loved ones lacerated and eaten by howling canines!

In October and November these bodies, with others interred at Nineveh and various points along the Conemaugh, were exhumed and removed to Grand View Cemetery. Assuredly no flood will every touch them in that charming retreat. Well is it named! A thousand feet above the valley of the Conemaugh, at the crest of this great hill, lie the bodies of all of those whom none but death has claimed. There were fourteen trenches, fifty-one to the trench. The earth was smoothed over the last fifteen of these 714 unknown dead on Thanksgiving Day. Eleven of them had been brought from Blairsville, and the last four from the cemetery of Sandyvale, lying in the valley of the Stony Creek. The road to Grand View was put through by John Fulton. It is an engineering and landscape-gardening feat of four loops, which take two miles to climb the mountain side, whereas a straight climb would be one-eighth as far. It is a plan of ascending terrace after terrace, in which the view of the Conemaugh broadens for leagues with every sweep of the road. In summer the view is ravishing. The brown grass of the hillsides was coated with snow and the road almost knee-deep with red clay,

when the wagons—with the last load of Johnstown's dead—crept slowly up the road. A correspondent's muddy buggy followed. A young man and a girl, climbing from terrace to terrace to visit their dead on the hill-top, looked keenly on the stranger dead and the stranger living who invaded their sanctity. The trustees of the cemetery donated a beautiful lot for the burial of these unknown ones, and it is designed to erect a fitting monument next year. The removal of the bodies to this spot was the happy idea of Secretary Kremer, of the Relief Commission, who labored indefatigably to carry the plan into effect. There sleep the nameless victims of the flood, but their graves will be visited by generations yet unborn, who will stand with uncovered heads, and in reverent awe look upon the mounds in the plot of Grand View Cemetery which are so full of melancholy interest. What hearts have been crushed, what firesides darkened by the absence of these unknown slumberers, for whose return loving kindred waited as did his trustful wife for the home-coming of Enoch Arden!

Of course there were coroner's inquests where such multitudes had come to untimely ends. Dr. R. B. Hammer, of Greensburg, held inquests on everybody found in Westmoreland county. Up to June 7th his jury had sat upon 218 bodies. No more being recovered, the jury then rendered this verdict:

Inquisition taken and indented at Nineveh, in the county of Westmoreland, on the 7th day of June, A. D., 1889, before me, R B. Hammer, coroner of the county aforesaid, upon the view of the body then and there lying dead, upon the oaths of E. E. Wible, A. L. Bethune, H. M. Guy, R. B. Rogers, W. H. Work and James McCarthy, good and lawful men of the county aforesaid, who, being sworn and affirmed diligently to inquire and true presentment make, on behalf of the Commonwealth, how and in what manner the said came to its death, having viewed the body of said deceased and having heard the testimony of witnesses, do say, upon their oaths and affirmations aforesaid, that the aforesaid deceased came to its death by violence due to the flood caused by the breaking of the dam of the South-Fork Reservoir, and, as well the aforesaid coroner as the jurors aforesaid, do certify under their oaths that the said deed of violence caused by the action of the flood, or there is such strong suspicion of such violence or unlawful acts as to make an inquest necessary.

In witness whereof as well the aforesaid coroner as the jurors aforesaid have to this inquisition set their hands and seals on the day and year of that place first above written.

R. B. Hammer, H. M. Guy,
E. E. Wible, R. B. Rogers,
A. L. Bethune, James McCarthy,
W. H. Work.

Coroner Evans, of Cambria county, also held an inquest, the jury viewing the body of Mrs. Ellen Hite. The testimony was voluminous and exhaustive. Every phase of the disaster was investigated, expert witnesses were heard and the jurors visited the dam. Evidence was adduced to prove that hay and straw were used to fill up the break when the Fishing Club secured the property for a trifling sum. The inquest closed on Saturday night, July 6th, with the following verdict:

We, the undersigned, the jury empanelled to investigate the cause of the death of Ellen Hite on May 31, after hearing the testimony, find that Ellen Hite came to her death by drown-

ing; that the drowning was caused by the breaking of the South-Fork dam. We further find, from the testimony and what we saw on the ground, that there was not sufficient water weir, nor was the dam constructed sufficiently strong nor of the proper material to withstand the overflow; and hence we find that the owners of said dam were culpable in not making it as secure as it should have been, especially in view of the fact that a population of many thousands were in the valley below; and we hold that the owners are responsible for the fearful loss of life and property resulting from the breaking of the dam.

JOHN COHO, JOHN H. DEVINE,
ABRAHAM FERNER, JOHN A. WISSINGER,
H. B. BLAIR, F. W. COHICK.

Placing the responsibility for the disaster upon the Fishing Club was in accordance with the facts and the best-informed sentiment. The club was excessively aristocratic, and so exclusive that Tuxedo itself might pronounce the Lorillard ideal a failure, The wealthy members never deigned to recognize the existence of the common clay of the neighborhood, farther than to warn intruders to keep off the premises. For weeks after the dam had converted a populous valley into a desert and Lake Conemaugh into a forbidding gorge, board signs with these legends stared visitors in the face:

PRIVATE PROPERTY.

All Trespassers Found Hunting or Fishing on These Grounds Will be Prosecuted to the Full Extent of the Law.

PRIVATE PROPERTY.

No Hunting or Fishing on these Premises, Under Penalty of the Law, $100.

SOUTH-FORK FISHING AND HUNTING CLUB.

The calamity was not due to "a mysterious dispensation of Providence," but to the inexcusable laxity which permitted a mud-bank to endanger thousands of human lives by backing up sufficient water to float all the navies in the universe.

Is it any wonder that Johnstown and Kernville resembled one vast tomb, so full of horrors that many inquisitive sight-seers did not care to remain after they saw a body exhumed? When the future Charles Reade wishes to weave into his novel the account of some great public calamity he will portray the misfortune which overwhelmed the towns and villages in the Conemaugh Valley. The bursting of a reservoir and the ensuing scenes of death and destruction, so vividly described in "Put Yourself in His Place," were not the creatures of Mr. Reade's imagination, but actual occurrences. The novelist obtained facts and incidents for one of the most striking chapters from the events which followed the breaking of the Dale Dyke embankment at Shef-

field, England, in March 1864, when 238 lives were lost and property valued at millions was destroyed. It will need even more vivid and vigorous descriptive powers than Mr. Reade possessed to delineate the destruction and death presented in Johnstown. The Sheffield calamity, disastrous as it proved to be, was a small affair when compared with this reservoir accident. The Mill River inundation of May, 1874, with its 200 lives lost and $1,500,000 of property destroyed, was a trifle beside South Fork. The only one of the kind which approaches it was at Estrecho de Rientes, Spain, in April, 1802, when a dam burst and drowned 600 persons and swept $7,000,000 worth of property away. A flood is China three years ago is credited with a loss of 10,000 lives, but these figures are problematical and may be magnified ten-fold. Above all other calamities in sad pre-eminence will stand the Conemaugh disaster, a repetition of which it is devoutly hoped no writer will ever be called upon to chronicle.

Walt Whitman, in his own involved, inimitable way, says of it:

"Thou ever-darting globe! thou Earth and Air!
Thou waters that encompass us!
Thou that in all the life and death of us, in action or in sleep!
Thou laws invisible that permeate them and all!
Thou that in all and over all, and through and under all, incessant!
Thou! thou! the vital, universal, giant force resistless, sleepless, calm,
Holding Humanity as in the open hand, as some ephemeral toy,
How ill to e'er forget thee!"

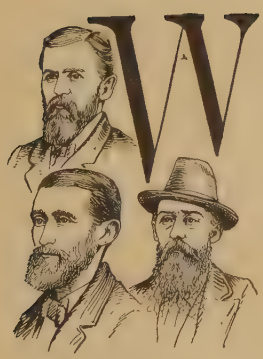
MERCHANTS AND DOCTORS WHO PERISHED IN THE FLOOD.

XVI.

SOME OF THE VICTIMS.

THE FRIGHTFUL ROLL OF THE LOST—A GARLAND FOR THOSE WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE—WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE CUT OFF—HOW PROFESSIONAL MEN, MERCHANTS AND PRIVATE CITIZENS MET AN UNTIMELY FATE—COMMUNITIES FEARFULLY DECIMATED—CAMBRIA'S LONG LIST—WHOLE FAMILIES BLOTTED OUT—FAMILIAR FIGURES MISSING FROM THEIR ACCUSTOMED HAUNTS—TERRIBLE GAPS IN SOCIETY AND BUSINESS THAT CAN NEVER AGAIN BE FILLED.

"See before us, in our journey, broods a mist upon the ground;
Thither leads the path we walk in, blending with that gloomy bound,
Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mystery they screen,
Those who once have passed within it never more on earth are seen.
Now it seems to stoop beside us, now at seeming distance lowers,
Leaving banks that tempt us onward bright with summer-green and flowers;
Yet it blots the way forever, there our journey ends at last,
Into that dark cloud we enter and are gathered to the past."—BRYANT.



T. W. KIRLIN.
J. Q. A. BENSCHOFF.
ALVAR AKERS.

WHERE THE aggregate loss of life is so overpowering it is not possible to detail individual cases with the minuteness sympathetic interest would prompt. Thousands of the victims are worthy of the richest garlands affection can weave. To pay a loving tribute to hundreds of the dead would be a grateful task. How sadly they are missed, now that matters begin to run in the old channels and the full extent of the calamity is fairly realized! The grave has closed over multitudes who bade as fair to live and prosper as any in the Keystone State. No pen can portray, no pencil illustrate the shocking, indescribable change one dreadful hour effected in the population of the Conemaugh Valley. It is appreciated in some measure since those who survive have taken up once more the burdens and responsibilities so awfully interrupted. Every brow wears the mark of grief and a shadow dwells in every breast for the

loved ones whose untimely end touched the tenderest chords of human feeling, leaving an aching void that can never again be filled until all meet in the celestial city. Thousands were homeless, some fatherless and motherless, others with none of their families to soften even in a degree the awful blow. They were not to be comforted, though neighbors and friends attempted to assuage their grief with words of hope and cheer. Too many knew full well what the widows and orphan would have to contend with without the provider. The men presented a more stolid appearance, but deep down in their hearts there was a feeling that years will not efface. Nobly, however, the citizens of Johnstown bowed their heads in submission, and with valorous endeavors to find the missing sought to forget for the time their personal afflictions.

Thomas W. Kirlin, one of the four jewelers who perished, was engulfed with his entire family—wife and three children. He was rescued alive, but died of pneumonia and injuries on Monday, June 10th, at the residence of Dr. Tomb in Morrellville. His last request was to be buried by the Knights of the Mystic Chain, to which he belonged. His wish was complied with, and he was the first person after the flood to be buried according to the ceremonies of any lodge or society. The remains were interred in Morrellville. Mr. Kirlin was an excellent citizen, a leading spirit in the Knights of Labor and an agreeable companion. Two days before the disaster his eldest son, Eddie, visited the cemetery to place flowers on the grave of his mother, who passed away several years ago. To a lad who went with him he remarked :

"I did love my dear mother so much and long to see her again !"

Can it be doubted that mother and son have had a joyous meeting on the shining shore? The father was married twice and had lately removed to a new location at the south end of the Lincoln street bridge, near the Public Library His building vanished, as did all in that part of town. The proprietor of the next store, also a jeweler, went down with his premises and goods.

Emil Young, a well-known jeweler, lived with his mother, wife, three sons and daughter over his store on Clinton street, near Main. They were all in the building when the wild rush of water surrounded their home. Mr. Young was drowned in the store, sitting in a chair, and the body of one son was found under the safe, which had been upset.

G. W. Luckhardt, the oldest and wealthiest jeweler in Johnstown, had a stock worth $75,000 in his store on Main street, one door below the Merchants' Hotel. He was dragged over the awning into a room on the second floor, where he fainted. His son Adolph, daughter-in-law and grandson were in the room. They were trying to revive him when a mass of debris crushed into the apartment and bore Mr. Luckhardt to the floor, causing his instant death. Mrs. Adolph Luckhardt, a lady of surpassing beauty and accomplishments, was likewise crushed by the blow which prostrated the old gentleman. The son snatched up his little boy and managed to escape with him, the family dog fol-

lowing at his heels. Wreckage piled to the roof and the building had to be torn down. Three hundred watches were rusted by the water and mud, which filled the cellar. Mr. Luckhardt had carried on a lucrative business in the same frame building for thirty-eight years. He stood very high in public estimation for integrity, enterprise and financial ability. The key which he had used all these years to lock the store-door was found, and will be preserved as an heirloom of the upright merchant.

Years ago Abram S. Eldridge and Aug. Young worked together in the time office at the Cambria Rolling Mill, under the late Cyrus P. Tittle. They saw their business opportunity when Alex. Montgomery offered to sell them his book-store on Main street. The name of Eldridge & Young became as well known and as highly respected as any in town. They prospered as they deserved, and last winter Mr. Montgomery sold them his building. The flood came, and took them and Mr. Montgomery. Mr. Eldridge went down with the back porch of the Merchants' Hotel, on which he stepped from his sleeping room, where he had been spending the afternoon reading. A week later he was found, standing erect among the debris on the ground below. His partner was caught in the street and swept to an untimely death. Their bodies now lie side by side in Grand View. Mr. Eldridge was the representative Henry George man of Western Pennsylvania and a personal friend of the author of "Progress and Poverty." Mr. Montgomery went down with Wild's building, at the corner of Main and Clinton streets, where he had his office. His body was recovered and taken to Greensburg for burial. Mr. Eldridge's mother was also lost, as were his brothers Samuel B. and Pennel. Mrs. Young, besides her husband, lost two brothers and other relatives. S. Stewart Kinkead, clerk at the Gautier works, was with Mr. Eldridge in the Merchants' Hotel, where the two were reading. Alarmed by the cries of the servants, they started to see what was the matter and were met by the rising flood at the head of the stairway. They then ran to the front windows and up-stairs to the porch on the third story. A number of persons gathered on the porch. When they saw the large brick building of Foster & Quinn fall most of them concluded to leap to some floating debris, believing the hotel to be unsafe. Before their resolves could be put in practice the porch fell, and everybody with it. They were all submerged, and the most of them struck by floating logs and timbers. Mr. Kinkead got hold of a water-spout, clambered on the roof of Fentiman's umbrella store and was taken into the Fritz building. He was the only one of the party who got out.

The loss of life in the hotels was terrible. The remains of many of the servants and guests were taken from the ruins of the Hulbert House, The body of Charles H. Wilson, the clerk, was soon found. Other bodies recovered were Mrs. Dr. H. T. DeFrance; Miss Carrie Richards, teacher in English and Classical School, and her sister, from Ypsilanti, Mich., who was visit-

ing her ; Miss Jennie Wells, teacher in the Johnstown High School, and her friend, Miss Carrie Diehl, of Shippensburg, Pa.; Miss Laura Hamilton, who entered the hallway a moment before the building went to pieces ; John W. Weakland, of the Marshall-Weakland Company ; Dr. C. C. Brinkley and his brother, Mr. Elmer Brinkley, clerk in the Gautier office ; Mr. C. A. Marshall, the Cambria Iron Company's builder; Mrs. J. L. Smith and her three children ; a number of traveling salesmen, and the brother, mother and two sisters of the host. It is thought that the wreckage of the Gautier works struck the building. Charles B. DeWald, of Altoona, is believed to have been the last person to enter the hotel. He arrived at Johnstown on Thursday and had worked hard on Friday assisting people to get out of their inundated houses. A friend suggested helping some more, but Charley said he was too wet and must go to the hotel. There the colored barber talked with him a few moments, promising to give him an order for a suit of clothes on his next trip. Mr. DeWald started up stairs to change his clothes. Soon the appalling rush of waters swept over the doomed valley, burying over fifty of the Hulbert guests. Among them was the Altoona salesman, whose body was not found until June 15th. It was uncovered a hundred feet from the site of the building, twenty feet of debris hiding it out of sight for two weeks. The remains were in a better state of preservation than many unearthed earlier. There was a hole in the forehead at the bridge of the nose, possibly caused by a nail striking him as he went under. Papers and letters in his clothing rendered identification easy. Charley was to have been married in a few weeks to a lady in Philadelphia, where his father lives and whither his remains were forwarded for burial.

In the hotel of Robert Butler, on Cinder street, about thirty-five persons were lost. Not a single one of the bodies was identified. James O'Callaghan, his wife Bridget and daughter Ella, Mrs. Owens and son, Mr. Butler and family were among those who went with the hotel.

Christ. Fitzharris, landlord of the St. Charles Hotel, his wife, father and eight children were drowned. Ella, aged 13, the only survivor of the large family, was attending school at Lilly's. Her grief at the loss of parents, brothers, sisters and home was inconsolable. For days the poor child could do nothing but sob and moan. The bodies were recovered on Monday. "Grandpap" Fitzharris, the oldest victim of the flood, was in his ninety-eighth year. In his coffin, as seen by me on Monday evening, he looked not over sixty-five. His health was excellent and his constitution rugged. The nonagenarian expected to attain the year of his father—106. Mr. Fitzharris was born in Ireland, but spent most of his life in Hollidaysburg, Blair County. He was a man of powerful physique, known in the locality as "the peacemaker." This cognomen he acquired during "old canal days" on account of his aversion to quarrels and his frequent intervention to prevent pugilistic

encounters in his neighborhood. Not long before the flood he announced his intention of celebrating his hundredth birthday with an "old-fashioned shindig," at which he would dance in the Irish reel. Queer irony of fate—to round out almost a century with faculties unimpaired and drown at last in a cellar or a garret!

The ranks of the business men thinned greatly. John Geis, a leading merchant, went down with his big store. E. Clark perished in the Hulbert House, and his chief competitor—Mr. Nathan—in the store on Main street which he had long tenanted. Henry Goldenberg was overtaken in his clothing-store with his son Emanuel. Both rose to the ceiling, where the young man broke through the skylight and escaped, his father drowning a few feet away. Jacob Swank, Mrs. Swank, their two children, daughter-in-law and grandchild were carried away with their home. William Parke, a member of the firm of Jacob Swank & Co., his mother, sister and little nephew were at their brick residence, corner of Bedford and Levergood streets. The building crumbled, and all the occupants were killed. The four bodies were found in the debris near Fisher's slaughtery, on June 11th. John Parke floated on some timbers to Main, in front of the Opera House, where Scott Dibert, Lou Cohn, and others rescued him. He was badly injured and expired on Saturday evening. Vincent, son of James Quinn, was crossing from Geis & Schry's store to his home. His body was found on June 7th, in the yard of Jacob Zimmerman's residence, Bedford street. He had sustained numerous injuries. Abbie, wife of John Geis, of Salina, Kansas, who was visiting the Quinns, was lost with her babe. George Unverzagt and son were lost in their store on Main street. Daniel Unverzagt, wife and two grown daughters—Mary and Lilly—were at home on Washington street, with Mrs. John Bending, Katie Bending and Jennie Bending. All were swept away. M. S. Maloy was caught by the flood in the front door of his store as he was attempting to flee from the deluge. His body was found just inside the entrance.

John G. Alexander, his wife and mother, died together. Samuel Lenhart, the harness dealer, Mrs. Lenhart and three daughters, Andy Gard and Jack Nightly were all swept away in Lenhart's building on Clinton street. Charles Murr, the cigar manufacturer, and six children went down with his store and home on Washington street. Mrs. Murr and one child were rescued. The Creed family was wiped out except Edward, the only son. His parents and his sisters—Maggie, Kate and Mamie—were lost. The building, corner of Washington and Franklin streets, was a two-story brick structure. "Creed's corner" grocery was known to every inhabitant of the valley. Alexander Reck, the extensive baker at the head of Washington street, and his wife, a woman of rare loveliness, were carried off with their home. He was taken out, but so much hurt that he died the next week in the hospital. Poor Aleck! Three hours before the flood he rode around the submerged streets, stopped

in front of a hotel, called for a glass of beer, and drank to the prosperity of those incommoded by the high water.

Three squares on Washington street footed up this frightful list of victims:

Alex. Reck, wife and three children	5
Miss Lamberd	1
Mrs. Hager, two single daughters, and Louis Roland and wife	5
M. J. Murphy, wife and two children	4
W. A. Bryan, at Brunswick	1
Mrs. Monteverde and three children	4
Mrs. Meyers and daughter	2
George Heiser and wife	2
Child of B. F. Hill	1
Maurice Newman and father	2
David Creed, wife and three daughters	5
William Kirby, wife, sister-in-law and James B. Howard	4
Mrs. Kinney and two sons	3
Captain O'Connell and two sisters	3
George Raab, wife and two sisters	4
"Granny" Kunkle and two daughters	3
John Schiffhauer and daughter	2
Jacob Bopp, and two daughters	3
John Ryan, wife, mother, three daughters, domestic and driver	8
Charles Murr, wife and five children	7
Daniel Unverzagt, wife and two daughters	4
Mrs. Bending and two daughters	3
Jacob Malzi	1
John Frank, wife and five children	7
Sol. Rosenfelt, wife and four children	6
Gottfreid Hoffman, wife and nine children	11
John Coad, wife, daughter, son, granddaughter and domestic	6
Child of Neal Sharkey	1
Frank O'Donnell, wife and four children	6
Julius Stremel	1
Mrs. John Merle, two children, lady clerk and domestic	5
Alex. Kilgore, wife and three children	5
John Burkert's two children	2
Mrs. Hirst and two grandchildren	3
Mrs. Ogle and six others	7
Mansion House porter	1
Total	138

There is little doubt that, the small extent of territory considered, Washington street suffered greater loss of life in the flood than any other section. In addition to the above, there are possibly other names of which no account has been obtained. Besides, James M. Shumaker, who kept a store on the corner of Washington and Clinton streets, lost his wife and three children from his home on Locust street. John Fenn, who kept a stove store on

Washington street, was also drowned, together with his seven children on Locust street.

John Dibert, the banker, would not leave his house, near the corner of Main and Market streets, and was killed. Mrs. Dibert was not seriously injured. The spacious residence was obliterated. Other members of the family lost were a daughter, the wife of Walter S. Weaver, and their child, and Blanche, little daughter of Mrs, John H. Dibert. One year before Mr. Weaver's store was burned out; in May it was flooded out and death added to his losses. The Diberts had rooms fitted up at Germantown, which they

JOHN DIBERT.

MRS. JOHN DIBERT.

proposed to occupy during the summer. Mr. Dibert was a prominent citizen, widely known and deservedly esteemed. The bank was originally conducted by three partners, one of whom died last year. The removal of the senior member of the firm by the flood led the survivor—Mr. Roberts—to put the bank into liquidation. A brother of Mr. Dibert had torn down the building opposite the bank, corner Main and Franklin streets, to replace it with a substantial brick block. He took sick from the flood and died. In the old building J. Q. A. Benschoof, whom young and old knew and patronized for his good humor, kept a news-room and book-store for years, vacating on April 1st. The post-office stands in the rear of this lot, fronting on Franklin street. Next to it Alvar Akers and his partner, Mr. Bauman, had started a new block for their store, with offices above. It had progressed to the second story when the deluge cut down Mr. Akers and interrupted the plan which contemplated an

important extension of the business. How many projects the Johnstown disaster buried in graves from which there will be resurrection!

'Squire Fisher's family, consisting of himself, wife and six children, were found locked tightly in each other's arms. The servant was lying near by. The daughters were handsome girls, with bewitching faces set in frames of golden hair. One had been away at school, and returned home to be married to her betrothed. Then she was to return to school and take part in the graduating exercises. The familiar figure of the 'Squire is sadly missed by the neighbors, who find a strange void as they pass his office and fail to hear the cordial greeting of the departed occupant, who was one of the old-time functionaries of the town.

One man known to every resident of Johnstown—William Huffman, the merchant tailor—was drowned with twenty-nine of his relatives. These were his wife and ten children; his brother, Gottlieb Huffman, wife and nine children; his sister-in-law, Mrs. H. Huffman and four children; Peter Huffman, another brother. Mrs. C. H. Huffman's little daughter, aged eight years, was absent. This poor child was at the morgue on Monday, accompanied by two ladies, and said:

"Oh, mister, do please tell me if my mother is here! I want to see her. I am Lizzie Huffman, and all my brothers and sisters have gone down the river."

Many families suffered cruelly. The drowning of the venerable Mrs. Judge Roberts and her daughter, Mrs. John S. Buchanan, left two of this once numerous and prominent family living. Only three members of the Pike family survived: Robert, the eldest son, who saved himself from the flood; George, the third son, who was rescued by Alexander Hamilton while floating up through Kernville on the roof of his house, and Annie, the youngest daughter, who was visiting in Baltimore. The family of John Fritz, jr., of Hornerstown, came in to Mr. Fritz's father's, on Railroad street, for safety, and were carried down the river. Of the twelve persons in the house at the time eight were lost. Mr. Fritz, sr., and Mr. Golde got out at Kennedy's lime-house in the Fourth Ward. Charley, the plumber, got out at Sheridan Station; Mrs. Fritz, sr., two miles below Nineveh. On Friday morning Josiah T. Evans, Mine Inspector of the Sixth District, procured a carriage to take his wife and their four children from their residence on Vine street. At first it was intended to go to Prospect, but it was found impossible because of the high water. Kernville was suggested, but Mrs. Evans, knowing that the Franklin-street bridge had been damaged, refused to cross it. Finally it was decided to remain at the residence of Henry Pritchard, on Market street. In this building Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard and three children and Mrs. Evans and her four children perished. Maggie, wife of Noah Evans, and her three children and Mrs. John Llewellyn were found dead in a room in a house back of Cobaugh's store. Mrs. Evans was sitting in a chair with her babe in her arms. John, Frank

and Edgar, sons of Patrick Lavelle, Conemaugh street; Mrs. John Lavelle, of Broad street, and Michael, Kate, Mary, and Sallie Lavelle, all of Broad street, were lost. Myrtle Viola Jones, aged 5, alone survives of the family of 'Squire Richard Jones. Some person found her wandering about the hill above Woodvale and took charge of her. Mr. and Mrs. Millard F. Roberts started from their home on the South Side for the hill. Mrs. Roberts got to David Dibert's yard. Her body was found on Sunday two blocks away. Her mother, sister and three brothers went down. Mr. Roberts was rescued at Shaeffer's saloon. From John White's house, on Vine street, six out of a family of twelve were taken—Mrs. White, Misses Ella and Maggie White, Mrs. Jessie Delaney, Mrs. A. C. White and boy.

Not a man, woman or child in Johnstown but knew Ben. Hoffman, the hackman. He was also known to the traveling public from his long service in transferring passengers to and from the Pennsylvania railroad station. Mr. Hoffman was lost with his wife; Bertha, 17 years; Marion, 13; Joseph, 9; Freda, 5; Florence, 7. Harry and Will, the two older boys, are the survivors. He lived on Lincoln street, and his body was found seated on the edge of the bedstead. He was preparing to retire when the flood struck the building and had his socks in his pocket. His eldest daughter, a very pretty and charming girl, was close by, attired in a night-dress. The youngest member of the family was also beside the bed. Mr. Hoffman's punctuality was proverbial. No matter what train passengers desired to take, he would have them at the depot in good season. The cheery voice of the accommodating hack-driver was as regular a feature as the whistle of the iron works or the bell which rang the fleeting hours.

A well-known place in town was "Coad's Corner," at Washington and Market streets. John Coad and his family occupied the residence portion of the building and kept a saloon in the room on the corner. A daughter, Mrs. Halloran, had a shoe-store in an apartment fronting on Washington street. The house was entirely swept away with Mr. and Mrs. Coad, their daughter, granddaughter and grandson. John, Thomas and Peter, their sons, were not at home, and avoided a watery grave.

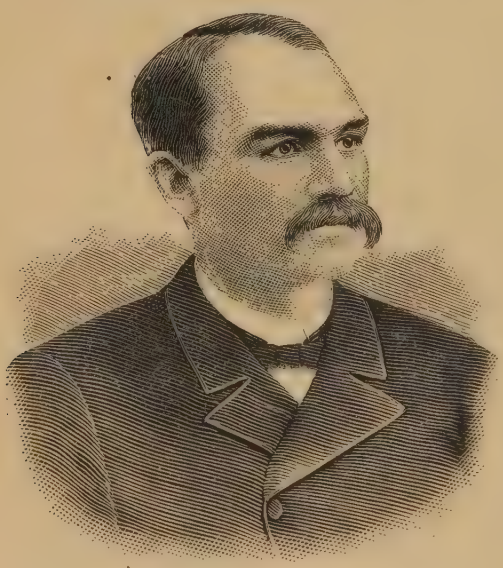
Charles Wiseman and family lived on River alley, but were all at Gust. Aibler's, 110 Portage street. The house was broken to pieces by the flood and the inmates floated off in various directions. Mrs. Wiseman had her little son in charge, but he was knocked out of her arms and lost. She succeeded in climbing on a roof and was saved. Mr. Wiseman had his little daughter in his arms and both were lost, as were all the Aiblers—seven out of the house.

Samuel Eldridge was the only policeman lost. His wife was at her home, with her two little daughters and the baby. Her husband left the house about three o'clock, against his wife's protest, sayiug that there were many people who needed help and it was his duty to aid all he could. He promised to re-

turn the moment he was convinced there was danger. The flood caught him in the street and swept him to his death. Mrs. Eldridge and her children spent the night in the attic of their house, which was sheltered in some way and is still standing, though everything in it was destroyed. The children took the Bible with them to their place of refuge, and little Sarah, aged seven, prayed on it all night for her papa. When morning came and Mr. Eldridge did not appear, his wife knew he had been lost. His body was one of the first to be recovered. One daughter was all left of Officer Jones' family of seven.

Chief-of-Police Harris, who has one boy out of a family of six, five of them going down with their mother, was unable to be around for a week after his terrible affliction. How he missed the gentle ministrations of his loving wife and the caresses of the children in his illness! Oh, the bitter sorrows that manly hearts had to bear in silence, while faithful memory recalled the blissful days spent with the dear ones about whom the deepest affections of the soul twined fondly.

Three lawyers—Theodore Zimmerman, J. W. Weakland and Harry G. Rose—answered the subpœna which is not to be eluded or enjoined. Mr. Zimmerman's horses and buggy stood in front of his office on Franklin street to take him home. With their owner they were overwhelmed, one wheel of the carriage and the carcasses of the horses showing in a mass of wreckage until taken out on Monday. Mr. Weakland was in the Hulbert House. His body was found near the corner of Main and Clinton streets, on Monday. The watch in his pocket started up when wound, just as though nothing had happened it. The flood destroyed the residence of Rev. James A. Lane, on Locust street. Mr. and Mrs. Lane, Harry G. Rose and his wife, "Grandmother" Teeter, and Christina Fiek, a domestic, were in the house. Mr. Lane was in the water before the deluge putting things in places of safety, when the front door flew open and Mr. Rose went down to close it. He called to Mr. Lane that the current was too swift, and his father-in-law started to help him, but logs began coming in. Mr. Lane told him to make for the up-stairs.



HARRY G. ROSE.

They both started, all the other members of the family having preceded them. As they reached the third floor Mr. Lane heard Mr. Rose say to his wife :

"Give me your hand and we will die together. Lord, save us !"

At that moment Mr. Lane was knocked backward down stairs, but reached up and gained his feet. A second and third time he was knocked back. Then his suspenders caught in the rubbish, his whole body under the water. He took out his knife, cut himself loose, got hold of timbers and called for the various members of the family. His wife answered ; so also did his daughter, Mrs. Rose. Mr. Rose did not respond. He was dead. "Grandmother" Teeter replied. Miss Fiek had got out through the roof. By the aid of friends Mr. Lane and his family reached the roof, only to get into another wrecked house, tossing to and fro on the surging mass of debris. "Grandmother" Teeter had her right arm cut off below the elbow by the breaking of a plate-glass mirror. It had to be amputated, and a week later the aged lady—she was 83—expired from the shock. After remaining in the wreck until Saturday evening, Mr. Lane and his family were taken to Morrell Institute and thence to Prospect. The remains of Mr. Rose were taken on Saturday evening to the railroad morgue and embalmed. On Tuesday afternoon the body was interred on Prospect Hill.

A black storm-cloud was driving hard from the West as the coffin was lowered into its temporary grave beside unknown victims. Three people attended the burial—Mr. Lane, the Rev. Dr. H. L. Chapman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Rev. L. Maguire. Dr Chapman read the funeral service, and while he prayed the thunder rumbled and clouds darkened the scene. Mr. Rose was a young man, highly gifted and popular. He was serving his term as District Attorney of Cambria county, an arduous and responsible trust, the duties of which he discharged efficiently. His brother, Hon. John M. Rose, a member of the Legislature, was out of town and escaped the wreck of his home, from which not an article was saved. Mr. George Slick, father-in-law of John M., contracted pneumonia from exposure and died the second week in June.

Three doctors went down to the doom which medical skill could not ward off. Dr. C. C. Brinkley had practiced successfully in Johnstown about five years. He and his brother were among the victims in the Hulbert House. Dr. J. K. Lee was eminent in his profession. He occupied a fine home and office on Vine street, which were flooded to the second floor. His body was found on June 9th, in Sandyvale Cemetery. Dr. W. C. Beam, his wife and one son, aged 2, were not sundered in death. Another son, spared to mourn the loss of kind parents, was taken to Harrisburg to live with relatives. Luke's epithet, "the beloved physician," may well be applied to each of these lamented practitioners. Their inspiring presence and masterly treatment have been missed in many a sick room.

The flood proved fatal to thirteen teachers, a very large proportion of the whole number engaged in the public schools. They were:

JOHNSTOWN.—Misses Mattie McDivitt, Maggie Jones, Emma K. Fisher, Laura Hamilton, Mary P. White, Jennie M. Wells, Minnie Linton and Carrie Richards.

CONEMAUGH.—Miss Rose Carroll.

MILLVILLE.—Prof. C. F. Gallagher and Mary Dowling.

MORRELLVILLE.—Kate McAneeny.

Miss Diehl, a teacher from Shippensburg, was visiting Miss Wells and died with her hostess in the Hulbert House, where Miss Hamilton and Miss Richards also perished. Miss Linton was at the Western Union Telegraph office, with Miss Minnie Ogle. The two young ladies, Mrs. Ogle, Miss Gracie Garman and Miss Mary Jane Watkins, telegraphers, were lost. The body of Prof. Gallagher was found near the Baltimore & Ohio depot. Several of the teachers had filled their positions for years, such was their aptitude for the work. The Johnstown schools held a high place for thorough training and discipline, and the loss of so many experienced instructors was a severe blow to the educational interests of the community. No more shall these skillful teachers train the youthful mind, mould the childish heart and guide the little hands to habits of usefulness and deeds of kindness. But the good seed they have sowed shall be bearing rich fruit when the weeds cover their graves and moss has grown over their tombstones.

"They died, aye, they died—and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge."

Katie and Minnie Bracken, of Woodvale, two charming sisters, were buried on August 15. They were the only daughters of devoted parents, who escaped with two sons. The double funeral attracted unusual attention, familiar though the public had been with these mournful corteges for two weary months. Minnie had light hair, which fell in wavy folds to her knees.

Like Miss Cora Wagner, pretty, vivacious Mamie Fink, daughter of Prof. S. P. Fink, was a musical attraction at entertainments for benevolent purposes and sang in a church choir. Her cultivated voice will be sadly missed on such occasions. A touching incident marked her last moments. Mr. and Mrs. John Higson, four daughters and one son, Miss Sadie Thomas and Mr. Anderson floated away on the roof their house, Walnut street. As they passed down Conemaugh street they saw McConaughy's brick row going. Mamie threw Mrs. Higson a kiss and said "Good-bye" as she sank into the water. Mr. Higson and those with him were rescued at the stone bridge. Miss Fink's body was recovered, with her jewelry as she wore it that Friday afternoon. Her father and grandmother were not found, and one brother is the only remaining member of the Fink family.

Another sweet singer was Mrs. F. Williams, a lady of fine presence and

engaging manners, who took solo parts in the Welsh choirs. The great majority of the Welsh owned their own homes and were prudent and prosperous citizens. Dr. Walters, whose office on Vine street was hustled to the railroad bridge, prepared a partial list of the loss of life among this nationality. He enrolled 140 victims, which may be regarded as approximately correct, and estimated the Welsh loss of property at upwards of a million dollars. The names on the Doctor's paper were:

VINE STREET.—Mrs. Josiah T. Evans and four children, Mrs. Noah Llewellyn, and three children, Mrs. John Llewellyn, Rev. E. W. Jones and wife, boy of David J. Jenkins, Mrs. John E. Jones, two children of Robert L. Rees.

MARKET STREET.—H. Pritchard, wife and three children; Thomas S. Davis, wife and five children; William Owen, wife and two grandchildren; Mrs. J. T. Harris and five children; Mrs. D. D. Rees; two children of Evan A. James; child of R. R. Thomas; child of Lewis John Harris; John Richards, on a visit from Rome, N. Y., and William L. Davis.

MAIN STREET.—Mrs. John W. James and son; Evan Hughes and daughter; wife of Rev. Mr. Evans.

LOCUST STREET.—Mrs. Aubrey Parsons, Mrs. Jenkin Thomas and three children; Mrs. Phil Davis and daughter.

WALNUT STREET.—Job Morgan, Mrs. William T. Harris; child of Thomas Llewellyn.

POTTS STREET.—Emma Hughes.

CHESTNUT STREET.—Albert Wherry.

UNION STREET.—John Howells, wife and child; Mrs. Davis Evans, Mrs. R. R. Edwards; William Howells, wife and daughter; John Andrews, William J. Williams, Mrs. J. D. Jones and six children; Mrs. D. Richards, Mrs. John Rees Powell.

LINCOLN STREET.—Mrs. Ben. James.

RIVER STREET.—James Jones and two children; Thos. Aubrey, Mrs. Evan Morgan, William McMeans, Mrs. Moses Owen and five children; Mrs. Worthington and three children; Mrs. Williams, Joseph Williams, Minerva Harris, George Heisel.

IRON STREET, MILLVILLE.—Roger Edwards, Mrs. Lewis R. Jones, Mrs. William Cadogan and daughter; Mrs. Edward Evans and five children; Mrs. Annaniah Lewis, Mrs. T. P. Williams and child; Lizzie Lewis, Oril Lewis, Mrs. Abram Price and child; Miss Tydvil Thomas, Mrs. Wm. T. Morgan and two children; two children of Mrs. Thomas Owen, James Lewis.

WOODVALE.—Evan B. Evans, wife and child; Mrs. Davis and five children; Thomas Jones and family; Richard Jones and five children.

CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.—Mrs. Wm. W. Jones and three children.

Her children were leading Mrs. McConaughy up-stairs, hoping it would be a safe place for their mother. The excitement overcame her and she died in the hallway. The building tumbled and the body was carried off.

Misses Jennie and Mary White, daughters of the head of the millinery department of the Cambria Iron Company's store, noted for their personal charms and animation, were not divided in death. 'Squire Strayer's amiable family and scores more might be mentioned. Woodvale and the Second and Third wards of Johnstown had not a resident voter on June 1st. Only three houses remained on the east side of Bedford street, between Main and the railroad. Could anything make clearer the appalling destruction of life which this implies?

Every town has its local "characters." The flood treated those of Johnstown impartially, taking and leaving them about equally. "Old Kelly," the aged colored man, a familiar personage on the streets for a generation, still lives. He has survived murderous assaults, frosts, fires and floods innumerable, and does not look much older than when, twenty odd years ago, Alvar Akers picked him out of the gutter in front of the Methodist church one winter morning frozen almost lifeless. Sam. Etchison and Hannah Hopkins are gone, but "Brooks" Hoffman lingers. Tom Knox was cut down, but Tom Jenks and Jack Treese remain. Poor Hannah and Sam! All will hope that in the brighter world the cloud has been lifted from their minds, and that reparation will be made for their unhappy existence upon the earth.

A Chinaman and several negroes took their last journey, the Mongolian copy of Bret Harte's "Ah Sin" drifting to Kernville with a section of his laundry. "Tuggie" Tanner, one of the blacks, enjoyed the distinction—a novelty in African circles—of a head of hair fiery red. He mounted a log and sailed along singing, "Johnny, Get Your Gun," just as if he were going to a plantation frolic. That he had no idea of drowning is quite certain, from the fact that he could have got ashore two or three times. Doubtless he intended to jump off about the mouth of the creek, but he fell a victim to his recklessness. A blow tumbled him off his log and he disappeared. Neither "Johnny" nor anybody else needed a gun to dispatch "Tuggie" to the Kingdom Come!

Robert H. Bridges, the mail-carrier, as soon as possible compiled the names of those lost in Cambria Borough, where he lives. He took the utmost pains to verify his report, which is accepted as conclusive. From it these figures are summarized:

Made widowers, 42; made widows, 12; number of families entirely wiped out of existence, 16; number of families who lost all but one, 46; number of Irish lost, 105; number of Germans, 116; number of Hungarians, 58; number of Poles, 11; number of Americans, 35; one family lost nine, four families lost eight each, five families lost six each, six families lost five each, nineteen families lost four each, seventeen families lost three each, twenty-three families lost two each, fifty families lost one each. The number lost on Front street was 39; Railroad street, 38; Broad street, 66; Chestnut street, 128; Walnut street, 52; total, 323.

Three sisters of County Treasurer Howe appear in the list, with the names of numerous prominent people. Many names have the flavor which betrays the foreign nativity of their wearers. Mr. Bridges enumerated them in full. From his complete list the following are condensed:

Front Street.—Frank A. Wier, Mrs. Julia McLaughlin, Mrs. John H. Todd, Minnie and Sylvester Thomas; Thomas Fogarty, James Cullen, wife and daughter; Miss Alice Cleary, Mary A. and Maggie Dougherty; Mrs. Bridget and James and Edward O'Neal; James and Mary A. and Eddie Lightner; Miss Emma and Charlie Bridges; Mrs Ann and John W. Kelly, David Gillis; Mrs. Mary, Annie and Mary Doorocsik; Mrs. Annie and Frank Bartos, John Mihalko, Louis Pollak, Fidel and Mrs. Schnell; John H. and Annie Miller; George Graiczer; Rosie, Isaac and Annie Weisz.

Railroad Street.—Mrs. Bridget, Rose, Maggie, Lizzie, Gertie and Bridget Howe; Mrs.

Bridget, Gertie, Mary, Katie and Annie Riley ; Mrs. Ann, John and Mary Kane ; Rosie McPike ; Mrs. Ann, Daniel, Joseph, Annie, Mrs. Tillie and Tommy Cush ; Mrs. Jane, Michael, Thomas, Mary, John, Annie, Rose and Agnes Gertrude Hayes ; Mrs. Mary Sininger ; Mrs. Rose, John, Albert and Theodore Panian ; Mrs. Dorothy, Mary and Annie Tokar.

Broad Street.—Charles, Mary, Charlie, Tommy, Rosie, Bridget, Willie and Josie Boyle ; Neal, Mrs. Annie, Rose, Katie, Mary, Willie, Sadie, Agnes and Annie McAneeny ; John C. Beneigh, Andrew Dudzik, Mrs. Annie Spicsak ; George, Mrs. Sophia, Jennie and Lawrence Greenwood ; Viola, Sarah Jane, Ida M. and Ella Varner, infant (no name) ; Mrs. Mary, Ellie and Lizzie Fitzpatrick ; Susie Ward, Mrs. Abbie Grady, Julius Bischof, August Mickie, Mike Dudzik ; Jacob and Mrs. Sophia Wavrek and Michael Totas ; Ignatius Fischer, Maggie, Katie, George and Eddie Fischer ; Mrs. Ella and John Leo Heider ; Mrs. Teresa Laban, Mrs. Jane McAleer ; John, Mrs. Mary, Mary, Katie and Frances Hinnihan ; Mrs. Catharine and Dafney Keelan ; Mrs. Katie, Bernard and John Grant ; Mrs. Teresa and John Takacs ; Mrs. Ellen, John and Katie Gafney, Louis Jacobs.

Chestnut Street.—Mrs. Krescence and Barbara Sarlouis ; Mrs. Lizzie, Henry and Joseph Heine ; Johanna Fisher ; Nicodemus, Mrs. Teresa and Mary Amps ; Joseph, Mrs. Victoria, Joseph, Conrad and Mary Ann Osterman ; Amelia Dietrich, Augusta Foling ; Mrs. Theresa, John Thomas and Francis George Cuiliton ; Mrs. Eva and John Weber ; John L., Mrs. Amelia and Willie Smith ; Antone and Mrs. Barron ; Mrs. Lena, Eddie and Willie Just ; Ferdinand and Jacob Weisz ; Mary, Theresa, Katie and Mrs. Mary Kintz ; Peter Mrs., Margaret. Frank, John and Willie Nitch ; Mrs. Barbara, Mary, Katie, Willie and John Lambriski ; Mrs. Stanislauva, Miss Stanislauva, Josie and Sophia Skiba ; Mrs. Mary, Maggie and Martin Michalitch ; Mrs. Ann and Regine Feckenstine ; Mrs. Frederica, Hortalina, Frank and Charles Smith ; Harry and Eddie Hirsch ; Pankrotz and Mrs. Lena Brutz, Lena Fish ; John C., Mrs. Margaret, Rose and Vincent Gaerber ; Antone and Albert Wolf ; Jacob and Mrs. Mary Shaffer ; Samuel, Mrs. Martha, John, Smith, Mary, Eva, James and Philip McCarron ; Mrs. Bessie, Flora and Mary Benson ; George and Mrs. Ann Alt ; George, Mrs. Mary, John and Eddie Miller ; Katie and Sophia Ritter, Joseph and Mrs. Mary Meyers ; Anton, Anton, Jr., Maxamillian and Wilhelmina Schittenhelm ; Mrs. Fredera and Joseph Hessler ; Louis, Mrs. Mary, Annie, Martha, Sarah, Mollie, John and George Weinzeirl ; Albert, Frederick, Mrs. Johanna, Mary, John and Albert Melczer ; Aug. Schanvisky, Mary D. Hessler, Michael Louther, Mrs. Mary Martinades, Jacob and Mary Dluhos ; Mrs. Mary, Willie, Leo and Sophia Smith ; Mrs. Annie Lambright, Mike Doiny, Emrich Moser ; Albert, Wilhelmina and Mary Roth.

Walnut Street.—Mrs. Mary, Katie and Willie Madden ; Mrs. Annie and Philip Smith ; Mrs. Annie and Miss Annie Alberter ; Bernard Garvey, Patrick and Mrs. Sarah Carr ; Christopher, Mrs. Catharine, Annie and Willie Craigg ; Mrs. Augustina, August, Antone and Annie Schmidt ; John, Verona, Stephen, Bella, Annie and August Geczie ; Mrs. Mary, Mary, Annie and Lizzie Siroczki ; Mrs. Mary, Katie, Joseph Stinely and Annie Stinely ; Fred. Stakeman, Thomas Walsh, Mrs. Mary Marczi, Mrs. Ellen Dignon, Karl Shaffer, Mrs. Magdalina Brown ; Mrs. Agnes, Katie and Frank Beltzler ; Julius and Matilda Puky, Mrs. Catharine Hammill, Mrs. Theresa Hanki ; Henry, Mrs. Henry, Johnny and Frank Wagnor ; Mrs. Mary Koebler, Miklosz Fedorizen.

Shall the lessons and the meaning of these deaths be lost ? Too often men and women do not learn them because they take short-sighted views of things and cannot see through their tears. Most of the survivors may find relief in the opinions of others who have gone through the hot furnace of affliction. Thackeray—big-hearted and attached to his friends—drank deeply of the cup

of sorrow. In the midst of it all he wrote to an associate whose society he prized very highly :

"I don't pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime ; I pity those remaining. On her journey, if it pleases God to send her, depend on it, there's no cause for grief; that's but an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth, there must be a serene climate. Can't you fancy sailing into the calm ? Would you care about going on the voyage, but for the dear souls left behind on the other shore ? But we shan't be parted from them, no doubt, though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess even as we are, and why shouldn't we be with our friends, though ever so far ? * * Our body removed, why shouldn't we personally be anywhere at will ? The body being removed or elsewhere disposed of and developed, sorrow and its opposite, crime and the reverse, ease and disease, desire and dislike, go along with the body—a lucid intelligence remains, a perception ubiquitous."

For some left behind on "this lonely shore of existence" it is hard to discern in death what it really is, a step in a necessary process whose law is progress. When a young lad is called from his happy games, on the threshold of a promising career ; or when a young girl, wearing the sweet rose of youth, with the brightness and the promise and the glory of God's fair world before her and about her, is called to the life beyond, the afflicted heart can see but little that is compensatory. But time and the ultimate event will reveal "the deep remedial force that underlies all fact." Yet there was no reason why Johnstown should have been scourged and thousands of its best and fairest launched into eternity unwarned.

PORTRAITS OF THE FENN FAMILY. THE FATHER AND SEVEN CHILDREN LOST IN THE FLOOD.

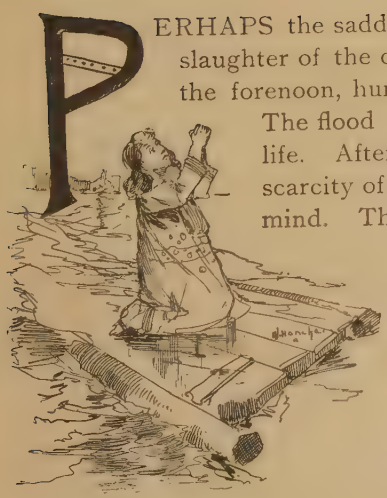
XVII.

SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

LAMENTABLE SCARCITY OF CHILDREN AFTER THE FLOOD — BOYS AND GIRLS OF TENDER YEARS DROWNED BY HUNDREDS — DOOM OF THE FENN FAMILY — PRATTLERS WHOSE VOICES ARE HUSHED FOREVER — THE LIGHT AND JOY OF MANY HOUSEHOLDS EXTINGUISHED BY THE CRUEL WATERS — TINY COFFINS — BURIED WITH HER DOLL — LITTLE FOLKS WHO WERE UNIVERSAL FAVORITES — THE SADDEST FEATURE OF THE OVERWHELMING CALAMITY — WHY LOVING HEARTS ACHE.

"Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!'
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee."—D. M. MOIR.

PERHAPS the saddest feature of the disaster was the dreadful slaughter of the children. Shut in the houses by high water in the forenoon, hundreds fell an easy prey to the cruel deluge. The flood outdid Herod in its effort to extirpate juvenile life. After its dreadful work was done the lamentable scarcity of children impressed itself painfully upon every mind. The cries of babies, the prattle of infants, the merry laughter of boys and girls were seldom heard. The lack of animation in the boys, previously bubbling over with fun and rollicking humor, was too apparent to pass unheeded. They took no interest in the arrival of the trains, the unloading of provisions, or any of the exciting scenes which the calamity occasioned. The little girls —there were not enough of them to be in anybody's way or to attract the slightest bit of attention. "God help us," said a minister as he moved among the people, "where are the children?"



A LITTLE GIRL DRIFTING TO DEATH.

Where? Little coffins were everywhere—little forms tightly clasped in the embrace of dead mothers—tiny babes whose eyes had never seen the light of day lay stiff and cold with the rest. The small mounds in all the Johnstown cemeteries tell where the children are. Rachel was the prototype of weeping mothers whose lives are shadowed because the sunlight died with their little ones in the flood. A community bereft of its children is the bitterest evidence of the horrible devastation.

Last Christmas there were stockings to hang up in many a Johnstown home—stockings with a hole in one little foot and the heel worn thin in the other. For the Christmas of 1889 there are none in hundreds of these desolate dwellings. Last year people hunted the toy-stores and confectioneries for the newest and nicest things for their confiding little ones, who longed for Santa Claus. This year they pass the bedecked windows with bowed heads and a strange pain tugging at their heart-strings. Tears come to childless mothers as they see little hands held tightly by doting parents and hear the laughing-eyed elf tell of hopes and plans for the winter. Lips cannot keep from trembling and tear-dimmed eyes from gazing wistfully at dear little pets with golden curls nestling in a parent's lap while their own treasures are under the sod or lying in the mud somewhere along the Conemaugh. Their own child had walked the streets, climbed on their knees and ridden home in the horse-cars on Christmas eve a year ago. After they had coaxed him into his night-clothes that night, and heard his little prayers, with the final "God bless papa and mamma," they put him to bed and filled the two little stocking so full and piled high the chair on which they hung! They could hardly sleep for thinking of what he would do and say when Christmas morning came. This year they are alone. They sit silently. The wife tries to read her favorite magazine, but her eyes are closed behind its pages. The husband says he will go out on the porch and smoke. But the cigar was not lighted in the whole hour he remained without. They were having a Christmas tree for a neighbor's little boy across the street. He could see the tree and the boy dancing around it. He knew and felt that his boy was safe in the arms of of the One who carries the young lambs in His bosom, but he could not help crying out:

"My baby, I want you myself! My heart is lonely and empty without you!"

The curtain may be up a few inches, and he might see his wife on her knees. What did she have in her hands, kissing them again and again with sobs and tears? The little stockings that were hung up last Christmas. She may "out-grow it" or "get used to it," but this is the first Christmas she has had to live through since the joy and pride of the household went down in the flood.

"We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And dwell on its crystal tide,
And one of the joys of our heaven will be
The little boy that died."

If the plucking of one fair blossom inflicts such a pang, how great a wave of sympathy should go out for those crushed by the loss of *all* their buds of promise at a stroke! Were there instances of this kind? Yes, many of them. Listen to one: John Fenn, a prosperous tinner and stove-dealer, was born in Johnstown and held in high esteem for industry and integrity. He had a devoted wife and seven bright children, upon whom the fond parents lavished their warmest affection. His store was on Washington street and his residence near the corner of Locust and Franklin. On the day of the flood he helped neighbors move goods and furniture to their upper floors. In the afternoon, the water having risen two feet above the pavement in front of his house, he went out for provisions. During his absence the torrent from the South-Fork dam swept the town, overtaking him in the street. Two doors from his home, which he was struggling hard to reach, the wave enveloped him. A piece of timber struck him on the head and he sank to rise no more. A moment before, he called to an acquaintance in a window across the street:

"Say good-bye for me to my family!"

These were the last words of the tender husband and father, from whose thoughts the approach of certain doom could not drive the image of his household treasures. Mrs. Fenn and the children drifted off with the house, in which the water rose within a short distance of the ceiling of the second story. The agonized mother clasped her baby to her bosom, the rest of the children clutching her arms and dress. The fight for life was brief, one after another drowning rapidly. The baby perished first, then the younger children, until the seven were gone. Mrs. Fenn contrived to break a hole through the floor and get upon the roof, which floated to the school-house at the foot of Vine street. There she remained until noon on Saturday, the frail craft settling in the wreckage, and was nearly dead when rescued. The roof had parted from the house, and no trace of the missing children or of Mr. Fenn could be discovered. A gold watch and $900 in money, locked in a bureau drawer, were lost. Not a fragment of the building or its contents, except a clock and a picture, has been seen. It is singular that a picture taken from the ruins of the convent proved to be a photograph of Mr. Fenn as he stood in his shop-door. Later two photographs, stuck together firmly, were found in Stony Creek. They were cabinets of Miss Beale and the eldest of the Fenn daughters. The former was the music-teacher of the little girl and the pictures had probably come from the residence of Rev. Dr. Beale, pastor of the Presbyterian church. The widowed, childless mother, deprived at once of husband and offspring, bowed down with an inexpressible weight of woe, searched incessantly among the dead gathered from the streams and piles of wreck, hoping to find her darlings. Her grief was too poignant for loud lamentations, but the pained face betokened the inward anguish. Standing on a heap of debris twenty rods from her wasted home, in a drizzling rain, from

her own white lips, which twitched and quivered with pain, came to me on Monday forenoon, forty hours after the flood, this sad recital:

"We were so happy on Thursday night! A little company had come to congratulate a friend who was just married. On Friday forenoon my husband was at his store. The water rose so that he set up some of the tinware and then helped the neighbors move their furniture. He stayed in the house a good while after dinner, going out about three o'clock. The water was over the sidewalk and he went to get some food, as the cellar was inundated. That was the last we saw of him. I heard yesterday that he got within two doors of home, called a farewell message to us and was struck down. I heard a noise, like buildings falling, and told the children to run up-stairs. Before we all got up the water rushed through the doors and windows and caught us. I had the baby in my arms and the other children climbed on the lounge and table. The water rose and floated us until our heads nearly touched the ceiling. I held the baby as long as I could and then had to let her drop into the water. George had grasped the curtain pole and was holding on. Something crashed against the house, broke a hole in the wall and a lot of bricks struck my boy on the head. The blood gushed from his face, he loosed his hold and sank out of sight. Oh, it was too terrible!"

"My brave little Bismarck went next. Anna, her father's pet, was near enough to kiss me before she slipped under the water. It was dark and the house was tossing every way. The air was stifling, and I could not tell just the moment the rest of the children had to give up and drown. My oldest boy, John Fulton, kept his head above the water as long as he was able. At last he said: 'Mother, you always said Jesus would help. Will he help us now?' What could I do but answer that Jesus would be with him, whether in this world or the brighter one beyond the skies. He thought we might get out into the open air. We could not force a way through the wall or the ceiling, and the poor boy ceased to struggle. What I suffered, with the bodies of my seven children floating around me in the gloom, can never be told. Then the house struck hard and the roof broke. I punched a hole bigger and got out. The roof settled and I could do nothing more. How the night passed I know not, as I have no remembrance of anything after the house stopped until Saturday morning. Then I recovered my senses and saw I was close to the school-house at the lower end of Vine street. I was numb with cold and prayed for death, if it were God's will. Soon voices called to me to keep up courage and I would be taken off. Some man put a piece of bread on a stick and threw it towards me. It floated beside the wreckage I was on and I caught it. A mouthful satisfied me. At noon a boat took me to the shore and I was given some food. I did not know then whether Mr. Fenn was saved or lost, and I set out to see what could be heard of him. I knew all my children were dead and had floated down among the rubbish on the Point. On Sunday I heard of my husband's fate. I had hoped he got across Stony Creek and would return, but the dreadful news destroyed the last spark of comfort in my soul. I had drunk the cup of sorrow to the lowest dregs.

"Kind friends gave me shelter and what consolation they could offer. But my heart is breaking. My husband, all my dear children, and my home are gone! I came from Virginia to Johnstown and have no relatives in this section of the country, except some of my husband's family. My parents and brothers and sisters are dead, so that I am indeed alone in the world. I have looked at every body as it was brought to the morgues to see if it might be one of my treasures. Thus far I have recovered none of them, and I fear they may have been burned in the fire at the bridge. The thought is agonizing and I feel as if I should go wild when it seems that I cannot even look upon the faces of my precious dead. It would be such a comfort to know where they sleep and visit their graves, to water them with my tears and plant flowers over their heads. Yet I do not quite despair of finding some of them. They may be dug out of the ruins of the homes above the bridge, and I shall watch the bodies carried in to see if my husband and children are not among them. No wife and mother could have had a kinder, better family. We

were all the world to each other. There is a picture of my family in a group, taken last December, one copy of which I gave to a lady in Conemaugh Borough for a Christmas present. But for that there would be none in existence, as the one that hung in our parlor was washed away with the house. The children's names and ages were:

John Fulton, 12 years.
May Fleming Miller, or "Daisy," 10 years.
Genevieve, 9 years.
George Washington, 8 years.
Anna Richmond Virginia, 6 years.
Bismarck Sullivan, 3 years.
Queen Esther, 16 months old on the day of the flood.

"John Fulton was named in honor of the manager of the Cambria Iron Works, who took a great interest in him and made him his messenger boy when he grew old enough. The report that Mr. Fulton was drowned came, I suppose, through the drowning of my child. John was a good boy to me. The first money he ever earned he handed to me, saying: 'Mamma, you use some for yourself and let me put some in the Sunday-school box.' Last year he joined the Presbyterian church, of which he was the youngest member. His father and I looked forward to the day when our manly lad would be able to share in the business. It is hard to realize that both are gone and that our plans are thwarted. What shall I do? What shall I do?

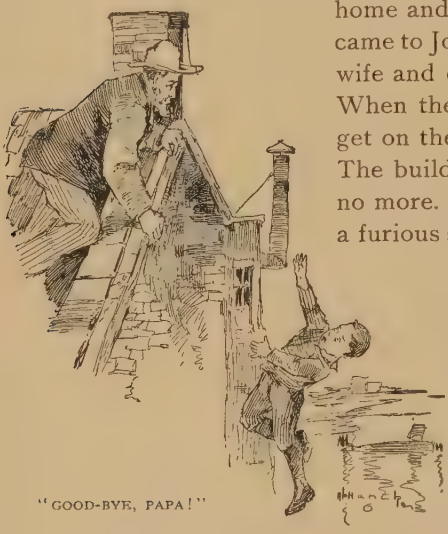
"'Daisy' was called May Fleming Miller from dear friends of ours. She was a diligent scholar and I think everybody liked her for her amiable ways. At home she always tried to take care of the smaller children. Now they are all gone! George was born on the anniversary of Washington's birthday and received the name of the father of his country. Anna's name included my native city and state. The Germans were holding a celebration in Johnstown on the day my third son came into the world, so we decided to name him Bismarck. The baby was called Queen Esther because the cantata of that name was produced on the evening of her birth. If God had only spared me *one* I could have been resigned. But all, all! Father in Heaven, is not my cross heavier than I can bear?"

Sobs frequently choked the utterances of the afflicted woman, who broke down at this stage and was led away by kind ladies. Week after week she explored the wreckage for the bodies of her loved ones. George was found at last and buried temporarily among the "unknown." A collar-button taken from a corpse was recognized in September by Mrs. Fenn as the one she had fastened in her husband's shirt the morning of the flood. The body had been numbered and buried on Prospect Hill four months before. It was exhumed, identified positively by the clothing and certain marks, and buried in Grand View Cemetery, whither George was also taken. Of the other six members of the family no sign has been discovered. They sleep in nameless graves, or lie beneath the mire unshrouded and uncoffined.

Mrs. Fenn was cared for kindly at one of the houses erected by the Red Cross Society, and lay for weeks at the point of death. The fearful strain reduced her to a shadow of her former self. Yet the burdened spirit did not find the rest of the grave. A baby was born, but it lived only a few hours. The minister baptized the little stranger Rachel Faith, in accordance with the wish of the suffering mother—a name strikingly appropriate. Had it lived, the lonely heart would have enjoyed some solace. Even this ray of sunshine

was denied, and the posthumous child of John Fenn hastened to meet in blissful realms the father it was not to see on earth. Poor Mrs. Fenn! Their beauty, cleverness and kindly disposition made her children general favorites. Who would not extend a helping hand to soothe sorrow like hers?

The listeners wept as S. M. Jones, who was rescued, told how he lost his home and family. Two weeks before the flood he came to Johnstown from Cumberland, Md., with his wife and only child, a bright boy of six summers. When the crash occurred the three managed to get on the roof of their house, which floated off. The building parted and Mrs. Jones sank to rise no more. The father clutched his boy firmly, but a furious shock tore the little fellow from his arms. As he disappeared in the surging torrent, the dear child raised his face a single instant and murmured: "Good-bye, papa!" Imagine an incident like this in your own case. Is it surprising that the stricken husband and father should have a care-worn expre n he will carry to the grave? These are the things which streak the hair with silver and hew deep wrinkles in the aching brow, wrapping life's pathway in gloom no beam of light can penetrate.



"GOOD-BYE, PAPA!"

For weeks a woman in homely garb was seen about the morgues and wherever men sought for bodies of the dead. Her face had a yearning, pleading look which softened the hardest heart. She had bunches of marsh rosemary and bright-hued wild flowers, picked from the hills and meadows. People whispered she was not quite right in her mind and thought of Ophelia. She was always in a hurry to be away from you, as if in search of some one. Her face always wore the same troubled, pathetic, appealing expression, as if, despairing, she still waited for news that never came. Tall in stature, with the slightest of stoops, her skin was pale, and to see her eyes was to be haunted with a lingering sense of pain. When you spoke to her she smiled with a quick sense of gratitude for a moment of human companionship, but at once was gone. She had no time to spare from the quest that will have no end until the grave closes over her bleeding heart. One day she did not appear and it was learned that she had wandered down the river, to look for the two children whose loss had caused her reason to totter. That was the last seen of her in Johnstown. None knew her name or how she fared, further than that she was a widow, who took in washing to support her little family and lived in

a back alley. What a volume the unwritten tragedies of human life would make!

Nothing that has been said by tongue or pen can picture adequately the awful agony caused by the loss of children in whom centered the ambitions and hopes of proud parents. Hearts grew sick in feeble attempts to show sympathy, and all that was flippant took flight from the presence of harrowing, unspeakable grief. Many survivors wrote letters regarding the deluge, but the pathos in one must melt the flintiest. It is from Mrs. Ida Quen, a poor widow, who resides at Scalp Level, near Johnstown, and whose children and their grandparents were swept to death:

SCALP LEVEL, *June 12, 1889.*

Dear Sir: It is with a sad heart that I write and say that Willie, my son, is dead. He was nine years and four months of age. Daisy, my daughter, is dead; she was thirteen years and three months old. They were in Johnstown on the fatal Friday of the bursting of the dam. Their Grandpa and Grandma Quen were swept away also. I buried Daisy on Tuesday and Willie to-day. I have not found the bodies of their grandparents yet. I am a widow and have one little boy, George, left. Oh! My weary tramp day after day finding my children! The horror, the dread, and alone—no pen can tell. Oh, it is hard for me. But there are so many like me. The sorrow and grief are felt by all. I was poor, but I had my children. They are gone and my heart is sad. I remain yours,

WILLIE'S MOTHER

Willie sold papers to assist his mother and was the manliest of little fellows. While words cannot assuage the sorrow of his bereaved mother, none can read her letter without moistened eyes and a feeling of regret for the sad fate of her loved and loving children.

It was a touching spectacle when the corpse of a little girl was extricated and placed on a stretcher for transportation to the morgue. Clasped to her breast by her two waxen hands was a rag-doll—a cheap affair, of domestic manufacture. To the child of poverty the rag-baby was a favorite toy. The little mother held fast to her treasure, and met her end without separating from it. The two—child and doll—were not parted when the white coffin received them, and they moulder together in the plot assigned to the "unknown" in Grand View Cemetery.

Zeta, Agnes and Thomas, the three youngest children of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sagerson, were drowned, but their bodies were not washed away. Frank, the infant child of James and Kate Taylor, was also killed in the house. The four little ones were interred in one box in the old Catholic Cemetery.

A baby's shoe, on a chair beside a table, was discovered in the room of a wrecked house near St. John's Church. Probably the mother had been dressing her darling at the moment when both were hurled to their doom.

A little boy and girl, apparently about five and seven years of age, passed close to Mr. James McMillen's residence. They were standing on a float, the little man holding, as is supposed, his sister's hand, without a murmur, and both standing as straight as arrows. Neither was seen afterwards.

A small boy was taken out of the wreck on Main street with a silver dollar in his right hand. He was likely on his way to market when swept into the swirling waters.

"Here, sonny," said a gentleman to a half-naked boy, "is a pair of shoes for you." "I don't need them, sir," replied the lad, "I don't want anything." "Maybe you are hungry?" "No, not very," and the little figure in patched trousers and tattered shirt crept off to a pile of coffins, sat down on one and groaned in abject misery. Father, mother, sisters, brothers and home were swept away, but a kind uncle soon took the poor orphan to his own house in Harrisburg.

The bodies of Mrs. Thomasberger and two of her children, Amelia and Charley, were found on Locust street, near Jackson, on June 20th. The body of Sarah Rees, aged ten years, was found on June 18th, and the body of John, aged two, on the 20th. Both were children of J. W. Rees, of the Economy Clothing Store, and so the list lengthened.

A woman whom thousands in Johnstown knew and respected was Mrs. McKinstry, an industrious seamstress, whose husband died years ago, leaving his widow with one daughter. For little Annie the fond mother sewed early and late, rearing the child carefully. Annie was a pretty girl, just entering her teens when the terrible disaster overwhelmed the Conemaugh Valley. She had a great mass of silken hair, blue eyes and the complexion of the roses. Last spring when the Hager block, on Main street, was completed, Mrs. McKinstry secured rooms in the new building. There she and Annie lived comfortably, unsuspicious of evil. The child went to school regularly, while the mother plied her needle with tireless patience. On the fatal day both were up-stairs in their own quarters. The resistless waters crushed out the front and one side of the building, burying the unfortunate inmates beneath piles of rubbish. Among them were the McKinstrys, whose bodies were found a day or two later. Only a short time before Annie had crossed the street to Burggraf's gallery to have her photograph taken. One of her playmates was Emma, daughter of Jacob Zimmerman, the lawyer. The pair were always together. Their tastes and studies were similar. Emma, with her married sister and brother-in-law, went down in the wreck of her father's house. 'Tis consoling to believe these loving companions are reunited where partings do not vex and gentle fellowship is enduring as the ages of eternity.

Everybody knew and loved sweet, smiling-faced Bessie, daughter of Dr. James Fronheiser and sister of the girl and boy who displayed such bravery. Her little brother was handed through a window of the club-house, apparently dead. The distracted father had him put to bed and spent hours reviving the child, succeeding at last in fanning the vital spark into a flame. The baby was only nine weeks old the day of the flood and two weeks after followed its mother and sister to the grave. Dear little Bessie, seven years old,

JESSIE AND FRANCIS BOWMAN. ANNIE M'KINSTRY AND EMMA ZIMMERMAN BESSIE FRONHEISER.

small of her age, with hair like burnished gold and a face of the sweetest purity, was lost. She wore two rings, one having the word "Pet" pressed into it, but a force of men spent weeks in a vain search for her remains. The blank her absence had made in the home once full of love and brightness !

"She was their darling girl,
They looked on her as Heaven's most precious thing,
For all unfinished was life's jewel'd ring
Till set with this rare pearl."

Jessie and Francis, the bright children of Frank Bowman, were carried away in their home at Woodvale, going down to death with their parents and other relatives. The lists tell of families that lost two, three, five, seven, nine and even ten children, a bereavement so great that it is not easy to comprehend its full effect.

"They found a little girl in white just now," said one of the railroad operators at Switch Corner, near Sang Hollow. "Good God !" said the chief operator, "she isn't dead, is she ?" "Yes, they found her in a clump of willow bushes, kneeling on a board, just about the way we saw her when she went down the river. That was the saddest of all. She had on a white dress and looked like a little angel. She went under that cursed shoot in the willow

bushes at the bend like all the rest, but we did hope she would get through alive." "And so she was still kneeling," one said to his companion who had brought the unwelcome news. "Yes, and her lips parted in a smile as if she saw the gates ajar to admit her to paradise." The praying little girl was washed carefully and laid in a neat casket. She is now sleeping in Grand View, without a name to mark her place of repose. But the angels knew who she was and took her up to the golden streets.

What sublime faith some of the children exhibited! George J. Lea and family were on the roof of their house. The house swung around and floated for nearly half an hour before it struck the wreck above the stone bridge. A 3-year-old girl, with golden hair and dimpled cheeks, prayed all the while that God would save them and said she knew He would. It seemed that the prayer was really answered and the house directed against the drift, enabling every one of the eight to get off. Professor Tyndall might find in the little ones, who believe so trustingly what they hear at Sunday-school or at their mother's knee, good subjects for his prayer test. But where could he find a minister with one-half as much confidence in its efficacy as this Johnstown babe manifested?

A family in Conemaugh Borough made a break for Green Hill at the first alarm. In the hurry the youngest child, two years old, was forgotten. The father ran back for his pocket-book, which contained a snug sum of money. As he entered the door a childish voice piped from the top of the stairs:

"Papa, oo won't go and not take oo's baby, will oo, papa?"

The father thought no more of his cash, but jumped up the stairway three steps at a time and bore away the little toddler. The water rose to his breast ere he reached high ground. What if the pretty home and the savings of years were gone? Not one of the children was missing, and the strong arm of the glad father would earn a subsistence for them all.

On a cot in the hospital on Prospect Hill lay a man severely injured, whose mental sufferings were so great as to overshadow his physical pain. His name was Vering, and he had lost his wife and three children. In an interview on Monday, he said:

"I was at home with my wife and children when the alarm came. We hurried from the house, leaving everything behind us. As we reached the door a friend of mine was running by. He grasped the two smallest children, one under each arm, and hurried on ahead of us. I had my arm around my wife's waist, supporting her. Behind us we could hear the flood rushing upon us. In one hurried glance as I passed a corner I could see the flood crunching and crackling the houses in its fearful grasp. I then could see that there was no possibility of our escape, as we were too far away from the hill-sides. In a very few moments the water was upon us. In a flash I saw my three dear children swallowed up by it and disappear from sight, as my wife and I were thrown into the air by the vanguard of the rushing ruins. We found ourselves among a lot of drift, sweeping along with the speed of a race-horse. In a moment or two we were thrown with a crash against the sides of a large frame building, whose walls gave way before it as easily as if they were made of pie-crust, and the timbers began to fall about us in all directions.

"Up to this time I had retained a firm hold upon my wife; but, as I found myself pinned between two heavy timbers, the agony caused my senses to leave me momentarily. I recovered instantly, in time to see my wife's head just disappearing under the water. Like lightning I grasped her by the hair and, as best I could, pinioned as I was above the water by the timber, I raised her above it. The weight proved too much and she sank again. Again I pulled her to the surface and again she sank. This I did again and again with no avail. She drowned in my very grasp, and at last she dropped from my nerveless hands to leave my sight forever. As if I had not suffered enough, a few moments after I saw some objects whirling around in an eddy which circled around, until, reaching the current again, they floated past me. My God! Would you believe me? It was three of my children, dead! Their dear little faces are before me now, distorted in a look of agony that, no matter what I do, haunts me. Oh, if I could only have released myself at that time I would have willingly died with them! I was rescued some time after, and have been here ever since. I have since learned that my friend who so bravely endeavored to save two of the children was lost with them."

Of a Woodvale mother and one child, who were lost in the flood, a pathetic incident was told by a young man who saw them in the water. He could save only one, as his life was in danger should he try to pilot them both to the shore. The child calmly said: "If you can't save us both, leave us here to die together," and they were carried away under the drift. Their bodies were never recovered.

A woman with one child saw the terrific torrent coming and hastily gathered a bag of bonds and cash in hope of saving it. The flood came upon her, and the alternative presented was to drop the money, amounting to three thousand dollars, or the child. The ruling passion was not fatally strong, and the money was lost that the child might be saved.

With pallid face and hair clinging wet and damp to her cheek, a mother was seen grasping a floating timber, while on her other arm she held her babe, already drowned. The woman sank, and was thus spared the grief of mourning for her infant.

Three women were looking in the ruins on the Point for some trace of their former homes. A workman dug up a hobby-horse, broken and mud-coated. When one of them spied the toy it brought back a wealth of memory. For the first time since the disaster she gave way to a flood of tears, welcome as sunshine from heaven, for they allowed the pent-up grief to flow freely. She sobbed out:

"Where did you get that? It was my boy's! No, I don't want it. Keep it, and find for me, if you can, my album. In it are the faces of my dead husband and children."

The rough men who had worked days in the valley of death turned away from the scene to hide their emotion. There was not a dry eye in the crowd. One touch of nature, and the thought of little ones at home, welded them in heart and sympathy to this sorrowful mother.

On Tuesday forenoon a gray-bearded man stood above the bridge, amid the blackened logs and ashes through which the polluted water of the Cone-

maugh made its way, wringing his hands and moaning. He was W. J. Gilmore, who had lived at the corner of Conemaugh and Main streets. The house was flooded by the first rush of water, and the family, consisting of Mr. Gilmore, his brother Abraham, his wife, four children and mother-in-law, ran to the second story. They were joined by Frances, the little daughter of Samuel Fields, and Grandmother Maria Prosser. The side of the house was torn out and the water poured into the second floor. Mr. Gilmore scrambled upon some floating debris, and his brother attempted to pass the women and children out to him. Before he could do so, the building sank, and Mr. Gilmore's wife and family were swept from his side. His brother disappeared for a moment under the water, but came to the surface and was hauled upon the roof. Both brothers reached the shore. Mrs. Gilmore's body was found, bloated by the water. Two of the children were burned to cinders, their trunks alone retaining something of their original shape. It was recognizing one of them that caused the father's outburst of grief.

Writing from New Florence on Saturday morning, a young bride narrated some interesting circumstances. One paragraph of her letter said:

"Oh, the horrors of to-day! I have had only one pleasant Sunday here, and that was the one after we were married. I have had a very busy day, as I have been through our clothes, and routing out everything possible for the sufferers and the dead. The cry to-day for linen was something awful. I have given away all my underclothes, excepting my very best things—and all my old ones I made into face-cloths for the dead. To-day they took five little children out of the water, who had been playing 'Ring around a rosy.' Their hands were clasped in a clasp which even death did not loosen, and their faces were still smiling."

A girl of eight summers, whose life was saved by a neighbor who took her from the roof of her father's house, wrote about the flood to a young acquaintance in Harrisburg. The words were "printed," the child not having yet mastered the intricacies of chirography. There could not be anything more artless and touching than this passage from the tear-stained epistle:

"We haven't no home, no baby, no brother any more. My papa tried to save the baby, but he had to let go. Mamma has no shoes, and I was so hungry the day after the flood. I can't tell you how much we all cried when we found baby was lost. He was the sweetest, cunningest little thing! Our house is all gone, and we don't have no clothes to change with on Sunday."

A disconsolate father on Adams street, whose youngest child was not in the house when the water rose six feet above the floor, started out on Saturday morning to seek the body of his boy. The rest of the family had run upstairs and escaped. Where to look first he knew not. On Jackson street a voice saluted him:

"Hello! Papa, are you alive? I was scared most to death, thinkin' you was dead!"

It was his six-year-old son who spoke from an upper window. The house was surrounded by water and the urchin could not get home. The delighted parent did not let the grass grow under his feet in getting to the child and

bearing him safely to the weeping mother who mourned for the Benjamin of her flock.

Stephen Johns, a foreman at the Johnson Steel Rail Works, Woodvale, could not endure the agony of remaining where he had lost his family. He went east and at Altoona was met by an acquaintance, to whom he said:

"I lost my family and then I decided to leave Johnstown. I was through the war. I was at Fair Oaks, Chancellorsville, in the Wilderness, and many other battles, but never in my life was I in such a hot place as on Friday night. I don't know how I escaped, but here am I alone, wife and children gone! I was at the office of the company on Friday. We had been receiving telephonic messages all morning that the dam was unsafe. No one heeded them. The book-keeper said there was not enough water up there to flood the first floor of the office. I thought he knew, so I didn't send my family to the hills. I don't know what time it was in the afternoon that I saw the flood coming down the valley. I was standing at the gate. Looking up the valley I saw a great white cloud moving down upon us. I made a dash for home to try to get my wife and children to the hills. I saw them at the windows as I ran up to the house. That is the last time I ever saw their faces. No sooner had I got into the house than the flood struck the building. I was forced into the attic. It was a brick house with a slate roof. I had intended to keep very cool, but I suppose I forgot all about that. It seemed a long time, but I suppose it was not more than a second before the house gave way and went tumbling down the stream. It turned over and over as it was washed along. I was under the water as often as I was above it. I could hear my wife and children praying, although I could not see them. I did not pray. They were taken and I was left. My house finally landed up against the stone railway bridge. I was then pinned down to the floor by a heavy rafter. Somehow I was lifted from the floor and thrown almost out upon the bridge. Then some people got hold of me and pulled me out and took me over to a brickyard. No one can understand it unless he or she passed through it. I searched for my wife and children all of Saturday, Sunday and Monday, but could find no trace of them. I think they must have been among those who perished in the fire at the bridge. I would have stayed and worked had it not been the place was so near my old home that I could not stand it. I thought I would be better off away from there, where I could not see anything to recall that horrible sight."

A large number of children in Cambria Borough fell victims. Mrs. Keelan lived on Front street, near Branch. In her house were herself, Mrs. Will Gaffney and two children, John Hannihan, wife and three children, Mrs. Grant and two children, Mrs. Keelan's child, Frank Wier and Samuel Holtzman. All perished except Samuel Holtzman and Mrs. Keelan's little daughter. The bodies were recovered. The wife of Burgess O'Neill and his two children were lost; also the wife and two children of Chief-of-Police Fitzpatrick, and two children of Mail-Carrier Bridges. All the family of Charles Boyle, corner of Front and Broad streets went, down but Mrs. Boyle and one son, Hugh, who was at school. The family of Neal McAneeny, on Broad street, lost eight members—father, mother and six children. Mr. McAneeny was deputy under Sheriff Ryan. Mrs. Ann Cush and four children, Mrs. Thomas Hays and seven children and whole families of Poles were carried away.

In the morgues bodies of children whom none could recognize were very plentiful for days after the flood. Descriptions like these would be posted:

"Girl, about 6 months old, dark hair, white dress, brown bib."

"Girl, 10 years old, light hair banged and cut short, calico dress, black stockings, coarse underclothing."

"Girl, 4 years old, light hair, red alpaca dress, blue barred gingham apron, white buttons, spring-heel buttoned shoes, pleated underskirt."

"Boy, 7 years old, blue suit, barred flannel shirt, black and white barred flannel waist with round pearl buttons, spring-heel shoes."

"Child, 6 years, no means of identification."

"Girl, 6 years, 50 pounds, 4 feet 6 inches, button shoes, spring-heels, red flannel skirt, light calico dress, small gold ring.

"Girl, 18 months old, red flannel skirt, red and white barred calico dress."

"Boy, 5 years old, curly brown hair, black eyes, check waist and shirt."

"Foot of a child burned at the bridge, slightly charred."

A little procession was wending up Prospect Hill on Monday afternoon. Behind the father, an honest German, employed at the Cambria works twelve years, trooped eight children, from a girl of fourteen to a babe in the arms of the mother, who brought up the rear. The woman and children were hatless, and had on only the calico garments worn at the moment of flight. Forlorn and weary, they implored succor. The mother spoke for the party:

"We lost one only, thank God! Our second daughter is gone. We had a comfortable house which we owned. It was paid for by our savings. Now all is gone."

Then the unhappy woman sat down on the wet ground and sobbed hysterically. The children crowded around their mother and shortly the fatiguing journey to the burial-place of the dead child was resumed.

A man came to the site of the Gautier wire mills, on Monday, who looked as if he had been weeping. He hesitated, and said:

"I was a Gautier employè.' I am not staying in this town any longer than I can help, I guess. I've lost two children and they will be buried to-day."

In the confusion and the strain of excitement it was natural that every one who could not readily be found was reported dead. Amid the throng of mourners an occasional soul was made happy by finding that some loved one had escaped death. At the entrance to a morgue two workmen met, clasped hands, and said:

"And you got out alive? I thought you had gone!"

"Indeed I did, but Lord bless my soul, I thought the wife and babies were dead! But we're all safe and I'm happy!'

The fate of the children stirred the hearts of kind people to help those who survived. In a box of dainty things sent to Johnstown for a baby was found this touching note:

"These little articles have been put in order with the hope that they may bring comfort to the child of some sufferer of the Conemaugh Valley, and are sent with the prayer of a mother who has lost her own."

Another note accompanying a package had the following:

"The contents are not beyond criticism, but if strings and buttons or old fans will amuse some child a few minutes, who has lost all, I am content."

Bless the dear hearts of the children! All over the country they wanted to do something to aid the suffering boys and girls at Johnstown. Nestling in a pile of good clothes that came from New Jersey was a doll-baby all dressed in blue. To it was pinned a piece of paper, on which was written:

"If the little girl who gets this dolly will write to little Annie H. Archer, Elizabeth, N. J., she will send another and larger dolly."

Every child in the United States had a desire to aid in the work. A letter from Vice-President Morton to General Hastings mentions an instance of this creditable trait:

"*My Dear General:* On my return to my country home I find that my little girls, from 8 to 14 years of age, have been hard at work since the terrible disaster at Johnstown in making articles of clothing for the poor, homeless children who have survived the recent floods in your state. I am forwarding to-day by the American Express Company, free of charge, 127 articles of wearing apparel, as per list enclosed, made by their own hands or purchased with their own money, with some of their dresses. My children will feel greatly obliged if you will cause the clothing to be distributed among the little sufferers by the recent calamity, for whom they feel the deepest sympathy. I am, dear General, very faithfully yours,

LEVI P. MORTON."

Meeting me in Harrisburg, ten days after the flood, a little girl of twelve summers, her whole soul gleaming in her earnest blue eyes, said:

"I'm so glad you're home safe from Johnstown! Won't you please take this half-dollar when you go back, and give it to some girl about my age to help her buy shoes or a dress? I was saving the money for the Fourth of July, but I know it will do me more good to give it to a poor child."

Could the pretty creature have seen the sparkling face of the destitute girl to whom her money was handed she would have felt a glow of delight to which selfishness is a stranger.

Curious things came to light where the rubbish was cleared away. Behind a house that was resting on one corner was found a wicker-work baby-carriage full of mud, not injured or scratched in the least, but looking as if it had been rolled there and left. Very close to it was a piece of railroad iron that must have been carried half a mile, bent as if it were common wire. "Somebody's darling" had crooned and crowed with delight in that carriage, but where was the baby now? No claimant for the vehicle appeared.

At last the juvenile buoyancy asserted itself. Children played hide-and-seek in the skeletons of houses, and laughed at the warnings of the workmen to keep away or they would be hurt. The childish spirit of fun could not be quenched by the remembrance of what had passed, although each of these little ones might have told an awful story of peril. But parental hearts could not soon forget their slaughtered innocents. The schools opened on September 30th, with numbers fearfully diminished. The ringing of the bells that morning sounded like a knell to mothers and fathers from whose sheltering arms the lambs of the fold had gone forever. The pleasing bustle of prepara-

tion for school was no more witnessed in homes strangely quiet since the flood. Requests for books and slates and pencils came not, for the voices of the children were hushed in death. No more friendly rivalry in studying lessons, because the young pupils had been transferred to "that school where they no longer need our poor protection."

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'erdefended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face."

Yet tears must flow for the hundreds of little ones who died in the dark waters at Johnstown.

DISTRIBUTING RELIEF AT MASONIC HEADQUARTERS AND THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STATION.

XVIII.

HELP FOR THE LIVING.

MANY PEOPLE HUNGRY THE DAY AFTER THE FLOOD — CHILDREN CRYING FOR BREAD — THE GOOD FARMER WHO CAME WITH A SUPPLY OF MILK — EXTORTIONATE DEALERS BROUGHT TO THEIR SENSES IN SHORT METRE — SOMERSET SENDS THE FIRST CAR OF PROVISIONS ON SUNDAY MORNING — WAGONS-LOADS OF FOOD FROM ALTOONA — SENATOR QUAY'S WELCOME DRAFT — HOW FAMINE WAS AVERTED — A TROUBLESOME PROBLEM SOLVED TEMPORARILY BY PROMPT MEASURES — HOSPITALS OPENED FOR THE SICK AND INJURED.

"The minister said last night, says he,
'Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?'"—ANONYMOUS.

THE FIRST MILK BROUGHT TO JOHNSTOWN THE DAY AFTER THE FLOOD.

EVERY railroad was blocked, every avenue closed on the morning after the flood. Bridges were gone, streams could not be crossed, thousands of the dead were to be picked up and thousands of the living to be fed. Children cried for the bread their parents had not to bestow. Many a man and woman went hungry that doleful Saturday. The stocks of provisions in the small shops and the dwellings in Conemaugh Borough served as a drop in the bucket and were exhausted in an hour. Farmers' wagons could enter Johnstown from Green Hill only, and the number at best would be exceedingly limited. Families that lived above the reach of the waters doled out their meagre supply of food to keep the smallest children from absolute starvation. If the speedy disposal of bloated corpses was an urgent duty, the feeding of famishing multitudes was a demand that would not brook long

delay. The grocery and provision stores had passed away. People went without breakfast, there was no prospect of dinner and nobody ventured to guess how or when supper would come. Some of the less buoyant talked of historic famines and wondered how soon death would end their pilgrimage. The experiences of the Israelites in the wilderness were recalled, with a sigh that the chances of a shower of manna afforded no hope of relief from that quarter. Intense sorrow could not overcome the cravings of nature and maintain a perpetual fast. It might be that Simon Stylites and other mediæval saints had done a month without food or drink, but the average sinner of modern times was not built that way and had not the least inclination to vie with Dr. Tanner. No person in good health, blessed with a keen appetite and sound digestive organs, who spent Saturday, June 1st, 1889, in Johnstown, will fail to remember the painful sense of goneness that would have welcomed the hardest crust and hailed the toughest sandwich as a feast from the larder of the Olympian deities!

A couple of petty dealers, who escaped the loss which befell so many better men, in the morning asked three or four times the regular price for flour and groceries. They were quickly brought to a realization of their mean extortion by a committee of citizens, who mildly hinted that such conduct might end in a hanging-bee, with the dealers gracing the noose in the rope. This salutary treatment worked to perfection, putting an effective quietus upon base attempts to profit by the misfortunes of the sufferers.

Early in the afternoon a farmer drove in from his place, three miles back of Green Hill. He had heard of the disaster from fugitives leaving the stricken town. All his cows were milked and the product put in cans, potatoes and some sacks of meal completing a wagon-load. With this timely supply the farmer set out for Johnstown, and anchored at the corner of Adams and Main streets. Not a penny would he take for the milk, which was ladled into pitchers and glasses and cups as fast as they could be presented. The refreshing draught satisfied dozens of hungry children. Benedictions were showered upon the donor, whose cargo of potatoes and meal found eager purchasers at the moderate figures he charged. To families without money he measured out the provisions readily, merely asking the applicants about their losses and where they had lived. This was the first benefactor, and it must have started a thousand joys dancing in the old man's heart and brain to see the great good his liberality had accomplished. Gratitude is not bad pay, even though it may not serve as collateral for a loan or be accepted at a bank as gilt-edged security.

To Somerset belongs the honor of sending the first car of provisions, although other places claim to have been ahead. The first news of the calamity was received in that town at 5:55 on Friday evening, in the shape of a dispatch to a newspaper correspondent, sent from Pittsburgh. It stated

that reports had reached that city of a burst in a reservoir at Johnstown, with some loss of life. Thirty minutes later a message repeated the rumor, adding that three hundred persons were reported drowned. This was all until Saturday morning, when the telegraph stunned the citizens of the county seat with alarming details of the visitation. Prominent gentlemen went to work at once to provide food and clothing for the destitute. Wagons hauled the supplies to the depot, where a car was loaded and started for Johnstown. A break in the track at Hoover's caused a stoppage, but at daylight on Sunday morning the car arrived and its contents were distributed. How good the food tasted to the half-starved people who had eaten nothing since dinner on Friday!

Pittsburgh responded nobly and generously to the cry for aid. The news of the disaster caused the utmost excitement on Saturday morning. Superintendent Pitcairn, of the Pennsylvania railroad, when the first report was received on Friday evening, jumped upon an engine and gave the engineer orders to proceed at the fastest gait. The locomotive sped over the tracks at a rate that almost threatened its derailment and the party arrived at Sang Hollow, the nearest point to Johnstown at that time accessible. Mr. Pitcairn at once saw that the flood was far greater than anybody had imagined and that help would be needed quickly. The wires of the Western Union Company were all down, but over the private wires of the railroad he sent messages to the editors of the Pittsburgh newspapers to do all in their power to have a meeting of the citizens to take action towards the relief of the sufferers. Mayor McCallin, of Pittsburgh, entered heartily into the scheme, and the next morning held a consultation with Mayor Pearson, of Allegheny. They decided that a meeting of the citizens should be called. Before ten o'clock both cities were placarded with notices signed by the two mayors, calling upon the citizens to attend at Old City Hall, in Pittsburgh, that afternoon, to take such steps as might be thought necessary. At one o'clock Old City Hall was crowded to its doors with the representative business men and citizens of both cities. There was not much speech-making, but money poured in like a torrent. The chairman's table was flooded with cash and checks. Treasurer Thompson stood dismayed; he could take no more. Mayor McCallin went to his assistance, and H. I. Gourley was mustered into service. The three men stood there for over half an hour, and the excited crowds kept them working like beavers. In just fifty minutes $48,116.70 were contributed!

A Relief Committee was appointed and pastors of churches announced that collections would be taken up on the morrow to help suffering Johnstown. Business of all kinds was abandoned. Merchants rushed hither and thither in their efforts to outdo their neighbors in the work of forming the nucleus of a life-saving and distress-succoring army. Men accustomed to sit at desks in counting-rooms were rushing through the streets, their hats on the backs of

their heads, collars wilted and faces flushed. Now they stood for a second in front of a newspaper office, glancing hurriedly over the bulletins; the next minute they were bounding up the stairs leading to the Chamber of Commerce, three steps at a time. Breathlessly they would rush up to Chairman McCreery and exclaim:

"Put me down for two car-loads of provisions and clothing!"
"Here is my check for a thousand dollars!"
"I will send twenty cases of boots and shoes!"
"Here's an order for fifty barrels of flour!"
"I want to contribute five hundred dollars' worth of groceries!"

The Relief Committee selected a sub-committee to go to Johnstown with supplies and funds and attend to their distribution. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, with the ready generosity which invariably distinguishes its management in times of extreme urgency, placed trains at the disposal of the committee for the free transportation of men and provisions. The relief corps left Pittsburgh at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon in coaches attached to the freight cars loaded with supplies. Eighty-two members of the Relief Committee, two companies of State troops, twelve newspaper reporters and thirty police officers were on board. At 8:30 the train reached Sang Hollow, four miles below its destination. There the unwelcome news was learned that further progress was impossible until Sunday, owing to washouts and landslides. James B. Scott, who had been elected commander, immediately ordered out Company B to guard the train and unload supplies, and Company A to carry the supplies to Johnstown. One of the participants depicted the ensuing scenes in lively colors:

"The lonely station of Sang Hollow was soon the scene of activity. The men carried the provisions on their backs over landslides and the trackless road-beds to points where hand-cars could be found and put into service. In many places a temporary track was laid, over which the hand-cars passed. All night long a procession of lights was moving to and fro from Sang Hollow to the stone bridge. The commissary department was kept running all night under rather difficult circumstances. While caring for the wants of the sufferers the men had failed to look out for their own needs. A few knives and forks had been purchased on the way, after organization, but only enough to prepare sandwiches. Necessity being the mother of invention, several pairs of new half-hose and a hatchet were utilized to pulverize the unground coffee.

"The hard-working body of men soon acquired the ravenous appetites of hyenas, and enjoyed the rude repast of crackers, cheese, dry bread and black coffee with a relish unknown in Delmonico's. Thus, by hard, unremitting work, two car-loads of provisions were landed at the stone bridge before daylight, and part of them passed over the raging Conemaugh by the use of ropes. Through the efforts of competent railroad officials, the track was laid and the first train enabled to reach the bridge on Sunday morning at eight o'clock. As the train moved slowly and cautiously along the new-made track, the boys gave bread, cheese, crackers, etc., to the famished, poorly-clad crowds that lined the tracks at Sheridan, Morrellville, and Cambria City, and received the benedictions of many sufferers whom they saved from longer enduring the pangs of hunger.

"Immediately after arrival part of the train was unloaded at the stone bridge for Johnstown, and the rest of it in the upper and lower parts of Cambria City. The long-looked-for re-

lief had come at last. The anxious people crowded around the cars begging for something to carry to their homeless families. It was only after forming a line from the train to the temporary storehouses that the supplies could be unloaded and taken to a place where a proper distribution could be made.

"When the train had been relieved of its load every man who accompanied it was assigned to duty. Some acted in connection with local committees in distributing food and clothing to the needy. Others worked in the debris and mud in Johnstown, Kernville, and Cambria City, helping the sorrow-stricken sufferers to find their dead. Within a few hours after the arrival of the train the yellow ribbon (which was the badge adopted by the relief corps) was seen in all parts of the devastated valley. Every man had come to work and help the afflicted, and some of the boys did not, during their stay at Johnstown, return to the train that brought them. This was no place or time for rest or comfort, and it may truthfully be said that for forty-eight hours after arrival many of the relief corps suffered as much from hunger and loss of sleep as any of the residents of the valley.

"The men engaged in passing supplies over the Conemaugh by means of ropes soon found this tedious method unsatisfactory and inadequate to the demand. To remedy this the ingenuity of Alex. M. Gow, one of the relief corps, was called into action. With the assistance of J A Reed and W. P. Bennett, in a few hours he had made a bridge of short boards held together by knotted ropes, and swung it across the chasm. This made communication and the furnishing of relief more easy. The bridge was kept in constant use until the railroad bridge was repaired.

"While the train was lying at Sang Hollow a member of the advance guard of the Americus Club brought the information that boats were necessary to do effective and immediate work. Word was immediately wired to members at home, and the boys were enabled to have seven yawls on the Conemaugh river and Stony Creek by Sunday morning. These boats were used in carrying passengers over the two streams when a pass was presented from the proper authorities. The great work accomplished by the boats of the Americus Club, under command of Captain Clark, may be partially estimated from what was done on Snnday and Monday The first day they carried three thousand passengers and the second seven thousand, besides transporting provisions and dead bodies."

All honor to the citizens of Pittsburgh for the splendid service they rendered at the very outset, not waiting for an example to teach them how to raise the fallen and assist the helpless. Their good offices did not wear out with the first manifestation, but continued to the end cheerful, strong, willing and beneficent.

Altoona was up to the mark with the practical sympathy which does not waste itself in fine talk. The reports on Saturday morning, through a mistake of the telegraph operator at Ebensburg, made the catastrophe so small that little heed was given it. By noon correct statements began to circulate and the people of the Mountain City bestirred themselves. The railroad was destroyed from South Fork, but cars could be sent to Ebensburg, by way of Cresson. Donations of food and clothing poured in and were shipped in the evening. At Ebensburg teams were hired, and the greater part of the night was spent in the unpleasant journey. The road was execrable and rain fell steadily, but nothing could daunt the brave-hearted Altoonans. On Sunday morning their loads drew up at the Pennsylvania Railroad station, across Conemaugh creek from Johnstown. A rope bridge had been erected, affording communi-

cation with Johnstown proper by a process almost as dizzy as the Moslem ingress to Allah's domain. Over this rickety structure the goods were carried, a committee looking after their disposal.

Sunday was one of the greatest days in Altoona's history. A construction train from South Fork had on board several passengers from Johnstown. Five thousand excited people were at the depot, frantic for authentic news. Six hundred of them were belated passengers, who could go no further and were quartered at the principal hotels. The local dailies had issued Sunday editions, containing what reports could be gleaned in the absence of direct telegraphic connection. These details only increased the desire for fuller information. Such eagerness to learn the exact facts! Men fairly tumbled over each other in their efforts to hear what any of the travelers from the wasted region could say. Public meetings were called for the afternoon and the enthusiasm grew apace. Pastors and their flocks vied in earnest work. Cash and contributions poured in. The firemen sent out a huge wagon which returned in thirty minutes piled six feet above the box with supplies. Again and again it went out, to come back speedily with a great cargo. Women stood in their doors waiting to hand out garments, bedding and food when a wagon should come their way. The spectacle was inspiring, ennobling, glorious! Sturdy fellows volunteered to go to Johnstown and help for three, six, ten days, free of charge. Cars were loaded and started to Ebensburg, where teams were engaged to repeat the trip of the previous night. Altoona has many things to be proud of, but the grand response to the cry of stricken Johnstown is the brightest page in her annals.

As soon as the water began to subside on Friday evening, about twenty-five men from Brownstown repaired to the stone bridge to assist in rescuing people. For days 1,500 people were entertained by Brownstown's fifty-three families, in houses, stables, school houses and other shelters.

Ebensburg, usually quiet and sedate as a mummy, caught the generous infection and forwarded loads of supplies on Saturday night and Sunday. Farmers came with their horses and wagons to haul the offerings so cheerfully given. Gallitzin and Loretto did not sulk in their tents, but raised a handsome consignment of clothing and edibles. Every hamlet and cross-road within reach of Johnstown was heard from by Sunday evening. This commendable promptness averted a famine, showed the good will of their neighbors toward the sufferers and was a forecast of what might be expected when the great world beyond stretched forth its helping hand. The first droppings gave promise of a plenteous shower, which should refresh alike those who bestowed and those who received it.

Unselfish acts and charitable deeds,
Prompt to relieve the patient suff'rer's needs,
Are more than empty words and musty creeds,
Enrich the soul and clear away the weeds.

Senator M. S. Quay's contribution—a draft mailed from his home at Beaver Falls on Saturday—was the first money actually received. Braddock furnished a car of provisions on Sunday and a large lot arrived on Monday morning from Cumberland, Md. The frank, open-handed Marylanders also sent fifty men to help take out dead bodies and clear off rubbish. They remained a week and did excellent work.

Some of the earliest offerings created a good deal of amusement. In their eager haste to help in some way many persons did not stop to consider what would be useful. On Sunday afternoon a bundle, nicely tied up, was opened. It contained a ball of carpet-rags, a paper of tacks, two bags of salt, a baby's shoe and two darned socks of different colors. A box of home-made salve, upon which was written "warm before using," was tossed out of a car. A package of worn-out school-books caused an outburst of profanity. A new Bible with several passages marked was laid aside because no one seemed anxious to possess it. Among other things were tidies, fancy needle-work and bits of bric-a-brac, which were piled up in heaps for cremation, by the disgusted men who had to unpack them. In a parcel on Monday was a blue Andrew-Jackson dress coat with bright brass buttons. It must have been at least sixty or seventy years old. It was given to a little man eighty-nine years of age, who lived at Grubtown, and was rescued by his grandson after being in the water half an hour. He wore it away with as much satisfaction as a small boy displays over a pair of new boots with red tops.

One Pittsburgh lady displayed admirable judgment in her gifts. She picked out from the wardrobes of herself and her husband all the suits that could be spared. Into the pockets of each suit for men she put a jack-knife, a hair-brush and a comb. Into the women's gowns she put a pair of stockings, a comb and brush, a tooth-brush and a cake of soap. She sent several gowns that she had been saving to wear in the summer herself, remarking heroically:

"I did not hesitate many minutes; I decided to let the sufferers have them, and let my husband get me some new ones."

At daylight on Sunday morning a hospital was established in the old Hausman's Hall, Bedford street, to which and the Cambria Hospital on Prospect the sick and wounded were taken. The home physicians rallied to the relief of the sufferers, but were greatly hampered by the want of medicines and surgical instruments, the flood having left them destitute in these respects. They were soon reinforced by Dr. Forster and Dr. McCandless, of Pittsburgh; Dr. Mountain of Confluence; Dr. White, of Connellsville; Dr. Jones, of Ebensburg, and Dr. Buck, of Altoona, who thoughtfully brought ample medical stores. Cots, mattresses, blankets and pillows had been telegraphed for on Saturday to Pittsburgh. They arrived at 11 o'clock on Sunday forenoon. The first patient, Mr. Hellrigel, of Woodvale, was found early on Sunday morning,

supposed dead. While being conveyed to the Fourth-ward morgue, he manifested signs of life. Dr. J. C. Sheridan had him taken to Hausman's Hall. Hypodermics of brandy stimulated him into consciousness, so that he recognized his father. But he was too far gone to recover, and on Monday afternoon he expired. His admission was quickly followed by others, and by noon all the cots and benches were occupied. Within a week 175 patients had been treated. Fifty of them were sent to Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, and others to their homes when convalescent.

Besides those admitted to the hospital, 350 persons outside received surgical attention for minor injuries, 1,200 sick were visited regularly and 3,000 prescriptions filled at the drug store established in the building. From this hospital all supplies for physicians about town were furnished, and two branch hospitals in tents—one near the company store and the other near the stone bridge. Soon after its opening the hospital was turned over to physicians from abroad, Dr. Foster first having control. Dr. Oldshue relieved Dr. Foster, and was succeeded by Dr. T. McCann, with Dr. W. B. Lowman as general director. Dr. Joseph Dixon was next in charge, Dr. Lowman continuing as director, and he remained in control until the State administration was established, when Dr. J. C. Sheridan was given charge, Dr. Lowman transferring his entire attention to the Cambria Hospital. All these physicians except Drs. Sheridan and Lowman belonged to Pittsburgh. They were ably assisted by numerous doctors from Altoona, Philadelphia and other places, and bands of ladies whose careful nursing saved many a life that had been trembling in the balance.

The snug little Cambria Hospital, on Prospect Hill, received its first patient at five o'clock on Friday evening. This was J. H. Stonebraker, of Millville, who had two ribs broken. Two more were brought in the same evening and on Saturday the hospital was crowded. Mrs. Willower and Maggie Hughes died. The highest number in the hospital at one time was 21. About 950 out-door patients were treated the first ten days of June by the physicians attached to the hospital—Drs. Buck, Findley, Bruner, Smith, Ross, Spanogle, Arney and Sellers, of Altoona, and Dr. Jones, of Ebensburg. Drs. Hewson, Sweet and Shober, of Philadelphia, relieved the Altoona physicians, remaining until June 16th, when Dr. Lowman, of Johnstown, took charge. Temporary hospitals existed for a few days at East Conemaugh and Morrellville. These physicians and the four hospitals were most helpful to the community. The doctors relieved a vast amount of suffering, averted epidemics, seemed never to weary in their self-imposed labors and earned the everlasting gratitude of the people of the Conemaugh Valley.

Governor Foraker, of Ohio, the moment he had definite news of the calamity, ordered five hundred tents and provisions to be shipped from Columbus. These came on Monday. The tents were placed at convenient points to

shelter homeless sufferers, whose praises of the Buckeye executive, unlike angel's visits, were neither "few nor far between." Members of the Americus Club carried a number of them up Prospect Hill to furnish accommodations for women and children. The Pittsburghers established branch distributing stations at Morrellville, Minersville, Cambria, Coopersdale, Brownstown and Kernville, in addition to those in Johnstown. The out-stations drew their supplies from Morrellville. Corpses found were taken to the morgues, prepared for burial and, if undentified, interred in one of the neighboring cemeteries. A report of these bodies was sent to headquarters at Johnstown, with a description. The street railway track from Morrellville to Cambria was cleaned and travel made easy between all points south of the Conemaugh.

On Monday the men engaged in the work of relief saw a gray-haired, barefooted old lady, bent with the weight of years and poorly clad, walking down the railroad track alone. In the hope of affording her some aid, one of them approached and offered food, but she refused assistance. A well-dressed young man came up, said the old lady was his mother, and that she was deranged over the loss of all she possessed. She was induced to enter one of the coaches of the train, and was given the first food she had eaten since the disaster. She also received a pair of shoes and other necessaries. Her son, who had came from Braddock to search for his mother, insisted upon paying for everything, but money did not purchase supplies on that train. The first train west carried the old lady, much revived in spirits and stronger in body, to the home of her son.

Incidents that would have been ludicrous had they not been pitiful were common. Coming down the track, on Monday afternoon, from Cambria was a man carrying a baby in his arms, followed by three women and two children. The man's trousers were rolled up to his knees, and his feet encased in fine velvet slippers. He had been in the water and mud with this outfit since Friday night. The whole party were given the first food they had since the flood, and furnished with suitable clothing. While they were being cared for a lady passed dressed in a white satin dress with a lace bodice. She wore silk hose and white satin slippers. She was a resident of Morrellville, had been to a party in Johnstown the evening previous to the flood, and was prevailed upon to remain all night. She was caught in the flood and her finery rendered unfit for a rag-bag.

The first cars of supplies from the east—Philadelphia's initial installment—arrived on Monday night. Temporary stations were opened for their distribution, which was done without formality. The chief care was to feed the hungry, then to clothe the naked and shelter the homeless. It was impossible to classify the applicants and find out whether they were deserving of relief. There were some impositions, but this was to be expected. One pert young woman elbowed her way through the crowd surrounding the supply shop on

Adams street, waved a kid-gloved hand at the attendants, and indignantly demanded the reason why a lot of dresses, shoes, underwear and two bonnets which she had ordered had not been sent to her home. A lady explained that the assistants were so busy attending to the poor, who carried away their own supplies, that they had neither the time nor means to establish an express department. The young woman failed to appreciate the sarcasm, and insisted on selecting a number of articles. She wanted two dresses, two sets of underwear, two pairs of shoes and two hats and new goods only. The lady informed the young woman that she had made a mistake, that the place was not a ladies' outfitting establishment, but if she would wait a few days a consignment of diamond rings and gold watches would arrive, when she could come around and complete her order. The young woman bounced off in a rage, and one of the other applicants remarked :

"Why, that's Mary ———. She's going to be married next Monday. She's gathering her trousseau together !"

Thus help was given as fast as active men and steam and horses could bring it. There was no time wasted in idle deliberations. Men, women and children were hungry, houseless and desolate. They had not long to wait, thanks to the ready hands and liberal purses which hurried forward the earliest supplies of what the sufferers most needed.

Wrecking Car Clearing Away the Debris Above the Stone Bridge.

XIX.

ORDER OUT OF CHAOS.

THE LAWLESS ELEMENT RAMPANT — REPRESSING ROBBERY AND RIOT — A GANG OF DRUNKEN THIEVES — ORGANIZING FOR THE PROTECTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY — A DICTATOR APPOINTED — LOAFERS AND PROWLERS SHUT OUT — WORKMEN ENGAGED TO CLEAR OFF THE WRECKAGE — PITTSBURGH CONTRACTORS AT THE HELM — A HORDE OF "TIN-TAG" OFFICERS — AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOVELING DIRT — THE INITIAL STEPS TOWARDS REPAIRING THE RAVAGES OF THE DELUGE.

No time just now to calculate the cost—
Though terrible the waste, all is not lost;
Make room for willing hands to clear the wreck away,
Confusion shall not linger even for a day.

CLEARING AWAY THE WRECKAGE OF THE GAUTIER WIRE MILLS.

HOW LOW wretches formed in the image of the Creator can descend was demonstrated time and again on Saturday, the day after the flood. The awful visitation, which should have sobered the most hardened, was made the occasion of a wild carnival of riot and disorder. Men who, unfortunately for the race, had not been swallowed up by the waters, took advantage of the confusion to rob and revel with impunity. Thieves broke into houses whose owners had fled to the hills or were lying among the dead, pilfering everything portable. Trunks in the debris were smashed and their contents stolen. Acres of wreck, acres of corpses, acres of desolation had no effect in restraining the lawless hordes. Barrels and kegs of liquor, recovered from saloon cellars, were emptied down the throats of the depraved mob. One gang got hold of a cask of brandy and drank to stupefaction. Ghouls, more like wild beasts than human beings, took every article from dead bodies, not leaving anything that would serve to identify the remains. Hungarians col-

lected about a number of bodies at Cambria, which had been washed up, and attempted to strip them. This monstrous outrage was prevented by two citizens, who pointed their revolvers at the miscreants and drove them away.

The amount of drunkenness was astonishing. Maudlin fellows carried whiskey around in pails, while others scrambled and fought for the stuff whenever a barrel was located in the wreckage. A burly brute, standing on the strings of a upright piano, sang an obscene song, breaking into a dance at intervals. A dozen others engaged in a hand-to-hand fight over the possession of the furniture of a ruined house, the crowd around them yelling like Apaches on the war-path. An intoxicated Hungarian woman fished out a trunk and on breaking it open found $500. Another woman found a jewel-box containing several rings and a gold watch, which she had the audacity to wear as her own property. Large quantities of plunder were taken up the hill and stored in out-of-the-way places by base rascals compared with whom Claude Duval and Dick Turpin were patterns of honesty. Respectable people had been so overpowered by the extent of the calamity that they could think of nothing but the fearful loss of life and how to dispose of the victims. The depredations of the unruly pillagers could not go unchecked. Energetic measures were adopted, which awed the law-breakers and soon restored good order.

Wholesale lynching and shooting was not needed to accomplish the desired result. Let the world understand clearly and distinctly that such dispatches as these had not a grain of truth in their composition:

"They have just hung a man over near the railroad to the telegraph pole for cutting the finger off a dead woman in order to get a ring."

"Every hour brings news of swift and merited punishment meted out to the fiends who have dared to desecrate the stiff and mangled corpses in the search for plunder. A lot of Huns came upon the body of a woman, who wore jewelry and two diamond rings. In their eagerness to secure the prizes, the robbers got into a squabble. One of them severed and ran off with the fingers having the rings. A number of farmers saw the deed and chased the villains. The Hungarians showed fight, but were out-numbered. Nine escaped and four were driven into the river to their death."

"Two miles below Johnstown a citizen watched three men going along the banks stealing the jewels from the bodies of the dead wives and daughters of men who have been robbed of all they hold dear on earth. He had no sooner reported the fact than five burly men, with looks of terrible determination, were on their way to the scene of plunder, one with a coil of rope over his shoulder and another with a revolver in his hand. In twenty minutes they had overtaken two of the wretches in the act of cutting pieces from the ears and fingers from the hands of the bodies of two dead women. With revolver leveled at the scoundrels the leader of the posse shouted to them to throw up their hands or he would blow their heads off. With blanched faces and trembling forms they obeyed the order and begged for mercy. They were searched. As their pockets were emptied of their ghastly finds the indignation of the crowd intensified. When the bloody finger of an infant, encircled with two tiny gold rings, was found among the plunder in the leader's pocket a cry went up to lynch them. Without a moment's delay ropes were thrown around their necks and they were dangling to the limbs of a tree, in the branches of which an hour before were entangled the bodies of a dead father and son. After the

expiration of a half hour the ropes were cut, the bodies lowered, carried to a pile of rocks and dumped into a hole."

"Five robbers altogether were shot this afternoon, and two of them killed outright. The lynchings so far number from sixteen to twenty."

If wholly fictitious, how did such reports originate? Take this as an illustration. On Saturday afternoon a trustworthy resident of Feeder street ran up to a knot of men, one of whom was myself, saying:

"An officer has just shot a man up at the corner!"

Hastening to the spot, in the belief that one instance of real killing would be ferreted out at last—twenty reported during the day had proved canards—we found a crowd. A negro was lying in the gutter on Adams street, half-drunk and stunned from a blow delivered by a sturdy citizen, who had seen the scamp stealing a lot of clothing. Somebody called out that the African was killed and the story traveled with the speed of a winged Mercury.

One case of partial lynching did occur. A foreigner detected leaving a deserted house with valuable property was seized by a few citizens, who fastened a cord around his neck and jerked him into the air. They let him hang a short time, then cut him down and he was allowed to go. The man was so badly scared that his own mother would not have recognized him in the cowering whelp who shook like an aspen leaf. One man, caught in the act of robbing the body of an old woman, protested that he got nothing and was released. He disappeared, and it was found afterward that he had taken $100 from the corpse.

A half-breed negro was doing a thriving business in collecting clothing, jewelry and even furniture. The citizens stopped him very suddenly, threatening to lynch him. In two instances narrow escapes from the rope were made.

The people of Johnstown were not walking arsenals, killing folks at sight, or vigilantes executing lynch law indiscriminately. They neither thirsted for gore nor went gunning for material to start new graveyards. Several loafers, trying to break into trunks and safes, were shot in the arms or legs, a punishment richly merited. A prominent gentleman discovered two men and a woman cutting the finger from a dead woman to get her rings. His rifle cracked twice in quick succession, and the right arm of each man dropped, shattered by a bullet. The woman was not harmed, but so badly frightened that she would not rob corpses again. The disposition on the part of many foreigners to raid the houses and do an all-around thieving business was nipped before it bore so much fruit as its projectors must have reckoned upon. Yet there was a great deal of wilful, deliberate stealing from the living and the dead on Saturday. The Chief of Police had lost his wife, family and home, and was prostrated. One member of the force was lying in the morgue; others were hunting the bodies of their missing children; some of the councilmen had perished, and municipal authority was paralyzed.

Among the worst features of the wreck were the actions of fiendish relic hunters and heartless excursionists, The writer saw a monomaniac secure the charred bones of an infant from among the smoking debris, wrap them carefully in a newspaper, and carry them away with a look of triumph on his face. One man stole an old bandanna handkerchief from the head of a dead colored woman. Another removed a shoe from an old gray-haired man, whose stiff and mangled corpse was found dangling in a tree; while a third possessed himself of the sheet which was thrown over the remains of a child, leaving the body at the mercy of a weeping heaven. The excursionists who thronged the regions around about would have been more at home in a prison than anywhere else, if one were to judge by their actions. Some of them went about singing, whistling and cracking the coarsest of jokes, while others trampled over the coffins strewn along the road with an utter disregard for their contents.

Mr. Arthur J. Moxham, perceiving the inability of the authorities to cope with the ruffians and restore quiet, on Saturday afternoon ordered two hundred of his employes from Moxham. These were sworn in as special officers and speedily subdued the hoodlums. A conference of leading gentlemen resulted in the selection of a Cititzens' Committee to assist in enforcing the law and repressing the abettors of disorder. A dozen of the ringleaders were run out of town, with a hint that a change of climate was essential to their continuance on this planet. All the liquor that could be found was spilled, guards were posted at convenient points, and by dark something like a thorough organization had been effected. These judicious measures worked to a charm. The turbulent spirits wilted, crime sneaked into obscurity and chaos no longer held undisturbed control.

Alexander M. Hart, a responsible citizen, was put at the head of the police system, and no person could enter Johnstown without his permission. In this way improper characters, adventurers, thugs and pick-pockets, who flocked to the scene on Sunday, were excluded. Permits were granted all having legitimate business within the borough limits. They were printed on rough paper and enabled the holder to pass the guards at pleasure. My own was in this style:

Pass J. J. McLaurin to every part of the District.

PERMANENT.

ALEX. M. HART,
Chief of Police.

Johnstown, June 1, 1889.

By Monday the unruly element had been put down to stay down and the Citizens' Committee had matters well organized. Next day a proclama-

tion was issued that all men able to labor must report for work or leave the place. As the committee expressed it:

"We have too much to do to support idlers, and will not abuse the generous help that is being sent by doing so."

At a public meeting on Wednesday, by a unanimous vote, Mr. J. B. Scott, of Pittsburgh, was chosen Dictator and vested with absolute power to punish offenders summarily. On Thursday morning Mr. Scott announced the following committees:

SUPPLIES.—John Thomas, Rev. Father Tehaney, Louis M. Lunen, C. B. Cover and C. Skill, secretary.

FINANCE.—James McMillan, Thomas Swank, W. C. Lewis, John Roberts, Dwight Roberts and Cyrus Elder.

TEAMS AND MESSENGERS.—James McMillan, John Walters and R. W. Welch, secretary.

INFORMATION AND TRANSPORTATION.—R. S. Murphy and Cyrus Brown.

COMPANY COMMITTEE.—Captain Kuhn, John Masterson, William Boyd and Charles Griffith.

REMOVAL OF DEAD ANIMALS.—Charles Zimmerman.

MORGUE.—Rev. Dr. Beale and Mr. Chatburne.

REMOVER OF DEBRIS.—T. L. Johnson.

TIME-KEEPING AND BOOKS.—John S. Little.

DANGEROUS BUILDINGS.—John Coffin and Richard Eyre.

POLICE COMMITTEE.—Captain Gagely and A. M. Hart.

OUTSIDE SEARCH FOR LIVING AND DEAD.—John Platt and William McHenry.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—William Ossenberger, chief.

EMPLOYMENT.—H. C. Evans.

SANITARY CORPS.—Drs. Lowman, Mathews and Lee.

Everything was reduced to a thorough system and moved with the regularity of clock-work. Captain A. J. Logan, of the Americus Club, was given charge of points west of Johnstown. Mr. Scott possessed the happy combination of firmness and gentleness his trying position demanded. To the sufferers he was ever courteous and considerate; to evil-doers, a man of indomitable resolution, whom they would do well to avoid. He had the courage and discretion to say "No" when it should be said. His administration was vigorous and depredators had a wholesome respect for his authority, which continued until the State assumed the direction of affairs the second week in June.

The sheriff of Cambria County deputized a large force of special officers, known as the "tin-tag police," from wearing home-made stars, cut out of tomato cans or anything that would furnish the requisite metal. A good many of the men employed in this manner were grossly incompetent. Puffed up with a sense of self-importance ridiculously disproportionate to their office, they annoyed people by their tyrannical exactions. Citizens looking for friends or property had to run the gauntlet of a host of these overbearing specials at every turn. Able-bodied chaps, too lazy to work, would manufacture tin stars, attach them to their coats and strut around with the airs of a despot. In this

way the simon-pure, name-blown-in-the-bottle officers were sometimes charged with perpetrating grave abuses of which they knew nothing. The "tin-tag" dispensation lasted over a week as a sort of side-show, passing away with the advent of military rule.

Superintendent J. V. Patton, of the Baltimore & Ohio, was the first railroad official to announce the running of through trains into Johnstown. He also announced that his road would furnish transportation free for all kinds of supplies that should be sent to the suffering people. This was but one of the many offers of liberality received from every source. One of the hardest things to deal with was the morbid curiosity of people of all classes who went to the devastated towns simply to view the horrible disaster. These crowds grew so great that messages were sent from Johnstown:

"For God's sake, keep the sight-seers away!"

The railroads entered into the spirit of this cry and refused tickets on Sunday to points within twenty miles west of Johnstown. Although passes were required to get into Johnstown proper, shoals of curiosity-seekers swarmed around the outskirts. Many contrived to steal in during the night. Not less than two hundred amateur photographers were on hand the first week, ready to level their cameras on anything that turned up. A lot of these gentry were set to work clearing the wreck, which had a salutary influence.

Abundance of food and clothing seemed to be assured by the middle of the week. Hundreds of corpses had been buried and the clearing away of the wreckage beacme a vital question. Philip S. Flinn, Assistant Superintendent of the Highway Department for the Second District of Pittsburgh, started for Johnstown on Saturday morning and was one of the first to set foot within the town. There he worked to relieve suffering and secure the speedy transportation of provisions. On Monday the Young Men's Republican Tariff Club of Pittsburgh sent him 165 laborers and ten foremen to begin the removal of the rubbish. This force was too small to be of any practical use, and on Monday 1,300 laborers and 280 teams were sent by Booth & Flinn, the Pittsburgh contractors. Hon. William Flinn, brother of Philip S., came with them and assumed general direction of the men and horses. He doubled and trebled this number during the week, making a very perceptible impression upon the debris. Mr. Flinn advised using dynamite to clear the obstructions above the railroad bridge and Major William Phillips was engaged to do the work. So successful was he that he gained the nickname of "Dynamite Bill." The Major used seventeen thousand pounds of dynamite in one day, discharging five shots of five hundred and forty pounds each, the heaviest ever fired in Pennsylvania. It had its effect on the twenty-two feet of drift at the bridge, which finally yielded and gave way, but not until cant-hooks and all known devices had been added to the dynamite. One of the principal difficulties which they had to face was the feeding of the army of workmen. To keep six thousand

laborers in provender in a devastated valley was no easy task, but it was performed. On June 12th Booth & Flinn withdrew their forces from the field, which had begun to present an aspect quite different from its appearance ten days before.

Great anxiety prevailed as to what the Cambria Iron Company would do regarding the rebuilding of the Gautier wire mills. Vice-President McMillen said on Monday:

"The mill will be rebuilt immediately. I have sent out orders that all men that can muster report at the mill to-morrow to commence cleaning up. I do not think the building is insured against flood. The great thing we want is to get that mill in operation again."

This cheering news was supplemented by a brief notice posted on Wednesday, the meaning of which all interested understood at a glance:

"Report at nine o'clock to-morrow morning for work."

Saturday was to have been the pay-day of the Cambria Company's employés, and a clerk had drawn $80,000 from the bank on Friday, fearing the high water might render it inconvenient to get the money out of the safe the next morning. The workmen knew that the notice did not mean that they should report at the Gautier mill, for that was gone, and they went to the general office, which the walls of the big store had saved from destruction. L. L. Smith, the superintendent, was on hand early with three clerks to make up the roster of the Gautier forces. Thirteen hundred stalwart fellows had left the works when work closed at noon on Friday, May 31st. How many would respond to the roll-call on Thursday, June 6th?

It was not long before the men began to arrive. At the head of the platoon was a boy. Following him were five men, who looked as though they had parted with all they held dear in life. Two were English, one was a German, one Irish and one colored. Three of them carried pick-axes in their hands, which they had been using on the wreckage upon the streets. Let a versatile correspondent describe what transpired:

"'Say, Mister,' said the boy, with a tremor in his voice, 'is this the place?' 'Are you a Gautier man?' asked Mr. Smith in a kindly tone. 'Yes, sir; me and my father worked together. But—father's gone.' And a ragged sleeve brushed away a briny tear.

"In a broken voice the agent told the boy to report at the lower office for work. Turning to the other men he told them that they were to turn in at once and clear away the wreckage about the mill, so that it could be started again as soon as possible; that the intention of the company was to go right on and face the worst, and that the men should do likewise; with faces to the future, all backs should be turned upon the past. When Mr. Smith had concluded, a burly fellow, who had seen his wife and babe swept away from him, said: 'But suppose we don't feel like goin' to work to-day. Do we have to?' 'No, men. You don't have to go to work until you're ready. But it's the company's desire to get matters in shape as soon as possible.'

"While Mr. Smith was talking other workmen came in. They had pick-axes on their shoulders. They heard the agent's last remark, and one of them, stepping forward, said, 'A good many of us are at work clearing up the town. Shall we leave that?' 'There are men here

for that purpose,' was the response. 'And the best thing you can do, boys, is to give us your names, so we can find out how many of our men are left.'

"All this time members of the stricken army of workmen were filing into the muddy-floored office, looking more and more like the remnant of a routed army. In twos, threes and dozens they came, some wearing faces gray with grief, while others displayed grievous wounds wrought by the angry floods. One man had a deep cut in the back of his head, another limped along upon a heavy stick, and one had lost a finger and had an ugly bruise upon his cheek.

"Seated in the office was J. N. Short, the foreman of the cold-steel-shafting department, and many of the men who filed past had been under him in the works. There were handshakes all the more hearty and congratulations all the more sincere because of what all had passed through.

"'I tell you, Mr. Short,' said Workman J. T. Miller, 'I'm glad to see you're safe!'

"'And how did *you* fare, old man?'

"'All right, thank God!'

"At this moment a joyous meeting between two men occurred at the door. One was a gray-haired hero who wore a Grand Army badge, and the other a young man of twenty-three or thereabouts. They had been fast friends in the same department, and each thought the other dead. They knew no better till they met upon the threshold of the office door. 'Why, I heard your body had been found at Nineveh,' said the old man. 'And I was told that you had been burned to death at the bridge,' was the rejoinder.

"A pale-faced little woman, with a ragged shawl thrown about her shoulders entered and stood by the rail. 'My husband cannot report,' she said, in an awe-stricken whisper. 'He worked in the Gautier mill?' she was asked. A nod and a whisper answered the question. 'Make a note that Mr. ——— is lost,' said Mr. Smith to one of his clerks, 'and that his wages are to be paid to his wife.'

"And so it was through the livelong day. At last, when evening came and the office was about to close, Mr. Smith said: 'Out of nearly fourteen hundred men but four hundred and eighty-seven have reported. It is possible that there are two hundred more who either did not see the notice or who did not care to return to work. At least I hope so; before God, I hope so!"

The workers started on Friday morning with hearty good-will to clear the site of the mills, which had been buried under an avalanche of sand. During the week, rows of tents were pitched in the vicinity of the Baltimore & Ohio depot for the men brought from Pittsburgh, and frame stables accommodated the horses that hauled the refuse to the dumping-ground. Bonfires lighted up the horizon at night, stacks of rubbish keeping them constantly replenished. The State Board of Health distributed tons of disinfectants free of charge, thus doing much to avert disease. At Kernville, which sustained incalculable damage, dismantled houses were fired as the easiest way of getting them out of the way. Merchants whose places of business were not demolished commenced repairs.

For the first day or two people were dazed by what had happened. They went about helplessly, making vague inquiries for their friends, and hardly feeling a desire to live. They had to sleep without any covering, in their wet clothes, and it took the liveliest skirmishing to get anything to eat. The women and children were housed as far as it could be done. Dwellings on the hills, designed for five or six people, crowded twenty, thirty or forty into three

or four hampered rooms. Old citizens felt themselves refugees in their own bailiwick. Although thousands toiled incessantly to remove and burn the debris, the number of idlers was by no means small. Every other fellow to be met for days wore a blue suit, a tin star, a badge, a red hat-band, or a mark that was supposed to invest him with more or less authority. Many of these men did excellent service in various directions, but of others it must be said that their room would have been much better than their company. The whole herd had to be fed and lodged, thus drawing heavily upon the contributions poured in from outside. All these things were regulated later, when the terror of the overwhelming disaster gave place to a general desire to set the wheels of trade once more moving. Encouraging symptoms cropped out occasionally. Men talked of resuming business, and one heard of plans looking to the speedy re-establishment of the varied enterprises that for years made Johnstown a center of profitable activity.

A bird's-eye view from the mountain-side on Saturday evening showed that the waters had subsided almost to their usual level. With the receding waters the scene of desolation became hourly more weird and picturesque. The party of workmen had done so well that a big blast of twenty-five dynamite cartridges in the forenoon loosened up the debris and made it possible to open the mouth of the old channel at the bridge. This gang of workmen located the lost cars of the Day Express, which was destroyed at East Conemaugh. The ruins of the train destroyed were about one hundred feet from the fourth buttress from the western end of the stone bridge. Parts of the parlor car were found, as well as traces of the passengers. About nine o'clock in the morning the baggage of Miss Annie Chrisman was reached. She was a missionary on her way to Brazil for the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. Among her effects was a Bible, and in it was a message to be filed at Altoona and addressed to the Methodist Book Concern at No. 20 East Tenth street, New York, announcing that she was on the train. Her watch, some money and a Greek testament were also found and sent to Altoona.

The close of the week—a week of shadow and sunshine, of alternate hopes and fears, of sad revelations and dire forebodings—saw the stricken district somewhat changed for the better. The workmen had cleared up an immense mass of rubbish, yet how little in comparison with the vast accumulations still untouched! Main street had been considerably relieved of the huge piles of wreckage that filled it up to the second or third stories of the buildings left standing. The task was a frightful one, bringing to light many corpses of victims whose lives went out amid the cruel crush and swirl of the hissing waters. In other parts of the town progress was observable, while a few new buildings indicated that Johnstown would ultimately be restored. The Baltimore & Ohio track had been renewed to the station, enabling freight

cars to run to the very heart of the devastated section. Hundreds of white tents dotted the flat and the Prospect hillside, giving the place a camp aspect in strange contrast with its former industrial surroundings. Steam derricks seconded the efforts of a myriad willing hands at the acres of wreck and ruin above the railroad bridge, which would require weeks to remove. Very frequently dead bodies were unearthed, so swollen, mangled and distorted as not to be recognizable. The yawning chasm in the Pennsylvania railroad track had been filled up, and trains ran to East Conemaugh, where the washout of rails, ties and road-bed was complete. Property-owners were doing what they could to bring order out of confusion, exerting themselves to get things into some sort of shape. But the dreadful havoc was appalling enough to discourage the stoutest heart and cause the survivors to shrink back in horror from the waste of desolation.

General Hastings at Johnstown.

Group at General Hastings' Headquarters.

XX.

UNDER MILITARY AUTHORITY.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF PENNSYLVANIA ON THE GROUND — HIS HUMBLE MEAL AND TRAMP PROTEGE — CONSULTING WITH THE SHERIFF AND THE BURGESS — TROOPS CALLED OUT — THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT DOES EFFECTIVE SERVICE — VISIT OF GOVERNOR BEAVER — INTERESTING LETTERS AND DISPATCHES — THE STATE ASSUMES ENTIRE CHARGE — THE BOARD OF HEALTH ACTIVELY ENGAGED — VIGOROUS WORK IN CLEARING THE WRECKAGE AND RESTORING THE RUINED DISTRICT.

The soldiers come, but not on carnage bent—
Theirs is a noble, generous intent;
The guards are placed, heard is the sentry's tramp,
The wasted district has been made a camp.

SOLDIERS ON GUARD.

FROM the beginning it was evident that the State must take a hand in the reorganization and restoration of the ruined district. The task was too great for private enterprise. The reports of robberies and outrages intensified the sentiment in favor of the presence of troops. Anticipating decisive action, the Fourteenth and Eighteenth Regiments, Battery B and the Washington Infantry, all of Pittsburgh, were in readiness on Saturday to march at the word of command. The public pulse was at fever heat, fearing a general outbreak. People outside knew of the situation only from the flaming reports published in bulletins and newspapers. However, one regiment was deemed sufficient, and on Monday, June 3rd, the Fourteenth started for Johnstown, Col. E. D. Perchment commanding. Until the middle of July the organization remained on duty. A regular military camp was established. Tents were pitched, patrols kept without a break, and for a time the town reminded the citizens forcibly of war times. In the early days of June it was

necessary to keep sight-seers and relic-hunters out. Then it was that the military came into service most prominently. A cordon of soldiers surrounded the town. No person was admitted or released without the password. Disturbers of the peace were promptly drummed out and ordered not to return. Some were put to work with a chain-gang organized to clear up the gorge at the bridge, and all received their just deserts. When the Fourteenth Regiment retired from active service on July 13th, Captain Nesbitt's company of sixty men and two lieutenants was ordered to remain and continue on duty during the summer.

Adjutant-General Hastings, seventy miles away, heard on Friday night that a flood had done serious damage at Johnstown. At the first streak of dawn on Saturday morning he set out for the scene of devastation, driving the entire distance. The roads were deep with mud for miles at a stretch. There were streams to ford, ruts to shun and washouts to dodge. But the gallant soldier was not to be deterred by any obstacle, and at 5:20 in the evening he alighted at the foot of Prospect Hill, opposite the Pennsylvania station. The flats were still under water, and none could enter or leave Johnstown by crossing the Conemaugh. The General viewed the wasted region from the bank of the creek and realized that a tremendous responsibility devolved upon the State authorities. Messages were sent to Governor Beaver, informing him of the condition of affairs, so far as then known. Food was extremely scarce, and where his supper was to come from the Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania was unable to conjecture. He sat on a log back of the station. Two tramps approached and greeted him civilly. One, a man of fine physique, built on the generous model of Hastings himself, held in his hands a rusty tin vessel, that had been a coffee-pot in its prime. This he had picked up somewhere, together with some Java, which he brewed into a steaming decoction. General Hastings was invited to "take some," and drank a copious draught. The coffee had no cream or sugar, neither had it been cleared with the white of an egg, but it tasted like the nectar of the gods. A conversation followed, in the course of which the tramp told how he had arrived in the afternoon. For three years he had been a vagrant, leaving a wife and children in Connecticut. Something about the man impressed the General favorably, and he asked him to stay and work. The poor fellow agreed cheerfully. That night the two slept awhile on the floor of the signal tower near the depot. The tramp proved faithful and competent, shirking no labor and never complaining. When the time approached for the soldiers to depart, he said to General Hastings:

"I shall stay with you until the last moment. I have made up my mind to go back to Connecticut, ask the forgiveness of my wife and children, quit drinking and be a decent citizen."

The General wished the penitent prodigal to go with him to his home at Bellefonte for a week's rest, and it was so arranged. "Jim," as he was called

about the camp, then started over town to draw his savings from the bank and purchase a suit of clothes. Two hours later he returned, somewhat the worse for liquor. The General expostulated with him and he promised not to touch another drop. Then he went down the railroad track towards the stone bridge. Once he stopped to treat an acquaintance from a bottle he carried in his pocket. Both had a swig and "Jim" staggered along. A train dashed around the curve, the locomotive bore him down, his legs were cut off and a mutilated corpse was all that remained of the Connecticut tramp. The officers and men provided a fine coffin and gave the victim such a funeral as a prince might envy. The wanderer had reached home at last!

General Hastings crossed over to Johnstown on Sunday morning and consulted with Sheriff Stineman and Burgess Hoerle as to the advisability of calling out the National Guard. These officials objected strenuously, claiming the troops were not needed and that their presence would only irritate any ill-disposed persons. Members of Battery B and the Washington Infantry had arrived by this time, without waiting for orders. They were abruptly sent back to Pittsburgh. Lieutenant Gammel, who had charge of the men, said:

"We would like to have stayed, but we had to obey orders, and we took the first train for home. Even the short time we were there the fifty-five men had pulled out thirty-five bodies."

On Sunday night another consultation was held, at which the Sheriff and Burgess consented to sign a request to the Governor for troops. It was argued that thousands of imported laborers would be clearing the wreckage and that an organized body of men might be required to quell disturbances. Accordingly the Fourteenth Regiment was summoned, an action deprecated by many influential citizens of Johnstown, who believed the advent of the military would arouse the passions of the disorderly element much as a red rag infuriates a rampant taurine!

Governor Beaver was in Maryland when the flood ravaged the Conemaugh Valley, and the first dispatches to him from General Hastings were delayed. The Governor issued a ringing proclamation, soliciting help for the sufferers, and on Sunday, June 9th, visited Johnstown. He arrived early in the morning, by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, breakfasted with General Hastings and rode over the district on horseback. When the party returned to headquarters they dismounted and walked to the stone bridge, to view the acres of wreckage on the Point. They were then taken in a special car up the Pennsylvania Railroad track as far as Conemaugh. It was intended that the Governor should go on to the end of the reconstructed portion of the railroad and hold a consultation with Vice-President Frank Thomson, but he went back to headquarters. There was a long wait for Mr. Scott. At 5 o'clock the Governor, Mr. Scott, General Hastings, all the heads of departments, with Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Chicago men, went into a secret conference. The conference lasted an hour and a half, and the decision was substantially

that the State should take charge of the work. Arrangements were at once begun for gradually turning over the work of the relief department, and for the preservation of order in the town, to the staff of Adjutant-General Hastings. The town was to be practically, if not formally, put under martial law, and the deputy-sheriffs and policemen dismissed. Upon his return home Governor Beaver sent a number of letters and dispatches, now first published. One reads as follows:

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA,
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
HARRISBURG, *June 11th, 1889*

GENERAL D. H. HASTINGS, *Johnstown, Pa.*

General: Colonel Potter goes forward this afternoon as the bearer of these despatches and also of the money which I send you herewith for the purposes mentioned in your telegram of last night. As to the work to be done in the Conemaugh Valley under the police powers of the State, it must be confined strictly to what is necessary to be done by the State in clearing the streams of debris and foul matter, and in abating the nuisances which endanger public health and safety.

The municipalities must, as far as possible, care for their own streets beyond what we do to rid them of the nuisances endangering the health. Street-car companies and other corporations interested in restoration must look out for their tracks and for their corporate property. The State, as you of course will understand, cannot in any case use her means for such purposes.

Colonel Douglass, Chief Engineer of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, reports to you this morning, as per request made to the authorities of the road, to act as the chief engineer in directing the removal of these nuisances. Mr. John B. McDonald, an experienced railroad contractor, goes under contract with me to furnish from 1,000 to 2,000 laborers with proper foremen, time-keepers, tools, etc., so as to make a complete and compact organization, which he controls for the removal of this debris. He will fix the wage-rate, time and terms of payment, and have all details of that character under his own control.

Deeming it better that some one representing me directly should be upon the ground, I asked you personally and now formally request that you assume general charge of this work, so that I may have some one with whom I can be in constant communication as to its progress and necessity for further continuance. It is, as you understand, a thoroughly business transaction, and must be so managed that all the expenditures can pass through the hands of the Auditor-General in order that they may be audited by him. All accounts should be kept with this in view.

The emergency is so imminent that it is impossible to convene the Legislature and secure an appropriation in the regular way for this work. Indeed, it has been too long delayed, owing to my inability to reach the treasurer (who was flood-bound), either by wire or messenger and without whose concurrence it was impossible to do anything in this direction.

There is now no question but that the money needed for this purpose will be forthcoming —the people from all parts of the State generously responding to my appeal to guarantee my obligation to the State Treasurer. Any contracts which you have made, or any obligations which you have already incurred in reference to this matter can, of course, be carried out through Mr. McDonald or be in harmony with his operations.

Very cordially yours,

JAMES A. BEAVER.

The same day this important letter was forwarded:

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA,
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
HARRISBURG, *June 11, 1889.*

GENERAL D. H. HASTINGS, *Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania, Johnstown, Pa.*

General: Referring to the fact that the Sheriff of Cambria County has requested the assistance of the military arm of the Executive Department in maintaining order in Cambria County, I wish to say that the military is to be used as much as possible in subordination to and in harmony with the civil authorities. If any portion of the National Guard is stationed outside the limits of Cambria County, and no application has been made by the sheriffs of the respective counties in which it may be placed, it might be well to consider the propriety of withdrawing them so as to bring them within the limits of Cambria County. As fast as the authorities of the several municipalities in and about Johnstown are able to regain their standing and to control their own affairs the military will, of course, be withdrawn. You will gradually and quietly withdraw as many of the guards as may be done with safety until you finally bring your force in and around the depots of supplies, which, as I understand it, will come into your charge. I can see no possible objection, legal or otherwise, to your retaining so much of the military as may be needed for this purpose as long as the supplies are necessary for the people of the community. The force, however, should be reduced just as rapidly as circumstances will permit, so as to bring it to the minimum necessary for such a purpose.

I am glad to note the entire harmony which has seemed to exist between the military and civil authorities, and the aim should be to have that continue to the end. It is also pleasant to note that, so far as I am informed, no conflict of any kind has occurred between the members of the National Guard and the peace officers of the community, or the several municipalities which are crowded so closely together.

As business is resumed and the ordinary affairs of municipal governments begin to assume shape there will be less necessity for guards of any kind throughout the devastated region, and our aim and effort should be to dispense with the use of the military just as soon as possible.

Very cordially yours,
JAMES A. BEAVER

The next day—June 12th—another letter was sent:

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA,
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
HARRISBURG, *June 12, 1889.*

My Dear General: Expressing my satisfaction with the work which has been done and the efforts which have been made in aid of the people of Johnstown, which meets the approval of all classes, I wish to say in an informal way that these instructions are given to you so that you may use them for your protection in anything that you may be called upon to do. They are not intended so much as a limitation upon you as a protection against what you may consider unwise and injudicious action yourself.

The community will soon return to its normal condition and all that has been done and all that will be done at Johnstown will be viewed, unfortunately, through the glasses of cool, calculating hindsight. This is becoming somewhat apparent already, but has not as yet probably reached you. You are in the midst of the excitement, and every one at Johnstown shares the same feeling.

In regard to the money that is given for charity, as well as every step that is taken in the progress of dealing with the vexed and perplexing questions which confront you directly, the spirit of caution and of criticism becomes more and more apparent, and the voice of the givers is in the direction of conservatism rather than in the other direction. Immediate bodily suffering

is, of course, the first thought, and every one agrees that this is to be alleviated at all costs and at once. There is and will be no lack of money for this purpose. You can go upon the assumption that whatever is needed will be furnished to give food and clothing and bedding to the sufferers. The question of the rehabilitation of their homes, furnishing of tools and implements for mechanics, kitchen furniture, etc., for the sufferers, will all be dealt with by the Commission which I hope to be able to name to-day.

There are some important questions yet pending and undecided, depending upon other people, which prevented my doing this yesterday, as I would like to have done. The idea is, of course, to bring all our committees and all parties controlling funds under one management, so that there may be no duplication of charity and no indecision as to what is necessary to be done. This may appear for the present as temporizing, but will in the end be found to be a wise and discreet thing. All needed present relief is given without stint and without inquiry, and will be so continued.

Please have the vouchers for the expenditure of the money sent (which is much less than I suppose you would need for immediate purposes), kept in such way that they can be referred, so far as the relief is concerned, to the Commission when appointed, and so far as the work is concerned, to the Auditor-General.

The most pressing demands at present are from the West Branch, where they seem to be in fear of epidemic and disease. This I am endeavoring to care for as quickly as possible, without in any way forgetting the other parts of the State which have strong claims.

If you are in need at any time of any particular supplies that can be secured at Philadelphia and will telegraph Mayor Fitler direct, he will see that they are supplied to you. Their resouces in Philadelphia are very great, both as to the means and the ability to secure just what you need, and they are ready to respond heartily at the merest suggestion in any way that they can render service.

I hope to be able to reach Johnstown later in the week, and expect to see a great advance made in the immense work which is before you. You observed at the meeting the great doubt which exists among cool, calculating men as to the amount necessary to remove this debris. We will be held hereafter probably to the expenditure of the minimum amount, and whilst we will not hesitate—if that is not sufficient to do the work—to expend more, it is well to remember that these conservative estimates have been made not only at Johnstown, but at the centers of influence and of charitable giving, as well as the centers of responsibility financially upon which I depend in carrying this scheme through. The scheme works beautifully and will, from present appearance, be a great success and bring a feeling of relief to everybody.

Thanks for your courage and fidelity, and thanks to all who have responded to your call for immediate assistance, and who will stand by you until the emergency is over. We must make the emergency as short as possible. Very cordially yours,

JAMES A. BEAVER.

Grave questions had to be determined before the State assumed entire control. Clamors for an extra session of the Legislature, to appropriate millions of dollars to prosecute the work of clearing away the rubbish and affording ample relief, assailed Governor Beaver from every side. Moderate estimates fixed the sum needed for this gigantic task at two millions of dollars. Happily the Governor did not yield to the demands of uninformed parties, preferring to judge of the matter from personal inspection. Satisfied that an extra session would be an unjustifiable extravagance, he adopted a more sensible method. Days of precious time must elapse after the issuing of a proclamation before the Legislature could convene, while the expense would go

far towards paying the whole cost of relieving the afflicted region. The Governor arranged with eastern capitalists for money to meet whatever pecuniary obligations the State might incur, trusting to the next Legislature for reimbursement. It was a wise, statesmanlike act, saving the Treasury a large amount and enabling the authorities to put on a strong force of workmen immediately.

The health of the sufferers was also a serious consideration. With thousands of rotting corpses and dead animals, acres of filth and rubbish, and cellars filled with decaying matter, the prospect of an epidemic was indeed alarming. The State Board of Health moved promptly, regardless of red tape and the ordinary circumlocution of official bodies. Dr. Benjamin Lee transmitted the subjoined preliminary report, which sets forth the initiatory action of the Board:

PITTSBURGH, *June 7th, 1889.*

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, JAMES A. BEAVER, *Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.*

Sir: I beg leave, respectfully to report that at 4:30 P. M., on Sunday, June 2d, I left Pittsburgh for Johnstown, accompanied by Dr. G. G. Groff, a member of this Board, to inspect the flooded regions of the Conemaugh river. My primary object was to determine the extent of the danger of pollution of the Conemaugh, Kiskiminitas, Allegheny and Ohio rivers by the decomposition of dead bodies, whether those of human beings or domestic animals, and to reduce that danger within as narrow limits as possible. At Nineveh I found 162 dead bodies, which were being well and rapidly embalmed and awaited the action of the coroner. I telegraphed him that where identification had taken place the interests of the public health would warrant dispensing with the usual formalities, if necessary, for the expeditious removal of bodies. I ordered free use of disinfectants in and about the morgue. The work at this morgue was excellently done under Mr. Devore, of Pittsburgh. Seeing the urgent necessity for the employment of a large force of wreckers and searchers at the earliest possible moment, I telegraphed the Sheriffs of Allegheny, Westmoreland, Indiana and Cambria Counties, instructing each to summon a large posse and proceed with the work of breaking up drift-piles and exhuming bodies. I also telegraphed Adjutant-General Hastings that I would report to him at Johnstown early the next morning.

June 3rd I crossed the Conemaugh in a skiff to Old Nineveh, where I found twenty-eight bodies, not prepared for transportation. I authorized John Barber, Justice of the Peace, to hold an inquest, as nothing had been heard of the Coroner, and instructed him that all bodies identified must be embalmed; all others wrapped in sheets soaked in disinfectant, and all not identified by 5 P. M. the following evening buried, a careful description of the body and belongings being kept and the graves marked. Left Dr. Riggs, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in charge at Nineveh.

Reached Morrellville at 10:30 A. M. and walked up to Johnstown. Reported in writing to General Hastings, not being able to find him personally. Crossed the river and reported to Dr. Moxham, Chairman of the Provisional Committee, and advised him to order at once through the Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburgh five thousand pounds of copperas and two thousand five hundred pounds of chloride of zinc for immediate necessities. Made inspection of the entire borough of Johnstown, and of the Bedford-street Hospital. The work of cremation of dead animals, of disinfection of carcasses which cannot yet be extricated, of house-to-house inspection of inhabited houses, of cleaning and disinfecting such houses, and of instructing the people how to avoid disease as the result of the unusual conditions in which they are living, was at once inaugurated and is going on very systematically and efficiently under the superintend-

ance of Dr. Matthews, whom I appointed Chief of the Sanitary Corps. The comparatively small amount of sickness found by the inspectors is sufficient evidence of the value of this work. I have, therefore, less fear of any serious epidemic in Johnstown. Its water supply is, fortunately, pure. Much, however, will depend on the rapid destruction of debris and cleaning up of the place. For this a large force of men is needed.

The most pressing problem now before the Board is the protection of the water supplies of cities on the rivers below. In order to render more efficient service in this matter, I came to Pittsburgh on June 6th, leaving Dr. Groff, whose sound judgment has been of the greatest assistance to me, in charge at Johnstown.

Here I am organizing gangs of wreckers to go up as far as Johnstown and down as far as the State line, reclaiming all bodies and destroying all putrefying matter. There still remains a drift-heap of many acres in extent and many feet in depth, the greater part of it under water, which covers the Conemaugh River from the stone bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad up to the junction with Stony Creek and extends a considerable distance up Stony Creek. This mass is jammed tightly against the bridge. The river flows under it, entirely concealed from sight. It is covered to a considerable extent with earth. To burn it as it stands would be an impossibility. It must contain some dead bodies of human beings and many carcasses. These are already putrefying and becoming offensive. Every day renders the situation worse and increases the contamination of the water.

I, therefore, after a careful personal inspection of the entire situation, by virtue of the authority conferred upon the State Board of Health by the Act of June 3d, 1885, and delegated to me as its Executive Officer in Regulation First, declare the condition of things existing at Johnstown and neighboring boroughs, and especially of the drift-heap above described and of the waters of the Conemaugh and Kiskiminetas Rivers, to be a nuisance dangerous to the public health; and, inasmuch as the extent of this nuisance is so great that the local authorities cannot abate it, I call upon your Excellency as Chief Executive of the Commonwealth to at once employ such force as may be necessary to remove and abate the same.

I have the honor to be, Your Excellency's most obedient servant,

BENJAMIN LEE,
Secretary and Executive Officer.

Acting upon the recommendations embodied in this report, the Governor issued the following proclamation, which may be viewed as the first official step in the direction of State control:

IN THE NAME AND BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION:

WHEREAS, the State Board of Health through its secretary and executive officer, has this day made to me a report in writing, bearing date the 7th day of June, 1889, in which, after reciting the action taken by said Board in reference to the recent floods which have devastated the Conemaugh Valley, and the work which has been done by the said Board in providing, as far as possible, for purifying the streams and maintaining the health of the people, the condition now existing along the Conemaugh River at Johnstown and in its vicinity is fully set forth;

AND WHEREAS, the said Board, through its executive officer, as aforesaid, has made call upon the Chief Executive of the Commonwealth to take action in reference thereto, as follows:

"*I, therefore*, after a careful personal inspection of the entire situation, by virtue of the authority conferred upon the State Board of Health by the Act of June 3d, 1885, and delegated to me as its executive officer in Regulation First, declare the condition of things existing at

Johnstown and neighboring boroughs and especially of the drift-heap above described, and of the waters of the Conemaugh and Kiskiminetas Rivers, to be a nuisance dangerous to the public health, and, inasmuch as the extent of this nuisance is so great that the local authorities cannot abate it, I call upon your Excellency as Chief Executive of the Commonwealth to at once employ such force as may be necessary to remove and abate the same."

Now, Therefore, I, James A. Beaver, Governor of the said Commonwealth, in deference to the said request of the State Board of Health, and in pursuance of its declaration, do hereby declare the said drift in the Conemaugh River, at Johnstown, and at other points in and about said locality, a public nuisance, and in accordance with the power granted to said Board, and acting under the authority of the law which confers said power, I do hereby direct that the said nuisance be immediately abated, and to this end I further direct that the men and means necessary for said purpose be immediately employed and continued at work until the said nuisance has been entirely abated, and the danger to public health and safety removed, and in doing this, and in order to provide the funds necessary therefor, I do hereby pledge the faith of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State at the city of Harrisburg, this twelfth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, and of the Commonwealth the one hundred and thirteenth.

By the Governor:

CHARLES W. STONE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

JAMES A. BEAVER,

These preliminaries having been settled properly, the State took charge on Thursday morning, June 12th. The men employed by Booth & Flinn were paid off the day previous. Transportation to Pittsburgh was furnished such as declined to stay, and large numbers left for their homes. They had been receiving $2 per day. The rate the State proposed was $1.50. In establishing this scale great care was had not to interfere with the railroad companies, which had thousands of men renewing their tracks, by offering wages so high that the laborers might leave their jobs and rush to Johnstown. Again, the rate was put above that paid the railroad employés, as the work was disagreeable and arduous. Tugging and pulling out logs and boards from huge masses of wreckage, with the probability of running against a corpse or a carcass every moment, or digging in filth and mud up to the knees, was not an attractive business. The men engaged in it were entitled to increased pay, and the one-fifty schedule was fixed upon as equitable to all concerned.

Mr. McDonald, whom Governor Beaver had enlisted in the service, reported to General Hastings. His ideas fell short of what appeared indispensable to meet the crisis. He proposed to import a host of foreigners from New York, in squads of a couple hundred. This meant delay, and might excite the jealousy of native laborers. Accordingly, contracts were made with McLean & Co., Philadelphia; Coburn & Mitchell, Altoona; P. Ridge, Pittsburgh, and James McKnight, Pittsburgh, to clear away the debris. Philip S. Flinn remained as superintendent for Mr. McKnight, continuing until July,

when all the contractors, except McLean & Co., were relieved. Upon taking charge, General Hastings made the following appointments:

CHIEFS OF OPERATIONS, JOHNSTOWN.—General D. H. Hastings, Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania; Colonel Thomas J. Hudson, Chief of Artillery, N. G. P.; Lieutenant-Colonel William J. Elliott, Acting Inspector-General, N. G. P.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SAFETY.—Brigadier-General Wiley, Second Brigade; Major Samuel Hazlett, Ordnance Department, Second Brigade; Major W. W. Greenland, Quartermaster, Second Brigade; Major Frank K. Patterson, Inspector, Second Brigade; Major Wilson F. Braden, Judge-Advocate, Second Brigade; Captain George C. Hamilton, Aide-de-Camp, Second Brigade; Captain James H. Murdock, Aide-de-Camp, Second Brigade.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT.—Colonel S. W. Hill, Quartermaster-General of Pennsylvania; Lieutenant-General Thomas Patton, Assistant Quartermaster-General of Pennsylvania.

COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.—Colonel J. Granville Leach, Commissary-General of Pennsylvania; Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Spangler, Assistant Commissary-General of Pennsylvania; Captain J. A. Loohr, of the Tenth; Lieutenant W. H. Bean, Second United States Cavalry; Lieutenant J. P. Albro, of the Thirteenth; Lieutenant Charles E. Brown, of the Eighteenth.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.—Colonel John I. Rogers, Judge-Advocate-General of Pennsylvania; Lieutenant-Colonel Henry E. Paxson, Aide-de-Camp to the Governor.

ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT.—Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Gray, of the Governor's staff.

SURGEON-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.—Major J. B. Silliman, Surgeon, Second Brigade.

Supply stations were opened at the two railroad depots, from which eleven sub-distributing stations throughout the valley received provisions and clothing. The supplies were purchased by the Commissary-General and placed in charge of Major Spangler. The general supply depot at the Pennsylvania freight station was Post Commissary No. 1, with Major Horn at its head. Major Singer managed Post Commissary No. 2, at the Baltimore and Ohio station. Under Major Horn seven district stations were established to give relief direct:

Districts Nos. 1 and 2, Johnstown Borough, Major Mercer.
District No. 3, Prospect Hill and Millville, Lieutenant Richardson, Ninth Regiment.
District No. 4, Woodvale, Lieutenant Selden, Sixteenth Regiment.
District No. 5, East Conemaugh, Lieutenant Koons, First Regiment.
District No. 6, Franklin Borough, Lieutenant Meram, Ninth Regiment.
District No. 7, South Fork, Lieutenant Cox, Third Regiment.

These stations and officers were under Major Singer:

District No. 8, Johnstown Borough, Lieutenant Baker, Sixth Regiment.
District No. 9, Kernville and Grubtown, Major Curtis, of the Staff.
District No. 10, Conemaugh Borough, Lieutenant Williams, Fifth Regiment.
District No. 11, Coopersdale, Lieutenant Nichols, Twelfth Regiment.

Lieutenant Bean, of the United States regular army, was placed in charge of the accounts of the Commissary-General. Colonel Orr, clerk of the military board, with two clerks from the Adjutant-General's office, was given charge of the accounts of the distribution of supplies. Everything moved forward with military precision, and the wreckage disappeared rapidly.

Mr. McKnight, who contracted to remove the drift above the stone bridge, worked from June 12th to July 6th, his force ranging from 2,200 men to 350

DYNAMITE EXPLOSION AT THE BRIDGE.

the last week. Twelve hoisting engines, carpenters, blacksmiths and dynamiters were employed. Arthur Kirk, under the supervision of Major Phillips,

handled the explosives so skilfully that no accident occurred, although 13,800 pounds of dynamite were used. More of the dangerous stuff was exploded after the State retired from the field, swelling the total to about 17,000 pounds. Occasionally bodies were loosened from the mud and wreck and blown into fragments, six rising two hundred feet in the air at one time.

Colonel Joseph H. Gray, of Pittsburgh, who had charge of the State accounting department, completed his report on July 18th. He had vouchers for every cent of money that went through the hands of the State authorities during the time they had charge of affairs at Johnstown. The accounts were opened on June 12th and closed July 8th. During that time a grand total of $248,935.81 was accounted for. Of this amount, $174,761.97 was credited to the State department and $74,173.84 to the relief fund. The amounts paid to contractors for State work between June 12th and July 9th were:

R. O'Donnell, $1,475.64; McLean & Co., $34,657.10; Patrick Ridge, $9,368.47; Colburn & Co., $25,745.43; James McKnight, $41,911.49; Charles Suppes, for cleaning cellars, $2,067.23; J. H. Benford, $243.10.

What with dynamite explosions at short intervals, clearing away the debris above the railroad bridge, the army of workmen employed in all sorts of ways, the hosts of teams constantly engaged, the crowds of passengers from every train, the vast quantities of supplies arriving daily and the new structures going up on a number of streets, Johnstown was a busy place the latter part of June. Vast progress had been made and many sections were almost clear of obstructions. Temporary stores were going up briskly and portable houses had begun to arrive. The acres of debris above the railroad bridge were reduced to a mere shadow. Hope of a bright future for the town was gaining strength. The greater part of the Cambria Iron Works had started, giving employment to thousands of men. On June 20th it looked as though a general suspension of work might occur. The poor fellows toiling in the dirt and rubbish for the pittance of $1.50 a day, one-third of it retained for food, complained of the scanty, ill-prepared rations furnished by the contractors. Black coffee and fat pork, thrown to them as if they were beasts, were not calculated to make men contented and industrious. They very properly demanded to be furnished wholesome food in sufficient quantity to keep soul and body together. Six or eight hundred left for Pittsburgh, declining to strike under the sad circumstances that brought them to town. General Hastings notified the contractors that the men must be given proper food, or he would feed them himself and charge the account to the parties responsible for their ill-treatment. The men were better treated thereafter and no farther trouble ensued.

The Commissioners had 30,000 people to feed for two weeks, when the number was reduced daily. General Hastings ordered $40,000 worth of provisions from Pittsburgh the day he took charge. The regular food was similar to the army rations, with the addition of bread and butter and vegetables.

The food was wholesome, and a supply for five days was kept on hand in case of emergency. It was to be expected that some attempts to defraud the commissary and get provisions and clothing by wholesale would be attempted. Yet the extent to which this was done astonished the officers. Families were known to have their houses filled with groceries and clothing sufficient to stock a store, although they were not touched by the flood. Farmers carried off loads of clothing, groceries and tools, in spite of all precautions to guard against fraud. Some of the districts were abandoned and others consolidated, as stated in this report:

COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT,
JOHNSTOWN, PA., *June 27th, 1889.*

BRIGADIER-GENERAL D. H. HASTINGS, *Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania:*

General: I have the honor to report that the intention to reduce the number of persons supplied by one-third by Wednesday evening, June 26th, has been fully carried out, though more thoroughly in some districts than in others. From the reports made by the different quartermasters yesterday, it is my intention this week to close the commissary at Morrellville, consolidating it with Cambria City; to close the commissaries at Brownstown, Minersville, Rosedale and Coopersdale, and supply the wants of the really needy from the commissaries of Cambria City and Prospect Hill; to consolidate the three commissaries at East Conemaugh, Franklin and Woodvale, which are much reduced in numbers to be supplied, into one station, to be at Franklin, where the largest center of population appears to be; to close the sub-stations at Walnut Grove, Grubtown and Moxham, and supply the really needy from Johnstown and Kernville.

Conemaugh Borough is the only station that does not show a reduction in its work, but until the report of canvassers now out and working is made, I cannot say what is to be the future of this station. I am promised the report to-day. I attach hereto a table, being a recapitulation of the changes in the several districts, and also comparing the figures with those given in last report, showing that the reduction of one-third has been fully accomplished:

STATIONS.	*Cards—Last Reported.*	*Cards—June 27.*	*People Supplied Last.*	*People Sup'd June 27.*
Morrellville	504	299	2,694	1,046
Cambria	500	345	2,461	1,674
Prospect Hill	432	427	3,068	1,484
Woodvale	179	159	861	750
East Conemaugh	228	19	324	56
Franklin	155	50	667	212
Minersville	300	200	1,425	1,000
Rosedale	90	. .	407	50
Johnstown	1,500	536	4,340	3,522
Kernville	660	291	3,969	1,800
Conemaugh	654	700	4,500	5,131
Totals	5,202	3,026	24,716	16,725

The closing of several commissary stations this week and the consolidation of others should so reduce the work that by Monday it could be placed in the hands of the citizens to relieve the cases of actual destitution and need. All the stations cannot be closed for some time, for there must be many needy cared for, and a place or places retained for the reception and the distribution of provisions, furniture, etc., for their use.

The changes outlined above will leave in operation six commissaries, distributed at Franklin, Conemaugh, Johnstown, Kernville, Prospect Hill and Cambria City. These will, I think,

amply supply the wants of those whom it would be improper to cut off from supply, and they are in my opinion conveniently situated.

In closing the station at East Conemaugh I lose the services of Lieut. F. P. Koons, Quartermaster First Regiment, N. G. P. He has proved a most valuable officer by his efficient services to this department, and has been the first who is able to close his commissary with the approbation and satisfaction of all the people concerned.

J. L. SPANGLER, *Lt. Col. and A. C. G.*

Later Colonel Spangler reported that about 4,000 able-bodied men were earning their living and supporting those dependent upon them. The Commissaries were reduced to one, which was turned over to the local committee on July 8th, Captain H. H. Kahn, who had a thorough knowledge of the duties, taking charge. Widows, orphans and aged sufferers were furnished supplies, but the issuing of unlimited rations ceased, and persons able to work had to reply upon their own resources.

The Philadelphia firemen, who relieved the Pittsburgh fire companies the middle of June, returned home on July 9th. They left their four engines and 1,500 feet of hose in care of the local fire department. The machines were to remain until the authorities could purchase new ones. "Chal." L. Dick organized a fire department of four companies, composed principally of members of the old volunteers, whose buildings and apparatus were destroyed. They managed the four Philadelphia engines, which were antiquated machines that would not throw a stream over a three-story house.

A system of registry was devised, which contemplated recording the names and addresses of all survivors. Clerks worked for weeks and about fifteen thousand residents were enrolled. Hundreds paid no attention to it, consequently the plan was not completely successful. The Citizens' Committee distributed $150,000 on July 8th and 9th, at the rate of $10 apiece, to the sufferers who had registered. On Tuesday, July 8th, contrary to the wishes of the best elements in the community, the Court permitted the saloons to resume liquor selling, for the first time since the disaster. As the result, a host of board shanties were erected on Washington street for the sale of beer and whiskey. These holes were so liberally patronized that the lock-up was packed with drunken men before dark. Disorder and riot reigned to such a degree that decent folks feared to be seen on the streets at night. Hardy men, paid off on Monday and Tuesday, spent their earnings for the vile fluids dealt out in these improvised bar-rooms. General Hastings sent a manly protest to Judge Johnston, but the permission was not revoked and the spirit of disorder raged all week. Many a poor victim of a debased appetite, who received $10 the beginning of the week from the funds distributed then, put the last cent into the inflammable stuff that roused the worst passions. The opening of these places was the greatest calamity that could have occurred, as there were still hundreds of men at work, and the borough was not in a flurry to engage an army of police! Crowds of loafers kept up a perpetual disturbance. The majority did

not belong to the town, but were working for the contractors or trying to live by their wits. Not the shadow of an excuse could be urged for the opening of these saloons, which furnished neither food nor lodging. It would have been a signal blessing to have prohibited the sale of liquor sixty days longer, by which time the bulk of the strangers would have disappeared and the inhabitants would have settled down in a great measure to their regular avocations.

The State Board of Health was not idle. A house-to-house inspection was pushed vigorously by ten medical directors and twenty-five assistants, with Dr. Matthews at their head. On June 18th Dr. J. E. Sillman, chief of the medical staff, directed his assistants to consolidate all the morgues and place them in charge of Undertaker Henderson. Buildings, streets, water-closets, cellars and heaps of decaying refuse were disinfected A good deal of sickness, usually of a malarial type, prevailed and death was very busy the fourth week of June. Fifty laborers were attacked with typhoid fever in one day, but recovered rapidly under careful medical treatment. Considering the muggy weather, the stenches that could not be abated and the putrid bodies in cellars still untouched, it was marvelous that anybody continued well. The resident doctors complained to General Hastings of encroachments upon their rights by foreign physicians, who swarmed to the stricken district and endeavored to build up permanent practices for themselves. The complainants stated that, although they lost all their property by the flood, they were willing to attend the sick free of charge. Their complaints were also directed against societies which they alleged were fond of interfering. The General promised whatever aid he could give in re-establishing the physicians in their business, and the ripple passed over. The State Board closed its valuable labors in October, as shown in Dr. Lee's final report :

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA,
STATE BOARD OF HEALTH,
JOHNSTOWN, *October 10th, 1889.*

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, JAMES A. BEAVER, *Governor of Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.*

Sir : On the seventh day of June, 1889, I had the honor to address your excellency a communication in which I reported an inspection of Johnstown and the neighboring boroughs and the Conemaugh and Kiskiminetas valleys, which had been visited by a devastating flood. Based upon this inspection, I, at the same time, made official declaration, in the name of the State Board of Health, of the existence of a nuisance prejudicial to the public health in these valleys, and called upon your excellency, in view of the extent of this nuisance and of the entire inability of the local authorities to cope with the emergency, to "at once employ such force as might be necessary to remove and abate the same."

I have now the honor to report that this work has been brought to a successful termination.

In response to the above-noted declaration and request, a large force of laborers was immediately placed at my disposal, under the command of Adjutant-General Hastings, with Colonel H. T. Douglass as Chief Engineer. At a subsequent period General Hastings' official duties called him elsewhere, the force was considerably reduced, and Captain George C. Ham-

ilton assumed control of operations. I desire here to acknowledge the untiring zeal and energy displayed by these officers in the discharge of their arduous and responsible duties, the uniform courtesy with which my instructions were received, and the fidelity with which they were carried out. The work which has been accomplished may be briefly summed up:

The rivers have been scrupulously patrolled from the State line on the Ohio to South Fork on the Conemaugh, a distance of not less than 120 miles, with the result of recovering hundreds of bodies and destroying large numbers of carcasses. The immense masses of wreckage under which Johnstown was buried have been entirely removed, and numerous dead bodies of human beings and animals thus extricated, disinfectants having been freely used to prevent these from becoming a source of disease while still out of reach of the laborers.

Many miles of streets have been excavated, and tens of thousands of tons of earth carted away from private properties and cellars in order to remove the filth with which it was saturated. An idea of the extent of this labor may be gained when it is stated that an area of several acres on which this earth was dumped has been raised fifteen feet above the previous level. Disinfectants were also lavishly used during the prosecution of this difficult and dangerous work. In fact, but for the constant and unsparing application of these agents, the only resource would have been a general conflagration. Hundreds of wrecked buildings which harbored filth or were dangerously insecure have been torn down and removed. The vast and densely packed drift at the stone bridge has been rent asunder by dynamite and dragged out, with the result of removing much putrescent matter which was polluting the stream. Substantial bridges have been built to afford an opportunity for the transportation of filth and wreckage. The mouths of all the sewers have been opened, and the channels of the rivers freed from impediments to the ready escape of sewage. The heated term which was so much dreaded has passed with but little serious illness, and the advent of frost brings increased security.

Whatever of imperative sanitary work remains to be done is now quite within the means of the residents, who, encouraged by the generous aid and sympathy which has been extended to them from all parts of the civilized world, are now resuming the responsibilities of citizenship.

I, therefore, in the name of the State Board of Health, declare the nuisance in this district removed and abated, and request that the State forces be withdrawn from and after Saturday, the twelfth day of October. I have the honor to be your excellency's most obedient servant,

BENJAMIN LEE,

Secretary and Executive Officer State Board of Health of Pennsylvania.

An application to the President of the United States for pontoon bridges, to be used in crossing Stony Creek, was granted, boats used at Harper's Ferry during the war coming from Washington for the purpose. They were moored under the direction of army officers, furnishing a convenient passage until a frame bridge could be constructed. Portable houses were likewise purchased in Chicago, General Hastings announcing on June 20th that the State Commission would provide five hundred of these buildings. They cost $100 each, and were one-roomed affairs. The first one arrived on June 25th and was erected near the Baltimore & Ohio depot. It was a shed-like structure, with about as few points of architectural beauty as the coal-house of a country school. The people revolted against the "Oklahomas," which had neither ceiling, partition, chimney, lining, nor plaster. They were not as warm as an "A" tent, and not half as roomy. Still these were the kind of buildings in which it was proposed to domicile the families of the houseless sufferers of the devastated valley. General Hastings heard the first murmurs of discontent with

respectful incredulity, but as soon as he saw the shell he took occasion to express himself in the strongest terms. The houses were in no sense what he expected them to be or what they had been represented to him, and he would do all in his power to get substantial buildings. Master-Carpenter Hughes would build four-roomed, two-story buildings for the same money, and larger ones in proportion, of hemlock. These would be durable and comfortable, and would last till the occupants should be able to erect their own houses again—be that six months or three years hence. At a meeting of the business men, called by him in the freight-house of the Pennsylvania railroad on June 12th, the General had said:

"The best thing for the business people of this place to do is to begin to look towards the resumption of business. To give the thought in my mind practical shape, if there are among you business men here assembled any who desire to start business, and who will indicate to me what will be necessary to assist you to that end, I will communicate with the proper people to see if we can't get you what you need to put you on your feet again. We have all the relief necessary. There is no need of a man to go mealless. If any one goes to bed hungry or shelterless, it is his own fault. The organization we have now to supply food and clothing is as nearly perfect as we can make it. The troops will not interfere with your local government. We want you to open your municipal government and your town council, appoint your own police and go about your daily occupations as you did before. There is no martial, no military law. We have only the troops here necessary to keep the vandals out.

"I understand that you are all merchants. If you are willing to go back again and resume business I would like to know it, and I will call upon certain parties in the East to furnish to you the lumber and the building material necessary to put up at least temporary structures in which to begin business over again. Although I have no positive assurances to give you to this effect, I believe that we can get you the needed building material very shortly. I don't think you want to be still and wait until some regular distribution of assistance is made. If you can get the lumber to put up your places of business, the merchants will come to you and will provide you with stock. The lumber is entirely gratis. I will communicate with people who will send train-loads of lumber here as rapidly as they can be transported."

Resolutions approving of these suggestions were adopted, after various gentlemen had endorsed them heartily. Trains of lumber were ordered, and soon four hundred of the two-story frames supplied satisfactory quarters for numerous stores, offices and residences. A meeting on June 29th took strong ground in favor of consolidating the cluster of boroughs into one city organization. Temporary buildings were springing up, and many places of business had been opened by that date. The Cambria Iron Works were employing 3,000 men and the applications for relief had diminished greatly. The mass of debris above the railroad bridge, thanks to a tireless energy and a liberal use of dynamite, had almost vanished. The spirit of the people was one of calm resignation and increasing hopefulness.

Five hundred and fifty was the highest number of troops in Johnstown at once. The largeness of this force evoked much adverse criticism and entailed a heavy outlay for maintenance. The pay ranged as follows:

Captains, $5 per day; Lieutenants, $4.63; Second Lieutenants, $4.17; Orderly Sergeants,

$2.50, and 25 cents for each service stripe; Sergeants, $2, and 25 cents for each stripe; Corporals, $1.75, and 25 cents for each stripe; Privates, $1.50.

Four hundred of these soldiers were relieved on June 28th, leaving for Pittsburgh the next afternoon. They were all members of the Fourteenth regiment. Companies C, F, and I were retained to assist the local police authorities. Details from each of the other companies in the regiment were assigned to the companies remaining, in order to give them their full quota, thus making the number left for further duty about 150, in addition to company H of Johnstown. The Fourteenth regiment was on duty twenty-six days. The company receiving the largest amount of money was K—$2,779.06; the company receiving the smallest amount, G. Company K is one of the crack companies of the regiment, and on dress parade was greeted with special evidence of recognition by the spectators. Speaking of their departure the Johnstown *Tribune* remarked:

"It is simply a recognition of duty faithfully discharged to say that the militiamen who have been here since the flood have, as a body, behaved themselves in a soldiery manner, and have rendered us a great service, which we duly appreciate."

Private Young, of company C, upon being relieved from duty on June 10th went into his tent, put the muzzle of his musket in his mouth and blew the side of his head off. This suicide was the only military fatality during the occupation of Johnstown by the National Guard.

That so little friction occurred between the military and the civil authorities was remarkable. On one occasion General Hastings ordered the picket out on the high embankment near the freight depot, where every person must pass to reach the temporary bridge back of the company store. Captain Hamilton was detailed with a suitable guard. All who came without General Hastings' pass in the morning were turned aside. In the afternoon a new difficulty was encountered. When you flashed your military pass on the sentinel who called "Halt!" he would throw his gun slantwise across your body, so that the butt grazed your right hip and the bayonet your left ear, and say, "No good unless signed by the Sheriff." The civil authorities had taken the bridge out of the hands of the militia, and the Sheriff sat on a camp-stool overlooking the desolate city all forenoon, making out passes and approving the General's. The military men said there was no conflict of authority, and it was deemed proper that the civil authorities should still control the pass there. The Sheriff looked calm and serene. Some begged him for passes to hunt for their dead. One man cried: "I've just gotten here, and my wife and children are in that town;" another said: "I belong to Conemaugh and was carried off by the flood," while an aged men behind him whispered: "Sheriff, I just want to look where the old home stood." When four peaceful-faced Sisters in convent garb, on their mission of mercy, came that way the sentinels stood back a pace and no voice ordered "Halt!"

The Transportation Department, whose headquarters were in one of the first tents along Conemaugh street, was one of the busiest. About 5,000 passes were issued in two weeks. The first week 1,600 were made out and 3,400 the second. These passes were granted to all who suffered by the flood. Inasmuch as the expenses had to be taken from the relief fund, the officials exercised great caution, requiring identification and answers to questions, which in some cases were responded to by insult. The officers never desisted in their efforts to avoid issuing papers to the undeserving. The tickets, some of which were to New Mexico, Texas, Massachusetts, Oregon, and almost all points in the United States, were good only to the terminals of the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio railroads. Upon reaching these, the passes were extended by other roads to the destination as noted by the Transportation Department. The departure of such numbers caused a scarcity of skilled labor, so that, for the first time in its history, the Cambria Iron Company could not hire sufficient help at the beginning of July to hurry forward the Gautier mills and run the furnaces to their regular capacity.

On Monday, July 8th, the State virtually retired from the field, General Hastings leaving next day for his home at Bellefonte, whence he started for the military encampment at Mt. Gretna. Accounts had been settled with all the contractors except McKnight, who arranged for another week in which to adjust differences between his and the State's time-keepers. McLean & Co. were empowered to continue the work of renovating alleys, lots and cellars, and a company of troops was retained a while longer. What had been accomplished by the State, and the condition of affairs at the close of the military domination, Mr. Harry Keller, Chief of the Bureau of Information, set forth in his final report:

JOHNSTOWN, PA., *July 8, 1889.*

BRIGADIER-GENERAL D. H. HASTINGS, *Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania:*

General: I have the honor to make the following report of the work done by the Bureau of Information since the departure of Colonel John I. Rogers, by whom it was organized, and the method of procedure under which we have attained the gratifying results desired. It is intended to be merely supplemental to the very full and complete report made by him.

The main work required of the Bureau of Information was the answering of letters from outside persons who had friends or relatives in Johnstown and the vicinity, and who naturally felt deeply interested as to whether or not these friends or relatives had escaped the dire disaster. In order to answer these inquiries with any degree of intelligence, it was found necessary to make as complete a registration of the living, and record of the dead and missing, as was possible.

Mr. James B. Scott, of Pittsburgh, very kindly allowed us the privilege of retaining his rolls several weeks, in order that we might make copies of the same, which was done in the following manner: The names of the living, registered, were written on slips of paper, the duplicates thrown out, and the remainder then compiled alphabetically and transferred to a record book, sufficient space being left between the names to insert those that might afterwards be added. The different hospital lists were obtained, the names of those that were cared for at

any time by the Ladies' Aid Society of Pittsburgh were gathered, and, in addition, men were sent out who have thoroughly canvassed Prospect Borough, Conemaugh, East Conemaugh, Franklin, Millville, Cambria and Morrellville, going from house to house and taking the names of all who had not previously registered. These names have been compiled in the same manner as the proceeding, and are being constantly added to the record.

It was found impossible to make a canvass of the greater part of Johnstown and Woodvale, for the reason that these places were almost entirely swept away ; but it appears from our books that nearly all those formerly living there that are safe have registered of their own accord.

The Seventh ward of Johnstown and the adjacent township, together with the villages of Brownstown, Rosedale, Coopersdale, Moxham and Walnut Grove, containing in all about four thousand seven hundred, suffered comparatively little loss of life, and have not, as yet, undergone a house-to-house canvass, but a fair estimate of the number registered from these districts would place it in the neighborhood of two thousand. This would leave somewhat over two thousand five hundred names to be added.

Our list at present embraces about twenty-two thousand names, six thousand of which have not yet been transferred from the compiled slips to the book. I would suggest that Mr. H. A. French, who has been doing the transcribing, be allowed to finish it, if such an arrangement can possibly be made.

As recommended by Colonel Rogers, Mr. C. B. Clark, of Altoona, who has just completed a directory of Johnstown, the use of the only copy of which the Bureau has had, was retained. His knowledge of the names and aptness in compilation have been of great service. If Mr. Clark can be induced to remain, he and Mr. French can easily answer all inquiries, and at the same time complete the registry by the addition of the few names that have been omitted.

In computing the list of the dead, we have taken the daily morgue reports and copied the names into a record book, arranging them alphabetically when the bodies have been identified, and with reference to morgues when otherwise. Thus far the morgues have reported 969 identified and 689 unidentified bodies, a total of 1,658, distributed as follows:

Grand View Chapel	19
Fourth-Ward School House	338
Presbyterian Church	82
Kernville	138
Peelorville	20
St. Columba, Cambria	176
Minersville	51
Morrellville	189
Nineveh, Westmoreland side	189
Nineveh, Indiana side	25
Franklin	18
Mineral Point	15
Pennsylvania Railroad Station	107
Millville	291
Total	1,658

In addition to this total of 1,658 bodies taken to the morgues, our canvass has brought out the names of 421 more that certainly perished, but whose bodies have not been recovered, making a grand total of 2,079 persons known to be lost.

There have been since June 12th 1,073 inquiries of all descriptions, every one of which has been answered. If the name of a person sought for could not be found on either of our lists, a messenger was sent out to discover, if possible, some trace of him. In this way a definite answer could be given to at least 75 per cent. of the communications received.

In closing, I wish to express my high appreciation of the kindly feeling and hearty co-operation of my associates in the Bureau—Messrs. H. A. French, Charles B. Clark, Irvin Rutledge,

Jr., A. R. Parkeson, W. H. Keller, S. S. Fluke and George B. Johnston—and to sincerely thank you on their behalf and my own for the very courteous treatment we have always received at your hands. I have the honor to be your most obedient servant,

HARRY KELLER,
Chief of the Bureau of Information.

The retirement of General Hastings from the chief management was signalized by many tributes of well-earned esteem. The citizens he had served faithfully held a public meeting, at which eulogistic addresses were made and complimentary resolutions passed. An influential delegation presented these resolutions on Monday evening. The workmen and the soldiers united in expressions of appreciation, which were suitably acknowledged. It is due General Hastings to say that he discharged his responsible, delicate duties to the satisfaction alike of the people of Johnstown and all interested in seeing that the money appropriated by the State was used to the best advantage. He moved about the district without any fuss or pretension, wearing coarse boots, a flannel shirt, a cutaway coat and a slouch hat. The night after his arrival somebody appropriated the white shirt he had worn during the day. This theft compelled the Adjutant-General to go without a shirt over his underwear for several days, as defects in wardrobes could not be supplied at Johnstown just then. If half the stories told about some of the wearers of the blue were true, a court-martial would have struck a rich field investigating the conduct of the alleged transgressors. But of the great majority only good words can be spoken. Writing on this subject soon after the State assumed control, a Philadelphia journalist, who spent weeks in the district, remarked:

"With the taking of the reins of authority by the State and the concentration of responsibility in Adjutant-General Hastings, the condition of Johnstown, deplorable as it has been and sad as it continues, presents a more hopeful view. In such an emergency there has to be authority concentrated somewhere and it should be authority that has support. General Hastings has it. He also has the public confidence as a just arbitrator and prudent executive. If General Hastings had more men around him as competent to execute his directions as he is competent to give them, it would not take Johnstown long to revive. The trouble is, that with the exception of a very few earnest men who appreciate the situation, he is surrounded by a set of uniformed and soldier-strapped dawdlers and incompetents who appear to regard the occasion as a frolic. The feelings of the citizens of Johnstown who remain is not in sympathy with the exercise of such extensive powers by a military force and corps of officers quartered in the town. Of its protective value all agree. As to whether the soldiers are the best distributors of relief to the women and young girls who are almost the only applicants (the men being too independent to ask aid when there is work), there is a difference of opinion."

Opinions *did* differ as to the propriety of having five or six hundred soldiers on the ground at any time. Cool-headed people argued that General Hastings and twenty or thirty capable assistants would have been ample—in conjunction with the local authorities—to preserve the peace and supervise the work of the contractors. They asserted that a lot of the military entertained the idea that they were out on a lark. Their airs were insufferable, their be-

haviour was scandalous, and some of the officers were harder to approach than the Czar of Russia. The plea that the presence of several thousand laborers rendered troops necessary was untenable. Why not, for the same reason, have the militia on duty whenever and wherever large forces of laborers are employed? While certainly exceptional, were the conditions at Johnstown such as to be improved by hundreds of young fellows, whose chief business was to flourish a gun at every individual who came in sight? Would not a hundred gallant firemen, ready to take off their coats and search in the ruins for the dead, have been of greater value than five times that number of youths in uniforms? Is it likely that an outbreak would have occurred that the citizens could not suppress, had no wearer of a blue coat set foot within twenty leagues of Johnstown? Were not the three or four days immediately following the flood the most critical period in the history of the community, and no armed troops nearer than Pittsburgh? If the State must furnish soldiers to camp in the street and guard a private bank night and day, because from three hundred to three thousand men are clearing up heaps of rubbish in a town, why not have them constantly on guard in cities where large bodies of laborers are similarly engaged? These were the views expressed and the questions asked by many intelligent citizens, lovers of law and order, who had an abiding faith in the good judgment of the masses and were not willing to have the world think Johnstown would have been a Pandemonium, given over to riot and rapine, but for the restraining influence of the Pittsburgh military. What weight they possess, if any, let each reader determine.

General Hastings won unstinted praise for his excellent management. He governed with admirable tact and rare discretion. Firm without harshness, he maintained proper discipline and enforced the law in a manner that commanded respect. A man of imposing presence, tall and stoutly built, he has the erect bearing of a born soldier, and would compel attention in any crowd. His geniality is contagious, rendering him a prime favorite socially. A friend has written this biographical sketch:

"Daniel Hartman Hastings, Adjutant-General of the State of Pennsylvania, was born at Salona, Clinton County, Pa., February 26th, 1849, of Scotch-Irish descent. His father was a native of Ireland and came to this country in 1839. His mother was born in Scotland and came to America in 1829. General Hastings' rudimentary education was obtained entirely in the public schools. He never attended an academy or college. His time, until he was fourteen years of age, was spent on a farm and attending school. At that age he began teaching school during the winter months, working on the farm in the summer until 1867, when he was elected principal of the Bellefonte public schools, and continued to serve in that position until 1875. During this time he took a course of studies similar to a regular college course, covering several years, and was associate editor of the Bellefonte *Republican*. He also read law with the firm of Bush & Yocum, was admitted to the Bar in the spring of 1875 and immediately entered into partnership with his preceptors under the firm name of Bush, Yocum & Hastings. In 1876, Colonel Bush retired from the firm, which was continued as Yocum & Hastings until 1878, when Mr. Yocum was elected to Congress and the partnership was dissolved. General Hastings

formed a partnership with Wilbur F. Reeder, which still continues. The General is in active practice, but gives considerable time to his interests in the coal and coke business, which are quite extensive.

"General Hastings, who has always given attention to the public welfare, filled the position of Chief Burgess of Bellefonte in 1876, was at one time a School Director of the borough, and is at present a trustee of the Pennsylvania State College. He has always been a Republican in politics, and has been a delegate at every State Convention for the last ten years. Latterly he has been much in demand on the stump in this and other states in the various political campaigns. He made the nominating speech in the State Convention of 1886 which placed Governor Beaver's name before that body, and during the canvass that followed, devoted his best energies on the hustings to effect that gentleman's election. He was nominated for delegate-at-large to the National Convention held in Chicago in 1888, receiving the highest vote of any of the delegates. He presented the name of Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, before that body, in a speech conceded to have been the ablest and most eloquent during the convention. In the ensuing campaign he was on the stump for three months continuously.

"General Hastings was but twelve years old when the War of the Rebellion broke out. In 1863 he ran away from home to join the army and was brought back by his father. He again made an effort to enlist in 1864, but without success, and also in the early part of 1865, the last time getting as far as Harrisburg. Each time he was brought home by his father, who considered him too young to endure the hardships of the service, and interposed his authority against the youth's patriotic impulses. He always had a taste and inclination for military affairs. In 1877, during the prevalence of the labor riots, he tendered his services to Governor Beaver, then commanding a brigade of the National Guard of the State, and accompanied him to Altoona, remaining with him until the end of the disturbance. He was appointed captain and paymaster of the Fifth Regiment, N. G. P., in July, 1877, and continued in that position until March 22, 1878, when he was elected Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. On March 22, 1880, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General by General Beaver, who was in command of the Second Brigade. On June 11, 1883, after General Beaver's reappointment, he was again appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of the Second Brigade. On March 28, 1884, he was elected Colonel of the Fifth Regiment, which he command until January 18, 1887, when he was appointed Adjutant-General of the State by Governor Beaver. Under his command the regiment took the highest rank in the National Guard of the State for organization and perfection of drill and equipment.

"General Hastings has delivered numerous addresses before societies and at college commencements, besides political speeches at conventions and on the stump. As an orator he is very effective, with a rich voice and the clearest enunciation. He has the most forceful use of expressive language, tells a story well, and reinforces his arguments with the keenest satire, whenever that can be well employed. He has risen rapidly in the past few years, because he deserved to. He has fully and capably met every emergency of his life. He has not only filled, but he has increased the importance of every position he has held. His work as Adjutant-General has been masterly in all respects. The National Guard under his hand has been brought to a higher degree of perfection than was thought possible a few years ago, and he has done it by intelligent and ceaseless effort, by untiring devotion to duty.

"He was married October 10, 1877, to Miss Jane Armstrong Rankin, of Bellefonte. They have one child, a daughter, born in 1879. Some idea of the character of General Hastings may be gathered from his experience on that Saturday night when the flood still covered most of Johnstown, and there was no better place to sleep than the signal-tower at the railroad station on the Pennsylvania Railroad. It was only a little box, high above the tracks. General Hastings, with two or three newspaper men, slept on the floor, in true military equality and good-fellowship, and thought nothing of his own inconvenience and privations while there was

so much distress around him. In the morning, stiff and sore from lying upon the hard boards he arose and sent over to a house that stood upon the hill for some breakfast that he had ordered for himself and companions the night before. The breakfast was sent over, and the soldier and his friends were just about to fall to when several other newspaper correspondents came up. Without a word the General passed around the viands as far as they would go, getting for his own share one small biscuit. A number of strangers came up into the signal office to see him during the forenoon, and he gave his advice and judgment freely to all, together with such food as he could get. How he repeatedly gave up his own dinner or supper to some sufferer to whom his heart went out in pity, all Johnstown can tell. The world knows of his self-denial and his unwearied service in the devastated region, and what a burst of gratitude ascends from the Conemaugh Valley whenever his name is mentioned."

The State, under the competent management of General Hastings, did splendid work. The local authorities took charge on June 10, when McLean & Co. put five hundred men at work. The huge logs along the bank of the river, which efforts were made to burn, had to be blown to pieces and floated down the Conemaugh. Gangs of workmen were set to clear yards and alleys, burning rubbish that would burn and hauling dirt off to low grounds. The last vestige of the mass of earth and refuse in front of the company store was carted off the day the State retired, so that Washington street was free of debris from end to end.

The total expenditure by the State in clearing up the town was barely $400,000, work ceasing finally the latter part of September. Governor Beaver could desire no stronger vindication of his sagacity in refusing to summon the Legislature than these figures present. His commendable prudence saved the treasury one or two millions of dollars, a good deal of which, for all the benefit it would confer, might as well have been thrown in the fire. "He laughs best who laughs last," and the Governor of Pennsylvania can afford to smile at the discomfiture of the advocates of an extra session. Pittsburgh also expended $250,000 in clearing the wreckage.

Considerable talk was heard relative to deepening and widening the stream, but the State had no jurisdiction and could not undertake the project. Heavy rains on July 2d washed away the temporary bridges and inundated Cambria City, emphasizing the great need of such an improvement as a protection against floods in the future. On December 14th the bridges were again carried off. General Hastings advised an application to Congress to dredge the Conemaugh and Stony Creek. The citizens, acting upon the recommendation, requested Samuel L. Smedley, chief engineer and surveyor of Philadelphia, to make a careful survey of the creeks. Mr. Smedley did so, and the result of his examination will be forwarded to Washington with an appeal for an appropriation. Inasmuch as Congress made appropriations to relieve the sufferers from the Charleston earthquake, the yellow-fever sufferers in Florida and for other great calamities, the Johnstown people feel sure they will receive the assistance they demand. It is estimated that $500,000 will make the proposed change.

Wreckage on Lincoln Street, near the Lower End of Main.

XXI.

MAGNIFICENT BENEVOLENCE.

THE WORLD'S RESPONSE TO THE APPEAL FOR AID — CIVILIZED NATIONS HASTEN TO SUCCOR THE DISTRESSED — CITIES, TOWNS AND INDIVIDUALS POUR IN CONTRIBUTIONS — MANY NOTABLE OFFERINGS — ASSOCIATIONS, SOCIETIES AND CHURCHES SPLENDIDLY REPRESENTED — GENEROUS ERIN'S GREETING — FOOD, CLOTHING AND SHELTER IN ABUNDANCE — NOBLE WOMEN WHO WERE MINISTERING ANGELS — A STREAM OF CHARITY GRAND AND RESISTLESS AS NIAGARA ITSELF.

"I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men."—ALICE CARY.

CHARITY'S HELPING HAND.

AS THE BOW of promise gilded the Oriental sky after the Noachian deluge, so the dark cloud enfolding the Conemaugh Valley had a ray of brightest sunlight. A great, grand, glorious tide of sympathy for the sufferers swept the land like a conflagration, warming men's hearts to deeds of radiant lustre. The whole civilized world hastened to succor those so much in need of aid. Johnstown wanted everything—food, clothing, shelter for the living—coffins and burial for the dead. Never was assistance given more largely and ungrudgingly. Charitable people began to raise money, clothes and provisions on Saturday morning. These were poured into the stricken district with the utmost celerity. The superb response to the appeal for relief extended to the ends of the earth, coming with good cheer fast as electricity could flash its splendid benefactions. Trains and cars laden with generous offerings were given the preference everywhere. Cities, towns, villages and individuals from Florida to Alaska, in Europe

and in Asia, vied in earnest rivalry to assist the afflicted souls bowed down with anguish and poverty. Noble ladies—God bless them !—came on beneficent missions—to soothe the mourning, to minister to the distressed and to offer homes to orphan children. Committees represented scores of communities, each anxious to alleviate in some measure the untold misery the flood had sowed broadcast. The Grand Army of the Republic, the Young Men's Christian Association, the secret societies and the churches established headquarters to deal out requisite articles to all applicants. The stream of benevolence was resistless as the flood which called it into being.

It was a most significant, touching spectacle to behold long rows of people waiting around the supply-stations with their baskets, to be served meat, potatoes, vegetables, bread, or whatever food might be available. The great majority were women and children, scarcely one of whom had not lost friends. Many were the wives and daughters of merchants and laborers who had gone down in the angry wave. Some were the sole survivors of their families. Very few had any other clothes than they wore when their houses were washed away. They stood for hours in the rain without any protection, soaked with the drizzle, squalid and utterly forlorn—a sight to move a heart of stone. They did not talk to one another as women generally do, even when they are not acquainted. They got no words of sympathy from any one and they gave none. Not a word was spoken along the whole line at first. They simply stood and waited. Inside each warehouse a score of volunteers and policemen broke open the boxes and piled the goods in separate heaps. The women's clothing, the men's, the children's and the different sizes were placed in regular order. The barriers were opened and the crowd surged in like depositors making a run on a savings bank. Good order was kept and the assistants doled out the goods to all. Special orders called for stoves, mattresses and blankets. Could the donors but have had a glimpse at the faces of the people they were helping, before and after they passed the distribution windows, they would feel repaid for their sympathy.

It was a sight to send a glow through the inmost soul when two miles of cars, laden with food and supplies of every description, stretched on the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad from the stone bridge away beyond Morrellville. Hundreds more cars were coming over the Baltimore & Ohio, until the sufferers felt that the universe had been profoundly stirred by their misfortunes. Yet it was inevitable that this unparalleled charity should be abused at the outset. A few wretches from the townships filled their cellars with goods obtained on false pretenses, and rich farmers drove off with wagon-loads of plunder derived from the same source. But the contributors can rest satisfied with the general result. Had they only seen, as the writer saw, the vast amount of good their offerings have done, they would feel a strange

happiness in their inmost soul, and thank Heaven for the privilege of helping comfort and support the survivors of the Johnstown disaster.

Governors of States issued proclamations calling upon the citizens for prompt, liberal contributions. The answer was an inundation of benevolence, a torrent of unstinted charity. Among the earliest responses was one from Jacksonville, telegraphing a handsome sum. Still suffering from the effects of the dreadful scourge which nearly converted her into a barren waste, the Florida town remembered how Pennsylvania hurried to her assistance in the fall of 1888. Governor Waterman, of California, sent a dispatch before an appeal was issued, offering any assistance and authorizing the payment of a draft on the broad-guage model of the great-hearted Pacific coast. The $60,000 raised in Pittsburgh in one hour on Saturday afternoon swelled to $101,000 ere the sun went down behind the lofty hills, which shrank to pigmy heights beside the mountain of charity. The mighty pulse of New York beat quick and strong in showering gifts worthy the wealth and prestige of the metropolis. Philadelphia displayed brotherly love that crowned the Quaker City with unfading laurels. Chicago, not unmindful of her own days of trial, reached forth a hand teeming with the choicest products of her markets and granaries and storehouses. The outflow towards the desolated region embraced all sections, religions, classes and conditions. The thousands given by the rich were jostled by the dimes and pennies of the poor. No place or person on this wide continent was too obscure to miss the infection of enthusiasm which made the nation one vast wave of charity emptying its offerings into the lap of desolated Johnstown.

Each hour added to the magnitude and grandeur of the soul-inspiring movement. Washington touched the key-note at a mass-meeting, with President Harrison in the chair, which ranked among the notable gatherings of the age. The papers overflowed with paragraphs of this pleasant sort:

"Not more than a dozen able-bodied men are to be found on Tunnel Hill, Gallitzin, almost the entire male population being at work helping clear up the wreck in Johnstown."

"Brocton, Mass., contributed $975 toward the Johnstown sufferers at a meeting held on June 6th. The list was headed by $500 from a shoe manufacturer."

"New Lisbon, O., sent to Johnstown $757; East Palestine over $400, while Salem sent $2,600 in money and as much more in clothing and provisions."

"A. M. Swartz, Joseph Gallagher, E. P. Evans, W. P. Patton and F. C. Horner, of the Carpenters' Brotherhood, Pittsburgh, went to Johnstown to look after the needs of twenty-six members who are among the sufferers. The committee will distribute about $1,000."

"Mrs. Marvin, of Pittsburgh, was in Johnstown on June 20th to establish a Holly-Tree coffee-house. General Hastings gave her the permission she desired. A cup of coffee and bread and butter will be supplied to all on the same plan and terms as those prevailing in Pittsburgh and Allegheny, which are very liberal."

"E. M. Chapin, now of Washington, D. C., formerly manager of the Cambria Iron Company, although a severe loser by the disaster, donated his fine carriage horses for the relief of the sufferers. The team sold on Saturday for $410, a handsome addition to the fund."

"On Friday next, in front of the Franklin House, in Huntingdon, Pa., ex-Sheriff Geissinger will offer for sale, to the highest bidder, twenty-five fifty-pound sacks of choice roller flour, the gross proceeds to be forwarded to Johnstown for use by the School Board. The fact of the sale has been printed in the Huntingdon papers, Burgess Blair has commended it, and a considerable sum is expected to be realized."

"Up to June 10th the Adams Express Company has handled 10,000 Johnstown relief packages free of charge, the packages coming from all parts of the country. Some of them weighed as much as 600 pounds. The freight would have amounted to thousands of dollars. All relief goods are carried free."

"A committee of Grand Army men reached Johnstown on July 6th with a fund amounting to nearly $15,000, which was distributed among the veterans of Post 30, 125 in number, who suffered loss by the flood."

"The Alliance, O., Relief Committee arrived this morning on a special train with five carloads of provisions. The party is composed of the most prominent iron and steel merchants of Alliance."

"Seven cars of provisions came to-day from Kansas City, in charge of a committee appointed by the mayor. Each car bore a broad streamer, inscribed in bold characters: 'Kansas City's Contributions for Johnstown.' "

"Twenty thousand hams were received this morning from Cincinnati."

"Quarters for 5,000 homeless people are provided in tents on the hillside. For provisions they are dependent on the charity of the country. Bread and meat are served out to them on the committee's order."

Mountains and seas did not impede the avalanche of charity. The impetuous wave rolled over the Atlantic and encompassed Europe. Cablegrams flashed under the ocean conveying contributions and condolence. Sovereigns and princes, potentates and peasants mingled their gifts. The richest of them all—Queen Victoria—sent a message of sympathy, but not a shilling in cash, or even an India shawl! For three months the offerings flowed in, nor did the fountain then dry up entirely. Up to October 1st the following sums were received by Governor Beaver:

Maine	$6,488 45
New Hampshire	12,881 45
Vermont	3,083 15
Massachusetts	227,100 36
Rhode Island	29,207 47
Connecticut	55,886 05
New York	366,943 81
New Jersey	69,914 99
Pennsylvania, outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh	97,290 62
Maryland	21,389 48
Virginia	4,759 77
West Virginia	1,182 75
North Carolina	841 81
South Carolina	845 32
Georgia	6,460 60
Alabama	3,063 10
Carried forward	*$907,339 18*

Amount forward	*$907,339 18*
Mississippi	1,776 20
Louisiana	4,164 40
Texas	3,808 65
Florida	3,940 52
Kentucky	14,296 55
Tennessee	4,919 06
Ohio	74,744 08
Indiana	3,465 50
Illinois	13,772 20
Missouri	10,703 40
Kansas	2,337 16
Nebraska	11,245 21
Iowa	21,068 82
Minnesota	2,196 38
Wisconsin	8,687 30
Michigan	13,234 67
Arkansas	3,502 69
Colorada	7,284 33
Nevada	1,100 00
California	89,516 96
Oregon	3,309 25
New Mexico Territory	39 25
Montana Territory	399 00
Dakota Territory	910 38
Arizona Territory	347 50
Idaho Territory	471 50
Utah Territory	1,401 35
Wyoming Territory	13 50
Washington Territory	4,675 05
Washington City	32,912 52
Ireland	16,633 96
Mexico	130 40
Canada	4,464 65
England	2,106 50
Turkey	876 57
Italy	9 46
Austria	339 70
Germany	30,807 08
Prussia	100 00
Wales	24 25
Saxony	2,637 20
Persia	50 00
Miscellaneous cash amounts	288 90
Total	$1,306,051 23

Included in the above are $100,000 received from the General Relief Fund of New York City, $90,000 from the Relief Committee in Brooklyn, $150,000 from the Relief Committee in Boston, $70,000 from the Governor of Ohio and $50,000 from the Relief Committee of San Francisco, Cal. In addi-

tion to the "Governor's Fund," there were turned over to the Commission the following sums:

From the Philadelphia Relief Committee, $500,000; from the New York Relief Committee, $426,199; from the Pittsburgh Relief Committee, $560,000.

Each of these cities received much larger amounts from subscribers and appropriated separate sums to different localities. A large sum was sent directly from many sources to the Local Committees at Johnstown. The aggregate value of food and supplies contributed, which was very great, can never be known. Did sufferers ever before receive such proofs of kindly feeling?

Notable in the list of cheerful givers were the people of down-trodden Ireland. Their warm hearts knew the meaning of sorrow and desolation, and recalled gratefully the help received from America. These messages and letters have the true ring of Irish hospitality:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, TOWN HALL,
BELFAST, *June 20, 1889.*

TO THE RIGHT HON. GOVERNOR BEAVER, *State of Pennsylvania:*

Sir: I cabled you to-day, as per inclosed copy, through Messrs. Drexel & Co., the sum of £500, as first instalment from people of Belfast and vicinity towards the relief of the sufferers through the Conemaugh disaster. I avail myself of this opportunity of conveying through you the deep sympathy which is felt here with the people of Pennsylvania in general, and the sufferers in particular, in the great calamity which has overtaken them. We trust that the work of relief is going on favorably, and pray that time may soften the feelings of anguish and distress which must have been occasioned by this awful disaster.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,
CHARLES C. CONNOR, *Mayor.*

From Cork came this report, accompanied by substantial proof of the genuineness of the sympathy expressed:

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
CORK, *June 17, 1889.*

Sir: At a public meeting held in the City Court House, Cork, under the presidency of the Mayor, on Friday, 14th inst., the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"That we, the citizens of Cork, in public meeting assembled, sincerely deplore the awful calamity that has befallen the people of the Conemaugh Valley, Pennsylvania, and beg to tender to the friends of those who have perished, to the survivors of the disaster, and to the people of America, our deep sense of this great national misfortune; and that, having regard to the close and friendly relations that have so long subsisted between Ireland and America, and the many kindly and substantial favours that Ireland in the times of her darkest need received from beyond the Atlantic, we deem this a sadly fitting opportunity of showing, even in our national poverty, the strength of our obligation, the warmth of our sympathy, and the extent of our gratitude." We are sir, your obedient servants,

PATRICK O'HEA,
ALEXANDER MCCARTHY,
BARRY C. GALVIN,
Honorable Secretaries.

The Governor of Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

The ancient capital of Ireland gave very liberally, this letter arriving with the first installment of cash:

TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE, CITY HALL,
DUBLIN, *18th June, 1889.*

Sir: We, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses of the City of Dublin, hereby tender to you, and through you to the people of America, the expression of profound grief occasioned to us by the news of the terrible disaster which has recently devastated one of the fairest regions of your great country, causing immense loss of human life and widespread destruction of property.

No calamity could befall the American people, no sorrow could afflict them, that would not also touch the hearts of the Irish race. Free and prosperous America has ever been to our people a land of shelter and a source of comfort. America has sympathized with us in our sufferings, helped us in our struggles, cheered us in our gloom, relieved us in our distress and extended to us favours which shall ever be remembered by the grateful Irish nation.

As our exiled kith and kin have a part in the glories of American history, as they have shed their blood for the achievement and preservation of American liberty, as they participate in all the rights of American citizenship and share the prosperity of their adopted country, so also must they inevitably be sharers in any loss or trouble that may come upon the American people. We have no doubt that Irish names will fill no small space in the huge death-roll which will form part of the record of the recent fearful disaster. To all those to whom that appalling calamity has brought mourning we again tender out most sincere sympathy, and we pray that very soon the immense resources of your country and the indomitable energy of her people may repair the ravages which have taken place and bring to the afflicted all the consolation possible under such sad circumstances. The laws under which we act as the Municipal Council of Dublin debar us from making a grant in aid of the sufferers out of our civic fund, but we have initiated a public subscription for that purpose and remitted two installments, each of £1,000, by cable messages to you. We have further constituted ourselves a committee to receive and, as speedily as possible, to remit such additional sums as may be forthcoming, and we trust that the result, inadequate as it must be to correspond with our desire, will be kindly accepted as a proof of sympathy and as a token of gratitude and affection.

Given under the Common Seal of the City of Dublin,

THOMAS SEXTON, M. P.,
Lord Mayor.

JOHN BEVERIDGE,
Town Clerk.

Here is a copy of a resolution of sympathy that is touchingly expressive:

TOWN HALL, CLONMEL, *June 17th, 1889.*

At a public meeting of the inhabitants of Clonmel and neighborhood, joined by the municipal council and held in the town hall this day, it was proposed by Alderman James Hill, Lonergon, seconded by Richard J. Crean, Esq., solicitor:

Resolved, That we, the municipal council and inhabitants of Clonmel and neighborhood, in public meeting assembled, hereby tender to the American people the expression of our deep sorrow for the sufferers of the immense disaster which has recently befallen the people of the Conemaugh Valley. In the people of America, Ireland has always found sympathizers in her sufferings and comforters in her trials; and the substantial aid received from across the ocean in times of want is remembered by loving Irishmen.

We therefore take this sad opportunity of showing our appreciation of the obligations we are under, regretting that our resources will not permit us to make a more suitable offering.

We again tender our sincere sympathy to those to whom the dreadful calamity has brought affliction, and trust that our slight expressions may tend to assuage their sorrow.

That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the President of the United States and the Governor of Pennsylvania.

Passed unanimously.

EDWARD C. HACKETT, Ald., J. P.,
Chairman.

President Harrison sent $300. The Sultan of Turkey, harassed by enormous debts, forwarded a nice donation. William E. Gladstone did not neglect to convey British gold with his words of grateful consolation. The President of France cabled a gift, while the gay capital of fashion became serious for the nonce and dived into its pocket. The venerable Simon Cameron, with his dying hand, wrote a check for $1,000, almost the last he ever signed. The newspapers started funds and the theatres gave the proceeds of benefit performances. London and Paris were not an hour behind New York and Philadelphia in opening subscriptions. In the country, ministers, little girls and school-boys were all collecting for the fund. The story of sympathy and generous aid from every town and hamlet in the land can never be told; there is too much of it.

Philadelphia alone contributed over a million dollars. It was not uncommon to see glass jars in front of stores and at other places to receive contributions from passers-by. In one of these an unknown man deposited $500 one day. This was indicative of the feeling pervading the whole community, that stricken Johnstown must not suffer for houses, clothing or bread.

The Altoona Committee, among the first to arrive with wagon-loads of needful supplies, driven overland from Ebensburg, reported:

"Imposters did not bother us much. Singularly enough, the ones who did appear were women. On Monday we sent away a man we thought came too frequently. He owned up to having fifteen sacks of flour and five hams in his house. On Tuesday we began to keep a record of those who received supplies. We have given out supplies to fully 550 families, representing 2,500 homeless people. Our district is only for one side of the river. On the other is a commissary on Adams street, near the Baltimore & Ohio railway station, another at Kernville, a third at Cambria City, a fourth at Morrellville and a fifth at Cambria. The people are very patient, though in their present condition they are apt to be querulous. One woman who came for a dress indignantly refused the one offered her. 'I don't want that,' she said. 'I lost one that cost me $20; $15 for the cloth and $5 for making, and I want a $20 dress. You said you would make our losses good;' and she did not take the dress. A clergyman begged for anything in the shape of foot-covering, but we had nothing to give him. Men stand about ready to work, but barefooted. The clothing since the first day or two, when we got only worn stuff, has been good, and is now of excellent quality. Most of the children's garments are outgrown clothes, good for much service. Pittsburgh has sent from thirty to forty carloads of supplies, all of good quality and available."

Cynics who allege that charity and gratitude are articles seldom found in Republics and among corporations would have had to alter their warped philosophy, had they been in Johnstown and seen train after train rolling in laden with clothing and provisions from every point of the compass. Each train bore messengers sent especially to distribute funds and provisions and cloth-

ing, volunteer physicians in large numbers, trained nurses and a corps of surgeons equiped with instruments and medicines. Clothes, boots, shoes, cotton sheeting, hard breads, salt fish and canned goods were thankfully received and supplied the most pressing needs. The relief work was soon so systematized as to obviate any confusion. At the distributing depots hundreds assembled, morning, noon and night, formed in line and were supplied with provisions. Men and women with families were given bread, butter, cheese, ham and canned meats, tea or coffee and sugar, and unmarried applicants received sliced bread and butter or sandwiches. Nine hundred army tents from Ohio were divided, and two white-walled villages sheltered six thousand homeless people. Now and then members of relief parties from abroad refused to aid in the distribution, preferring to strut about with the badges that were a passport to all parts of the district. These were the exceptions, as nine-tenths of the messengers entrusted with supplies worked like beavers and behaved like gentlemen.

The first secret society to fly to the relief of its stricken brethren was one of the youngest orders—the Knights of the Mystic Chain. On Saturday morning John J. Davis, representing the Pittsburgh lodges, reached the flooded district and was the first secret-society man to set foot in Johnstown. He had to walk from Sang Hollow to the stone bridge. After passing a night of wakefulness on the mountain-side, Mr. Davis landed in Johnstown at eight o'clock in the morning, with one thousand dollars. Accompanied by W. G. Gish and S. D. Rainey, the three went to work relieving the sick, caring for the widows and orphans and searching for dead comrades. Many a burden was lightened by the assistance they rendered. President Linton, Secretary Boyd and Treasurer Colivar, high officials of the order, relieved Mr. Davis and his companions on Monday, continuing the work until every surviving member had received assistance and the families of lost Knights were cared for.

The United American Mechanics sent six members from Pittsburgh, who arrived in Johnstown on Sunday morning, as a committee to find and relieve distressed members. All such were provided with food, clothing and free transportation, if they wished to get away from the scene of their sorrows. The committee established headquarters on Adams street, a short distance from the hospital. Provisions were stored for distribution among the sufferers. Not only were the families of the members of the order given relief, but poor outsiders received sustenance at the hands of the Junior Mechanics. The committee worked day and night searching for missing brethren and their families who survived. The large fund turned over for immediate relief was handsomely swelled by contributions from the various councils of the order in the surrounding country.

The Knights of Pythias hurried to the scene of desolation with all possible speed. Grand-Chancellor Thomas Perry, of Wheatland, Pa., head of the

order, arrived on June 4th, and set about finding distressed and needy members. Food and clothing were provided and shelter was obtained for all who were in want. The orphans and widows were placed in comfortable homes and a goodly sum was divided.

The Heptasophs, who had but fifty members in Johnstown, were wonderfully energetic in instituting and carrying out measures of relief. Supreme-Archon S. A. Will, S. A. Duncan and Lester Logan, of Pittsburgh, had charge of the work. The survivors of thirty families were taken to Pittsburgh on June 5th and hospitably entertained by the members. The order disbursed upwards of ten thousand dollars for the support of destitute members and the families of those who perished.

Grand-Councillor Langfit, of Allegheny, and Grand-Physician Dr. J. W. Wright superintended the work of relief and looked after the wants of the survivors of the seventy members of the Royal Arcanum. The Ancient Order of United Workmen had no lodge at Johnstown, but the Grand Lodge placed one thousand dollars in the hands of the Relief Committee. Other secret orders, not represented by organizations in the Conemaugh Valley, acted in a similar manner.

The Odd Fellows did a grand work for their lodges, all of which lost heavily. A report to the Grand Lodge in October presented these figures:

LODGES.	MEMBERSHIP.	NUMBER LOST.
Morrellville Lodge, No. 50	109	None.
Conemaugh Lodge, No. 191	87	5 brothers, 5 wives and 14 children.
Alma Lodge, No. 523	233	10 brothers, 15 wives, 50 children.
Cambria Lodge, No. 785	103	14 bros., 10 wives, 29 children, 1 widow.
Corona Lodge, No. 999	91	2 brothers, 4 wives, 4 children.
Montgomery Lodge, No. 57		1 brother, 1 wife, 1 child.
Somerset Lodge, No. 438		1 wife, 3 children.
Altoona Lodge, No. 473		1 wife of brother.
William F. Packer Encampment	90	

Brother John W. Haney, P. G. M., of Pittsburgh, was instructed on June 4th to go at once to Johnstown, assist in organizing a committee, draw upon the Grand-Treasurer for one thousand dollars and take five hundred dollars with him for immediate use. A committee, part of whose members remained to attend to the interests of the order, was sent with an abundance of supplies. Lodges all over the country tendered money. The committee of each lodge involved submitted a statement of losses, which was examined and presented the following results:

Losses on real estate	$497,463 00
Losses of personal property	328,440 00
Total estimated losses of Odd Fellows in the Conemaugh Valley	$825,903 00

The Grand Officers arranged with the local committee for two distributions. In the first each brother whose property was destroyed received eighty

dollars, each widow of a brother eighty dollars, and each dependent child forty dollars. Funeral benefits were reimbursed and the dues of 308 members were paid in advance for one year. Corona Lodge was furnished with a complete new outfit, Alma Lodge with all the necessary paraphernalia for the degree work, and Wm. F. Packer Encampment with a complete set of robes. The plan of distribution was unanimously approved by the Johnstown Committee. The second distribution was made on July 27th. The report showed these payments :

297 brothers, 33 lodges, received	$37,905 00
35 widows, 5 lodges, received	8,130 00
Orphans, 4 lodges, received	2,745 00
25 brothers' death benefits, 4 lodges, 1 encampment	1,775 00
20 brothers' wives' death benefits, 4 lodges, 1 encampment	915 00
308 members' dues	1,772 16
Regalia and paraphernalia in 2 lodges	664 75
Regalia and paraphernalia in 1 encampment	113 50
Turned over to Johnstown committees as a Reserve Fund	4,599 99
Total	$58,620 40
Add for expenses and unexpended balance	1,466 29
Grand total	$60,086 69

In view of so creditable an exhibit, Grand-Secretary Nicholson might well close his report with this telling sentence :

"Hereafter, whenever the story of Johnstown is recited, every Odd Fellow, as he recalls what the Order has done, can lay his hand upon his heart and reverently murmur, 'Thank God that I am an Odd Fellow!'"

The work of the Grand Army of the Republic, in relieving suffering comrades and their families, was most commendable. The veterans who witnessed the ravages of war could appreciate the horrors of the flood and realize the necessity of immediate action. The effect of their good work was visible on every hand. No soldier's widow or orphan went uncared for. The boys in blue, who fought and bled for their country, were there willing to sacrifice their last penny to relieve the distressed. They dispensed many thousands of dollars, besides great quantities of clothes and provisions, cheering many a drooping spirit. The receiving and distributing of relief ultimately devolved largely upon the Grand Army men. They appointed a committee of women to assist in the work. The women went from house to house to ascertain the number of people lost and the exact needs of the people. It was found necessary to have such a committee, as there were women actually starving who were too proud to take their places in lines with the other women with bags and baskets. Some of these people were rich before the flood. The most imposing display of supplies was at the Pennsylvania Railroad freight and passenger depots. On the platforms and in the yards were piled barrels of flour in long

rows. Biscuits in cans and boxes by the carload, crackers under the railroad sheds in bins, hams by the hundred strung on poles, boxes of soap and candles, barrels of kerosene oil, stacks of canned goods and things to eat of all sorts and kinds were to be seen.. The same agreeable sight was visible at the Baltimore & Ohio depot, and the members of the Grand Army had plenty of exercise in handling the immense stock.

The Free and Accepted Masons, as became good craftsmen, were not found wanting. Upon receipt of the news from Johnstown, District-Deputy-Grand-Master James S. McKean, of Pittsburgh, called an informal meeting of the local Masonic committee. At five o'clock on Saturday morning, James I. Buchanan left as the committee's representative for the devastated district. At noon on the same day the remainder of the committee started with several carloads of provisions. They arrived in the evening, established a commissary department at Kernville and began distributing supplies. On Sunday morning a general meeting of the officers of the various Masonic bodies was held in Pittsburgh, and in a few minutes four thousand dollars were subscribed. Most-Worshipful-Grand-Master McCall, of Philadelphia, telegraphed five thousand dollars. Before the committee closed its accounts the Masonic bodies throughout the United States had subscribed nearly one hundred thousand dollars. The Masonic work was systematic, intelligent and effective. Headquarters were located in the large frame building near the narrow-gauge depot, on Bedford street, at which trains on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad had to stop until the track was cleared to the centre of the town. There supplies were assorted and distributed. Suffering brethren and the families of the dead were provided for generously. In short, everything connected with the Masonic relief was "on the level, plumb and square."

About thirty Catholic priests and nuns were on hand early. The Sisters devoted themselves to the care of the sick and injured in the hospitals, while the priests did anything and everything to make themselves useful. Bishop Phelan came in person to organize the Catholic forces, which labored assiduously. What the hospitals would have done without the nine Charity, seven Franciscian and seven Benedictine Sisters is not easy to conjecture.

Foremost in deeds of unselfishness and self-denial were the women. In ministering to the sick, soothing the distressed, relieving the destitute and nursing the injured, they avoided no fatigue, shunned no peril, shrank from no inconvenience. They were tireless in their efforts to alleviate sorrow, to diminish suffering and to lighten the terrible burdens that weighed down the stricken community. Their exertions never flagged amid tempest or rain, and their good deeds are the brightest spots in the dark shadows of the overwhelming calamity. One of the heroines was Mrs. Jerome, of the Yellow Cross, a bright little body, with a quaint, coquettish air that secures for her friends everywhere. She was in the Zulu war, the Chilian war, the revolution

at the Isthmus of Panama, the Canadian small-pox epidemic and the yellow-jack scourge in the South. Left a widow at seventeen, she has cared for herself ever since. In her work at Johnstown she climbed the mountains, walked from district to district, ferreted out needy cases and reported them to the quartermaster. She made application for a horse, and then reached out farther into the country. Tiny infants were Mrs. Jerome's special care. She saw that the proper wardrobes were supplied and the needs of the mothers brought to the attention of the relief committees. Heaven alone knows how much good she did in a mission of charity and love that could be performed only by the best of created beings.

On Wednesday evening, five days after the flood, the flag of the Red Cross floated over the Society's camp near the Poplar street bridge. Everybody recognized the welcome signal and knew its meaning. Miss Clara Barton, the Florence Nightingale of America, had come from Washington, with members of the Executive Committee, on a mission of mercy. She was the originator of the Red Cross, which had its inception in Switzerland. Although an American by birth, Miss Barton was long the chief nurse of a European army. In that position she saw the need of educated nurses who should minister to friend and foe alike. Her idea was incorporated in the Society of the Red Cross of Geneva, a charter for which was granted by the Swiss Republic. The object was to form an organization of nurses who would be admitted into the lines of any camp, any battle-field, where they could aid the sick and wounded of either side. So successful was it from the first that, during the Franco-Prussian war, a soldier of either nationality wearing the sign of the Red Cross upon his arm was permitted access to all camps. At the close of the Franco-Prussian war Miss Barton desired to established a branch of the Red Cross in her native land. Securing the right from the President of Switzerland to remove her field of operations to America, she importuned Congress to grant a charter. Success finally crowned her efforts, and she set to work to organize the Red Cross of America. What was most necessary was an organization the members of which would hold themselves in readiness, not only to contri-

CLARA BARTON.

bute, but to go forward, when occasion required, into the midst of fire, pestilence and flood. Charleston, Jacksonville, Memphis—every locality where fire has ravaged, flood has devastated, or epidemic has wasted—bear witness to the noble fulfillment of the promise that the Red Cross should be a gracious benediction to suffering humanity.

The organization soon made itself felt in Johnstown. The little buttons and square crosses on white ground were seen everywhere. The members who left Washington on Sunday night were joined by an auxiliary corps of twenty-five or thirty from Philadelphia, including several physicians, whose numbers were afterwards increased. Then came Dr. Gardner and wife, of Bedford, Indiana, and others belonging to the society, augmenting the force to about fifty. The first tents were pitched on the Wednesday following the flood, and there, above the white homes of the members of the organization, the banner waved its messages of love and succor to the stricken town. A detail of the members was at once sent to seek out the needy and suffering, to whom prompt relief was borne by them in person. In this good work Father Field, of St. Clement's, Philadelphia, was untiring. He could be frequently seen bearing upon his back great bundles of all things needful for the relief and comfort of the destitute. He did not wait for the express wagons—of which the Red Cross had two constantly on the go—but delivered relief in person. The gentle women of the organization carried comfort and hope to the sorrowing people.

The work was done with perfect system. Like the military—always under strict discipline—the Red Cross is ready for action at all times. At the headquarters Miss Barton and her faithful aids directed operations. The Philadelphia Branch of the International Red Cross Association erected new tents and new buildings, one of them a lying-in hospital. The citizens procured a flag-pole, and on the afternoon of June 22d the American emblem was lifted above the Red Cross. The good work of the International Association kept increasing rather than diminishing. A carload of lumber from Englewood, Ill. was used in erecting a building about 100 by 70 feet on ground donated for the purpose by the Cambria Iron Company, near the big store. While the tendency on the part of the general relief department was to gradually contract the limits of its operations, and to withdraw assistance where there seemed to be a possibility of self-support, the Red Cross was enlarging its field and preparing for a still more liberal campaign.

In a single day one hundred packages of clothing were sent out from the Seventh-ward stores. The demands upon the commissary for provisions grew as the general commissary restricted its donations. A spacious building was put up in Kernville, on the bank of Stony Creek. Tents, hospitals, meals, furnished rooms and careful attention were supplied. Hundreds of families received furniture to resume housekeeping. A New York gentleman forwarded $1,900

worth of tinware, $552 worth of hardware, $402 worth of woodenware, and $10,000 in cash at one time. Dr. Elliott, a lady physician from Philadelphia, working in connection with the Red Cross, accomplished as much as any one individual in the relief of the distressed. Heedless of their own condition, the nurses housed and cared for the homeless and the injured. At Johnstown the Red Cross Society improvised hospitals upon the hill-sides, in the valleys and wherever most needed. There they ministered to mind as well as body, and by their gentle care saved the reason of many unfortunates who would otherwise have ended life behind the bars of a mad-house. Writing of them from Johnstown, a close observer said:

"All hail to Clara Barton and her valiant band! They are to-day to the flooded and fever-stricken cities of America what the good Samaritan of olden times was to the waylaid traveler. And their work will live in history long after they themselves have fallen to sleep in the windowless palaces of peace."

The first relief organization to arrive, the Red Cross was also the last to leave Johnstown. When these zealous workers took their departure early in October, they handed over thousands of dollars' worth of furniture, kitchen utensils, stoves, bedding, clothing, and three large buildings to a committee of ladies. Of Miss Barton it is needless to speak at length. Her name is known and revered in every nation under the sun. She is the only American entitled to wear the Iron Cross of Prussia, bestowed upon her for her services in the camp and field. She is the daughter of a Massachusetts soldier who fought with Anthony Wayne. During the war, undismayed by the roar of cannon and the clash of steel, with heroic bravery she devoted herself to the care of the wounded who could not be removed to hospitals. At the close of the war she visited Andersonville, identified thousands of graves and put a memorial over each. Incessant labors undermined her health and she went to Switzerland in 1869. While she was living in Geneva, the Congress of civilized powers was held in that city to devise means for mitigating the sufferings of the sick and wounded and the innocent non-combatants in all wars. Of this Congress Miss Barton, from her great experience on the battle-field and in hospitals, was an honored member. The outcome was the formation of the Red Cross Society, an organization which keeps itself prepared to succor the sufferers not only from war, but from pestilence, flood, famine and all other great disasters. Of the American branch of this Red Cross Society Miss Barton very naturally became the head, as she still continues to be.

Miss Barton is of the middle height and a type of the keen, steadfast, powerful New-England woman, with fine olive complexion, very bright black eyes and a highly expressive face. She is gifted with great strength of mind and character, uncommon personal courage and remarkable persistence. Full of a noble enthusiasm for noble work, she is also possessed of marvelous tact, political skill and business ability. She has a fine presence and such elo-

quence as a speaker that auditors in listening to her pathetic recitals often shed tears. Aptly has she been styled "the angel of the battle-field, the pestilence and the flood."

The Pittsburgh Relief Committee co-operated with a Ladies' Relief Committee, whose duty it was to receive the sufferers upon their arrival from Johnstown and see that they were properly cared for. This committee did excellent service.

Mrs. Campbell, President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, journeyed from Allegheny the week after the flood and organized a temporary home for destitute children on Bedford street. Miss Walk provided room for twenty-five children at the Northern Home. Miss H. W. Hinckley and Miss E. Hanover, agents of the Children's Aid Society of Philadelphia, came on the first train through, and in twenty minutes had established a transfer agency. Miss Hinckley said:

"There are hundreds of children here who are apparently without parents. We want all of them given to us, and we will send them to the various homes and orphanages of the State, where they shall be maintained for several months to await the possibility of the reappearance of their parents, when they shall be returned to them. If, after the lapse of a month, they do not reclaim their little ones, we shall do more than we ordinarily do in the way of providing good homes for children in their cases. Think of it, in the house adjoining us are seven orphans, all of one family! We have been here only a half-hour, but we have already found scores. We shall stay right here till every child has been provided for."

The Young Men's Christian Association opened rooms in a brick building on the corner of Main and Jackson streets, retaining them until a new frame structure was erected specially a few doors below Alma Hall. Papers, books, toilet requisites, stationery, tables, desks and chairs afforded conveniences for washing, resting and corresponding of which thousands of poor fellows availed themselves. Religious meetings were held in the new building, which contains a lecture-hall and is visited daily by scores of young men. The Episcopalians had headquarters in the same residence on Main street, giving assistance to all who applied. The Presbyterians occupied a building three doors above. The Reformed Church furnished provisions and clothing without money and without price. The Catholics aided multitudes, and other churches had a gracious reception for adherents of their faith who needed help. Contributions for specific objects were not infrequent. The firemen, who lost their engine-houses and apparatus, were remembered by their brethren. Musical organizations assisted the bands, none of which saved an instrument. Sunday-schools collected funds for the children. Boys and girls sent money to buy books for the pupils and to repair the school houses. In short, no person or interest was omitted in the comprehensive scheme that aimed to shelter every sufferer beneath its broad mantle of charity.

Portraits of Flood Relief Commission.

XXII.

FLOOD RELIEF COMMISSION.

PROMINENT GENTLEMEN SELECTED TO DISTRIBUTE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS — THEIR HIGH CHARACTER AND ABILITY — HOW THE FUNDS WERE HANDLED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SUFFERERS — A BOARD OF INQUIRY ESTABLISHED — METHODS OF PROCEDURE — DEATH OF JUDGE CUMMIN — FIVE THOUSAND CLAIMANTS ASSISTED — DIFFICULTIES TO BE SURMOUNTED — EFFICIENT SERVICE OF THE SECRETARY — CLOSING THE ACCOUNTS — THE PROUD RECORD OF AN ENTERPRISE UNRIVALLED IN THE ANNALS OF TIME.

J. B. KREMER,
Secretary of the Commission.

"A true knight * * * firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provoked nor, once provok'd, soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives; what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies an unfair thought with truth."
—SHAKESPEARE.

J. C. BOMBERGER,
Treasurer of the Commission.

IN order to distribute satisfactorily the vast sums of money received by the Governor, it was considered advisable through one independ- to have the funds pass nel, which would possess ent, responsible chan- public and conduct all the confidence of the ness way. The duty was its affairs in a busi- ing extraordinary deci- a delicate one, requir- cernment. Great exigen- sion, patience and dis- men adapted to cope with cies usually develop in this crisis. When it them, and it was so ate a body representing was determined to cre- with absolute control of the State and clothed tion of its members the the cash, in the selec- choice naturally fell upon citizens of the highest character and ability. The

position was not to be a sinecure, with big pay and little work. It carried no salary and involved much labor and weighty responsibility. On June 14th, two weeks after the Johnstown disaster, Governor Beaver appointed this Flood Relief Commission:

Hon. Edwin H. Fitler, Mayor of Philadelphia.
Hon. Robert C. Ogden, Philadelphia.
Hon. Francis B. Reeves, Philadelphia.
Hon. John Y. Huber, Philadelphia.
Hon. Thomas Dolan, Philadelphia.
Hon. H. H. Cummin, Williamsport.
Hon. James B. Scott, Pittsburgh.
S. S. Marvin, Pittsburgh.
Reuben Miller, Pittsburgh.

The selection of these gentlemen commended itself to the popular judgment and was universally approved. A place on the commission had been offered to Hon. John Fulton, later to Colonel John P. Linton and to W. Horace Rose, all of Johnstown, but none of them, on account of the pressure of private business, could accept.

Hon. Edwin H. Fitler is Mayor of Philadelphia, an extensive manufacturer and an active politician. Besides serving on the Flood Commission, he was chairman of the Philadelphia Permanent Relief Committee. He was a candidate for the Presidency before the Republican National Convention in 1888, which nominated General Harrison. It is understood Mayor Fitler does not propose to retire from politics, in which he plays a prominent part. His personal characteristics are such as to inspire respect and win friends readily.

Hon. Robert C. Ogden is known throughout Pennsylvania as a philanthropist and a business man. He is the devoted friend and partner of Postmaster-General Wanamaker, in whose absence he and Thomas B. Wanamaker manage the immense stores that have a world-wide reputation. Mr. Ogden is a prime favorite socially, affable and approachable, foremost in religious and educational movements and extremely popular with all classes. Philadelphia is his home.

Hon. Francis B. Reeves is senior member of the wholesale grocery firm of Reeves, Parvin & Co., and ranks high as a skilled financier. He first came prominently before the public in connection with the famous Committee of One Hundred. He was chairman of its executive committee and a leading participant in the independent movement which resulted in the election of Governor Pattison. His superior talents and unquestioned integrity give Mr. Reeves a strong hold in political and municipal matters.

Hon. John Y. Huber is a wealthy flour merchant, deservedly esteemed in Philadelphia for his business qualities and personal worth. He attended the numerous conferences between Independent Republicans and Democrats in 1886, held for the purpose of pitting a candidate against Mr. Fitler for Mayor.

Hon. Thomas Dolan is a wealthy Philadelphia manufacturer, president of the Manufacturers' Club and the Brush Electric Light Company, and the moving spirit in sundry institutions. He displayed signal ability during the Presidential campaign of 1888, when he and John Wanamaker had charge of the funds raised for the National Republican Committee. Mr. Dolan has a wide political following and is a man of brains and energy.

Hon. H. H. Cummin was a leading lawyer of Williamsport, and at one time presiding judge of the county. He built up a very lucrative practice, making an enviable record at the bar and on the bench. His extensive ability was of no common order and he ornamented society by his kindliness and culture.

Hon. James B. Scott, senior member of the firm of James B. Scott & Co., is largely interested in copper manufacturing. He is a Vice-President of the Chamber of Commerce, a member of the State Board of Charity, President of the Trustees of the Western University, a Trustee of the Real-Estate Bank, and an influential citizen of Pittsburgh. Mr. Scott was among the first to devise means for the relief of Johnstown and to visit the afflicted people. As Chairman of the Pittsburgh Relief Committee, he systematized the distribution of supplies and entrenched himself in the hearts of the sufferers. Returning to Johnstown from Morrellville on Tuesday afternoon, June 4, to attend a mass-meeting of citizens, he arrived just in time to hear his name voted upon unanimously for Dictator of Cambria County. Modestly discarding this title for that of Director, he brought order out of chaos, restored confidence and left everything in excellent shape for General Hastings to take charge on June 12th. His valuable services were recognized by placing him on the Flood Relief Commission.

S. S. Marvin, who worked untiringly for Johnstown, is an enterprising resident of Pittsburgh, whither he moved from New York State in 1863. Embarking in the cracker trade, he founded the establishment of S. S. Marvin & Co., one of the largest concerns of the kind in the United States. He was a good soldier, and he has filled many positions of honor and trust. Governor Beaver appointed Mr. Marvin a member of the State Commission, with the title of purchasing agent for the Western District of Pennsylvania. In this position, as in all others, he acquitted himself with credit. His experience in purchasing food and supplies on a large scale proved invaluable, and he entered with his whole soul into his mission of charity. He summed up the condition of the stricken region in a single phrase: "Johnstown is a funeral!"

Reuben Miller is at the head of the manufacturing firm of Miller, Metcalf & Parkin, one of Pittsburgh's strongest houses. He is a leader in commercial matters and prominent in financial institutions. His individuality and shrewdness impress friends and acquaintances, who rely upon his opinions and appreciate the sterling quality of the man.

A body composed of such material could not be other than earnest, active

and efficient. Governor Beaver was elected Chairman, and on June 19th the members of the Commission started to visit the inundated regions of the State. They went up the Susquehanna River as far as Lock Haven, over the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad to Tyrone and thence to Johnstown, returning through the Juniata Valley, stopping at various places to make a general survey of the situation. At a meeting held on this trip, Mr. J. B. Kremer, of Carlisle, Pa., a general agent of the Liverpool & London Globe Insurance Co., was elected Secretary of the Commission, and Mr. J. C. Bomberger, the wealthy Harrisburg banker, Treasurer. It was also agreed to issue the following circular:

TO THE PUBLIC.

That the donors of the funds in the hands of the Flood Relief Commission may know how their generous gifts are to be disposed of, and that the expectant recipients of the same may not form erroneous views of and foster improper expectations for the same, it is now officially declared and announced that the following principles shall govern the distribution of relief:

1. That the said fund is in the nature of a charity to the needy, and not as a general indemnity for losses sustained.

2. That a distribution per capita would be manifestly unjust, as it would go alike to the rich and poor and alike to all sufferers, no matter what their needs or the extent of their sufferings.

3. That a distribution by percentage on the amount of losses would be manifestly unjust, as it would result in giving the largest sum to the persons having lost the most, without regard to the value of the remaining estate of such persons.

4. That this fund cannot be used for the benefit of any private or public corporation.

5. That the fund must go only to the most needy sufferers from the flood in accordance with, and in the spirit of, the trust impressed upon it by the donors.

At the unanimous request of the Commission, Hon. Hugh H. Cummin was requested to proceed to Johnstown and remain there as the resident representative and executive officer of this Commission in the Conemaugh Valley.

JAMES A. BEAVER, *Chairman*,	JOHN Y. HUBER,	REUBEN MILLER,
	ROBERT C. OGDEN,	S. S. MARVIN,
EDWIN H. FITLER,	FRANCIS B. REEVES,	H. H. CUMMIN.
THOMAS DOLAN,	JAMES B. SCOTT,	

HARRISBURG, *June 27th, 1889.*

This straightforward, common-sense platform gratified the public at large, giving contributors fresh assurance that their liberality would not be abused. Judge Cummin proceeded to Johnstown as the resident representative and the executive officer of the commission, continuing actively in the work until stricken with the illness which resulted in his death on August 11th.

A Board of Inquiry, consisting of citizens of Johnstown, was organized to investigate all estimates of losses. Weeks and months were spent in this important undertaking. By July 10th 4,000 persons presented statements of losses, the total aggregating $8,655,114. This did not include the Cambria Iron Company, the Natural Gas Company, the churches or the railroads, which would nearly double the amount. Each claimant was required to make an itemized statement, describing his property and its value, accompanied by

an affidavit. These statements were scrutinized by the Board of Inquiry and revised where any doubt existed as to their correctness. Based upon their estimates of losses, the claimants were divided into these six classes:

Class 1.—The most needy, generally women who have lost their support and are left with a large family and no property. A few men who cannot earn a living on account of physical disability were also assigned to this class.

Class 2.—Those who lost some of their family and saved a little of their property.

Class 3.—Families that recovered something from the flood, but to whom a small amount of money would be given.

Class 4.—Small families in which one will be able to work and that either had no property saved from the flood or very little. In some cases the families owned a lot which had no present value, but upon which they could possibly borrow a little money to help them erect a building, and soon be in shape to be self-supporting.

Class 5.—Parties requiring assistance immediately, but in smaller amounts, generally where a man was employed and lost heavily, having a smaller family to depend upon than in the other classes, to whom a small amount of money would result in great present good in providing the family with some of the necessaries of life.

Class 6.—All other cases, no matter how heavy their losses, but who were not considered objects of immediate charity.

The Commission appropriated $500,000 for distribution among these classes pro rata, according to this plan:

205 cases in Class 1	$1,000 each	$205,000
237 cases in Class 2	600 each	142,200
372 cases in Class 3	400 each	148,800
1,168 cases in Class 4	300 each	350,400
1,698 cases in Class 5	200 each	339,600

On Monday, July 15th, Judge Cummin, who had prepared a special form of checks for the purpose, began the first payments on account, until $420,000 had been expended. The classes, which had been reduced to five, received the following amounts:

Class 1	$600 to each.
Class 2	400 to each.
Class 3	200 to each.
Class 4	125 to each.
Class 5	80 to each.

The pressing wants of the applicants were tided over by this disbursement, and the Commission arranged to appropriate other sums at future meetings. The warmth of the atmosphere, with the mercury trying to climb out of the top of the thermometer, was frigidity itself compared with the red-hot indignation that raged before this distribution. People did not stop to think that the Commission must act for the best interests of all concerned and that the Board of Inquiry could not perform its task in a day or two. This payment afforded substantial relief, although two thousand losers had not yet submitted their claims.

After the death of Judge Cummin, Mr. Kremer, in addition to the general

conduct of the work throughout the State, was sent to Johnstown as the representative of the Commission to succeed him. When the Commission organized, the Commissary Department was in full operation, supplying provisions to nearly all the inhabitants of the valley. The distribution of food was continued till after the first payment of money, when the list was gradually reduced, until it consisted entirely of widows, orphans and the sick. Large quantities of clothing had been given out before, the distribution of which continued under the direction of the Commission until about August 1st. A large supply remaining then was carefully stored to be distributed on the approach of cold weather. Contracts were made for large quantities of household furniture and bedding, which were distributed by the Commission through a local committee. One hundred one-roomed ready-made cottages, 10x20, having been presented to the citizens by the Relief Committee of Chicago, a request was preferred for a larger number. The Commission on June 19th authorized the purchase of one hundred more and one hundred of a larger size, which it was represented could be delivered and erected within a very few days. At the same meeting a contract was entered into to erect on the Public Square in Johnstown, designated by the borough authorities, fifty store buildings and one hundred offices, to be furnished the merchants and business men of the town without charge until they could provide themselves with permanent quarters. These buildings are now occupied, and have done much to start the wheels of business. On June 27th two hundred four-roomed cottages were ordered, and two hundred more on July 31st. All these have been erected and occupied by the citizens. There had been expended to this time in the Conemaugh Valley, not including money distributions, in round figures the sum of $300,000.

At the meeting on July 9th, when the appropriation of $500,000 was granted, sums amounting to $250,000 were awarded to localities in the State outside of the Conemaugh Valley, and the work of collecting the facts on which to base the distribution was committed to the Secretary. The flooded districts were divided into sections, each having a general committee and sub-committees for the several sub-districts acting under them. Sworn statements were required of the claimants in all cases. The necessities of the claimants were closely examined, recommendations for the amounts to be appropriated in each case were submitted to the Secretary and the Commission, and payments made through the district committees according to the final agreement. Claims were presented from the counties of Dauphin, Juniata, Perry, Mifflin, Huntington, Westmoreland, Blair, Fulton, Bedford, Northumberland, Union, Lycoming, Clinton, Clearfield, Centre, Tioga and Indiana. Complaints of delay in making payments led the Commission to issue what is known as "Bulletin No. 3." This elaborate document explained the motives governing the Commission in its treatment of the claims, the causes of delay in paying out the money, and the magnitude of the task devolved upon the Board of

Inquiry by the immense number and variety of losses requiring careful examination. The circular, which produced a good impression, is as follows:

BULLETIN NO. 3, FLOOD RELIEF COMMISSION.

HARRISBURG, *August 26th, 1889.*

To the Donors of the Flood Relief Fund:

Since the date of the last circular the work of the Commission has steadily proceeded.

The Commission met in Johnstown on the 31st of July. Hearings were accorded to such citizens and committees as desired to be heard at an open meeting in the morning, and in the afternoon an executive session passed upon many questions of detail. At that date the payment of $500,000, appropriated at a previous meeting, was going forward, but had not progressed sufficiently to afford the needed experience for further positive action.

The Commission was represented in Johnstown by one of its members—Judge H. H. Cummin, of Williamsport. Under his direction the plans were devised by which the first payments were being made to the flood sufferers and the needed additional information collected for a further money distribution. At the same meeting the Commission was informed of the very serious condition of Judge Cummin, then lying ill at Cresson. The sad announcement of his death on the 11th inst. has already been widely made through the public press.

The Secretary of the Commission was directed to assume the executive work which had been in Judge Cummin's charge.

The most important action of the meeting above referred to was the passage of the following resolution:

On motion,

Resolved, That a committee of three persons, of which the President of the Commission be Chairman, be appointed to consider the entire question of registration, classification and award of claims for the final distribution of money at Johnstown, and the said Committee be directed to report a complete plan for such distribution at the earliest possible day.

In pursuance of this resolution a committee was appointed, which occupied from the 12th to the 15th inst. in personal investigation and official conference.

The following, already printed in some of the Philadelphia papers on the 17th inst., will give some idea of the situation as then existing:

"The official boards are known as the Board of Finance, which has control of the relief funds sent directly to Johnstown, and the Board of Inquiry, which receives, classifies and passes upon the claims of the flood sufferers.

"Both of these boards derive their authority from the Johnstown people assembled in town meetings, and are thoroughly representative, having for their members some of the ablest and most highly respected citizens of the place. Upon them the Commission depends for the information needed to properly distribute the funds donated for the relief of the sufferers.

"Some weeks since the Board of Inquiry reported to the Commission that the registration, classification and award for the entire Conemaugh Valley was complete, and upon the same day the Commission voted away all the money then in its fund—the sum of $500,000 to be immediately distributed to the needy classes according to the findings of the Johnstown Board.

"The payments have been made under the supervision of Judge Cummin and Mr. J. B. Kremer, the Secretary of the Commission, and ceased on August 17th, it having been found necessary to fix a limit of time to induce people to call for the money. It was wisely considered that the first payments, being partial, would afford the experience needed for a final distribution. The decision for a partial distribution has been completely justified.

"The Johnstown Board did its work conscientiously, and supposed it had obtained every proper claim, but already 1,100 new claimants have appeared. Serious duplicates have also been

discovered and some erroneous classification. Thus to secure the money for those intended by the donors, a complete review of the entire list was required. This is now being done by the local board and is showing the new claims to be mainly groundless, besides correcting other errors. This board is working rapidly, although taxed beyond physical endurance. The Flood Commission is absolutely dependent upon the Johnstown Board for the facts upon which to act, and the collection and assimilation of these facts, involving the varied interests of more than 20,000 people, is the task of Hercules.

"The Commission's Committee met with both the local boards separately and in joint session, and between the three organizations a complete understanding and co-operation exists."

These conferences evolved the statement of a set of principles which are proposed for the control of the final money distribution, which the committee have incorporated in a report to the Commission. If this report is adopted and its resolutions made the act of the Commission, the money now on hand will be distributed as soon as the Board of Inquiry completes the reclassification of claims, which justice to the interested sufferers requires.

The curiously complicated facts, the accidental errors, the attempts at fraud developed by the registration, the formulating of principles of classification, the nice discrimination required in the assignment of claims to classes needed to prepare the entire question for consideration by the Commission, is a work that cannot intelligently be described in the brief space at command and can only be comprehended by actual experience.

The Commission desires to assure the donors of the fund that the best industry, intelligence and energy at command has been applied to the discharge of their great trust.

The situation at Johnstown is encouraging. The first distributions of money have inspired the people and much life, energy and progressive spirit are being displayed in restoring the town. There is ample employment, at good pay, for all willing to work.

The following extract from a letter written under date of 22d inst., by an officer of the Board of Finance, will be read with interest. Referring to the work of the Board of Inquiry:

"They are exercising the highest kind of judicial functions, and they will encounter a great many cases in which they will have to collect the evidence before making a decision. I have been frequently in conference with them in regard to the application of the principles which are to govern them, and I can assure you that the work is difficult, and it is impossible to hurry it. I think the feeling of the people here has greatly changed. They are more concerned now in having a proper and equitable distribution than in having a speedy distribution."

By order of the Flood Relief Commission:

J. B. KREMER, *Secretary*.

At a meeting of the Commission on September 13th a plan was presented by a committee appointed for the purpose for a final distribution to the citizens of the Conemaugh Valley. This plan had received long and diligent consideration. It contemplated giving particular attention to the following classes of sufferers:

First.—Widows and orphans, made so by the flood, who lost their all.

Second.—Widows, orphans and old and infirm persons, not made so by the flood, but who lost their all.

Third.—The same classes as above, but who were not entirely dependent upon this charity, having some other property.

Fourth.—Persons other than the above who suffered a total loss by the flood.

Fifth.—Such as lost heavily by the flood, having some means yet at their command, but needing assistance to give them a fair start.

On this general plan the Commission decided to make an appropriation

of $1,600,000, about all the money at command, and instructed the Secretary to revise the list and make payment at the earliest possible day. This work was pushed rapidly and the payments began early in October.

Steadily the payments went on, the Secretary acting in connection with the Board of Inquiry on general rules laid down for him by the Commission. It had been intended to divide the claimants into classes, giving a fixed percentage of their losses to those in each class, but this was found impracticable. The circumstances varied so greatly that it became in reality an adjustment of each case, based upon the data furnished by the applicant on the blanks supplied for the purpose and from information otherwise received. Thus it happened that persons nominally in the same class received proportions of their losses widely varying. The amounts ranged from $10 to $600, the latter in very few instances. Out of sixty-one hundred applications filed about a thousand were rejected for different reasons. Some were too trifling to justify the labor of an investigation, others were handed in by wealthy people who neither needed nor deserved charity, and a small number were fraudulent on their face. By December 1st the payments had been virtually completed and the accounts closed, except in cases where grounds were presented sufficient to warrant farther consideration. The final account of the Commission will show about as follows :

RECEIPTS.

Money sent direct to Governor Beaver, exclusive of $100,000 turned over by the Relief Committee of New York	$1,224,885
From the Philadelphia Relief Committee	600,000
From the Pittsburgh Relief Committee	560,000
From the New York Relief Committee	516,199
Total	$2,901,084

DISBURSEMENTS.

For Supplies, Cost of Distribution and Labor	about	$105,000
For Buildings	"	175,000
For Freight on Supplies	"	10,000
For Transportation of Flood Sufferers	"	60,000
For Hospital and Morgue Expenses and Burial of the Dead (some items yet unaudited)	"	25,000
For First Payment to Classes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5	"	420,000
For Final Payment, Appropriation of September 13th	"	1,600,000
For Investment to secure Annuities for Orphans	"	150,000
Total		$2,545,000
Paid out for Classes 4 and 5, and reserved for applications under consideration, etc.		356,084

Discontent with the awards in many cases was emphatic, finding vent frequently in the most intense criticisms of the methods adopted. Charges of gross favoritism and unjust discrimination in favor of near friends were freely

made against members of the Board of Inquiry, whose duty was to investigate statements of losses and give orders for whatever sums they deemed just and equitable. Exception was taken in a few instances to the affidavit each applicant had to make before getting any money, but this was of minor importance. Far more serious was the allegation of wilful, deliberate, premeditated attempts on the part of a number of residents to swindle the Commission by obtaining more than their fair proportion of money. One citizen is actually said to have filed a statement claiming a loss of over $40,000, while he was not in business, and had neither house nor land in the flooded region. The arrest and punishment of some of the people who filled their cellars and closets at the expense of real sufferers, too modest to parade their necessities, would have had a salutary effect.

Pursuant to instructions adopted at the meeting of the Commission on October 23d, in Philadelphia, the Secretary paid claims on this basis:

On losses in Class 4 as established by the Board of Inquiry, on $500 and less, according to the merits of each case, a sum not exceeding $400.

On losses of $500 and not over $1,000, according to the merits of each case, a sum not exceeding $600.

On losses between $1,000 and $2,000, according to the merits of each case, a sum not exceeding $800.

On losses of over $2,000, a pro-rata proportion of the amount remaining. But no payment to exceed the sum of $6,000.

Payments were by checks printed on pink paper, from a form designed expressly for the Commission. Each read as follows in blank:

$..... No. .....

Johnstown, Pa., ...1889.

The First National Bank of Johnstown, Pa.,

Pay to the Order of.....

..... Dollars,

Being in full of all claims against the fund contributed for the Relief of the Flood Sufferers in the Conemaugh Valley, in the hands of the Flood Relief Commission.

.....

Secretary Flood Relief Commission.

One of the most important actions of the October meeting was the establishment of an orphans' trust fund, the aggregate amount of which will be about $150,000, to pay children who were deprived of their parents by the flood the sum of $50 a year until each attains the age of sixteen. This prudent action was suggested by Mr. Miller, whose recommendation was heartily seconded by his associates. Under its provisions widows with young children

and orphans below sixteen will have an annual income, instead of receiving the principal at once and incurring the chance of loss or unwise expenditure. When the last child reaches the prescribed age the fund will be exhausted. The plan was carefully studied in every detail, and the money will be paid at a specific date each year by a Johnstown bank.

In the early days of the disaster burial of the dead could not be attended with the care that was desirable, nor were the records as perfect as they should have been to be useful. This is not a matter for criticism, as any one can bear witness who was at Johnstown during those days, but is a cause for regret. With a view of paying proper respect to the unknown dead scattered in many localities, and at the same time to perfect as far as possible the records, the Commission authorized the Secretary to arrange for a permanent place of burial. The trustees of the Grand View Cemetery having presented an eligible plot of ground, a fund was set apart by the Commission to keep it in perpetual order. The work of re-interment ended the last day of November and was the means of restoring to their friends the bodies of many deceased persons.

Throughout all its operations the Commission aimed to work in full harmony with the Finance Committee and the Board of Inquiry of Johnstown, both of which had been appointed at public meetings to represent the citizens of the valley. Though differences arose as to methods, yet in every case the plan finally adopted met with the full concurrence of both local bodies. Chafing at the delay in paying, which the sufferers did not understand, was quite natural. The position of affairs was touched upon in a letter from Governor Beaver, on October 25th, to the Mayor of Concord, N. H., acknowledging the receipt of a contribution. The Governor said:

"The problem which confronts our Commission, namely: The proper distribution of the great fund which has come under their control, has been given very careful and laborious consideration. It is comparatively easy to make provision for the widows and orphans, the helpless and the infirm; but careful scrutiny and wise discretion are necessary in apportioning funds to those who have suffered property losses, so as not to overstep the bounds of charity and enter the domain of indemnity. Our Commission, after having distributed a large amount to widows and helpless people, and providing for the investment of funds which will yield a small anuual income to orphans until they arrive at the age of 16, are now engaged in the task of endeavoring to put those who were utterly prostrated, so far as their business was concerned, upon their feet, in order to enable them to resume their ordinary avocations. After this is done, other questions affecting the general welfare of the community which was congregated in the Conemaugh Valley, and of the wants which may be delevoped by the approaching winter in other localities, will be fully considered.

"In the hurry and excitement immediately attending the flood in June, dead bodies were so numerous, and the facilities for removing them to proper places of sepulchre were so meagre, that they were interred at various points most convenient to the point of discovery. Our Commission is now engaged in re-interring them in one place in the general cemetery near Johnstown. Many bodies, unidentified at the time of burial, are being identified, and a careful record of everything by which the body can be identified hereafter is being kept. Other charitable work of this kind will doubtless suggest itself to our Commission when we dispose of the more pressing questions which now confront us.

"It is difficult for those who are not familiar with the situation of affairs in the Conemaugh Valley to realize the utter prostration of an entire community such as occurred there. It is little wonder that rehabilitation is slow and difficult; but courage and self-help are being developed, and in the end I have no doubt that Johnstown will be restored to more than its former prosperity.

"The charity which has flowed in a constant stream almost without intermission since the second day of June toward the sufferers in our State has been a constant benediction. It has come from all parts of the civilized world. As the recipient of it, in large degree, I have been brought into very close contact with it, and have been cheered in the midst of so much that was depressing by this marvelous exhibition of the beautiful side of human nature. Our thanks are due to the good people of Concord for this exhibition of their charity, which, I assure you, is very warmly appreciated."

Preference was given the citizens of Johnstown in all work performed by direction of the Commission. The rule was carried out wherever practicable, that, in the employment of persons in any capacity, citizens of the Conemaugh Valley should receive the first attention. For inequalities or discrepancies in the amounts paid applicants the Board of Inquiry is responsible. The last revision will rectify these errors as far as possible, and wind up the labors of a body remarkable not less for the lofty character and eminent services of its members than for the exalted purpose which called it into being. The members of the Commission not only served without compensation, but all contributed liberally to the relief fund and paid their own expenses, drawing not one cent from the treasury for personal outlay. Their reward is the consciousness of duty well performed, the approbation of the public and the well-earned plaudits of thousands of grateful hearts.

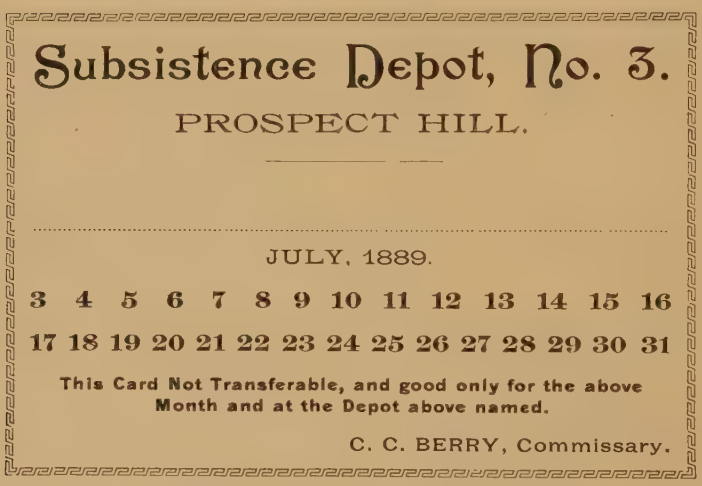
In the choice of its Secretary the Commission was particularly fortunate. It was essential to secure a man of integrity, experience in auditing accounts, skilled in handling large sums of money and possessing tact and efficiency in dealing with complex questions. Mr. Kremer, who was at the time a General Agent of the Liverpool and London Fire Insurance Company, having charge of a part of Pennsylvania and Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia, was unanimously selected. He was well known as a business man in Philadelphia, where he had been engaged in insurance for years. He is a son of the Rev. A. H. Kremer, pastor of the Reformed Church at Carlisle, the home of J. B. at the date of his appointment. Mr. Kremer was a student at Dickinson College, Carlisle, for years, but was graduated from Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., in 1862. Connected for some years with the Lancaster schools, he gained distinction as a teacher. Entering the insurance business, he soon rose to positions of trust and responsibility, achieving signal success. The company, at the urgent request of Governor Beaver, granted him permission to accept the Secretaryship of the Flood Commission because of his peculiar adaptation to the work. His practice in adjusting fire losses rendered him familiar with the preparation and settlement of claims for damages. His efforts to provide suitable burial

for the unkown dead resulted in the interment of over seven hundred unidentified victims in Grand View Cemetery. As chairman of the committee having charge of this matter he labored with great zeal and had the satisfaction of seeing his ideas carried out in their entirety. Secretary Kremer is in the vigor of life, always courteous and obliging, with the qualities which command lasting respect and friendship.

In the death of Judge Cummin, who passed away at Cresson, the Commission lost a capable member, the State a noble citizen, and humanity a devoted friend. Although the disease that carried him off had made great headway before he went to Johnstown, it was aggravated and hastened by his efforts to assist the flood sufferers. Few men within the modest range of a limited arena, not seeking public honor, have earned a higher reputation for sterling integrity and conscientious discharge of duty. Acting under the advice of his physicians, he made Cresson his headquarters and did a very large amount of work. His ailment—Bright's disease—manifested itself painfully, obliging him to desist from labor. For two weeks he suffered acutely, bearing the attacks with exemplary resignation and dying as peacefully as an infant falling into sweet sleep. Mrs. Cummin attended him constantly, soothing his last moments by her gentle presence. The body was taken to Williamsport, which honored the dead jurist with the largest funeral the city had ever seen. Of Scotch-Irish ancestry, he was born May 25, 1841, at Liverpool, Perry County, Pa. Educated in the public school at his native village, he afterwards became its teacher. In 1862 he removed to Williamsport, read law, and in 1864 was admitted to the Lycoming county bar. He enlisted in the army in 1864, serving until the close of the war, when he returned home and practiced his profession. In 1878 he was elected President-Judge, retiring early in the present year. When Williamsport was devastated by the flood of May 31, he devoted his whole time to the relief of his unfortunate neighbors. He was Chairman of the Citizens' Relief Committee, and so well did he perform his work that Governor Beaver appointed him a member of the Flood Commission. Taking up his residence at Cresson, to be near the scene of his Johnstown labors, he was stricken with the disease that terminated his useful career. Judge Cummin was married in May, 1869, to Miss Charlotte White, of Williamsport, who survives him with one son, a student at Harvard University. In the appointment of Judge Cummin the Governor made no mistake. He was in the prime of life, active, shrewd, vigorous, thoroughly versed in legal matters and gifted with the talents that ensure success. The story of the Johnstown calamity and the measures for the relief of the distressed people would not be complete without an earnest tribute to the memory of Hugh Hart Cummin.

Although having large business interests to engross their attention, the members devoted much time to the affairs of the Commission. Governor

Beaver was present at every meeting, conducted an immense correspondence growing out of the disaster, acknowledged contributions, answered thousands of inquiries and did not permit the smallest detail to suffer from delay or neglect. He was not alone in this diligent performance of duties not always pleasant. Each member exhibited laudable vigilance in the effort to expend the relief funds judiciously and do justice to all concerned. How far success crowned their labors they may confidently leave the public to judge, assured that the verdict will be one to which in the coming years they can point with honest pride.


Subsistence Depot, No. 3.

PROSPECT HILL.

JULY, 1889.

3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16

17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

This Card Not Transferable, and good only for the above Month and at the Depot above named.

C. C. BERRY, Commissary.

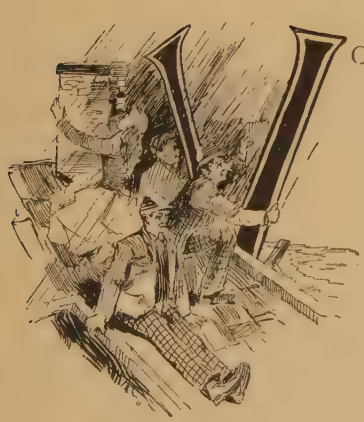
FAC-SIMILE OF RELIEF CHECK FOR SUPPLIES.

XXIII.

EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS.

RECITALS OF DIFFERENT SURVIVORS, WHO TELL OF WHAT THEY UNDERWENT AND WITNESSED — TRYING SITUATION OF A FAMILY ON MARKET STREET, OF WHOSE HOME NOT A VESTIGE REMAINED — IN WATER UP TO THE NECK — HOUSES CARRIED AWAY AND NEIGHBORS BORNE DOWN THE CURRENT — LADIES WHOSE COURAGE DID NOT FALTER IN TIME OF TRIAL — WHAT TWO CITIZENS SAW IN THEIR TRAVELS OVER THE DISTRICT — STATEMENTS THAT CONVEY SOME IDEA OF WHAT MANY PEOPLE ENDURED AND BEHELD.

"Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain! all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick and tried and faint and worn;
Lo! all things can be borne."—ELIZABETH AKERS.



ALL NIGHT ON A ROOF.

VOLUMES could be filled with recitals of experiences and observations, strange, trying and peculiar as Thomas De Quincey's opium revelations or Eugene Sue's lurid creations. An elderly man, whose family and home were swallowed up, spent Friday night on a roof, which rolled and creaked with every movement of the waters by which it was surrounded. Five other men and two women were with him, scarce daring to breathe lest their refuge give way and precipitate them into the swim. The old gentleman had been working in his yard, and wore neither coat nor vest. He suffered terribly from the cold, the drenching rain almost freezing him. At last one of the women drew off her flannel petticoat and wrapped it about the shoulders of the sufferer, greatly to his relief. The whole party reached shore

when daylight dawned on Saturday. Once during the night, which seemed interminable, the clock in the tower of the Catholic Church was noticed striking three. "Thank God!" fervently exclaimed the aged pilgrim, "it's three o'clock and will soon be light!" Fifteen minutes later the clock struck twelve. The three strokes that had excited attention were the three-quarters of the preceding hour. One of the poor fellows said:

"It sounded like a funeral knell. I was never so disappointed in my life. We all supposed it was three and were watching for the first streak of dawn. That some shed bitter tears you may feel certain."

Shortly before the flood Emile Etoine left Cambria Borough for his native town of Creonville, in Alsace-Lorraine, to receive a fortune inherited from a relative. He had been employed as a puddler at the Cambria Iron Works, and wife and five children remained behind. Other persons claimed closer relationship to the dead uncle, but at last he received the money and came back with a draft worth $20,000 in his pocket. Reaching Johnstown on December 20th, he had not heard of the disaster and did not recognize the place. Here is his sad experience:

"When I got off at the railroad station I turned back to one of the depot-men and inquired how far I had yet to go to Johnstown, as I had got off at the wrong station, and how soon the next train left for that town. The man looked at me for a moment as though he thought I was not quite right in my mind, and asked me whether or not I could read the sign on the station house. I looked up, and there it was, plain enough. While I looked at the sign in a dazed sort of way another man stepped up and said, 'I guess you're a stranger here, or have been in Johnstown before the flood; it's quite changed now. I wouldn't have known it myself if I had been away for six months.' As the man spoke I felt as if someone had punctured my heart with a sharp knife, and I fainted dead away. When consciousness returned I went out to find my wife and children, but something told me that they were dead. The part of Cambria City where stood the house in which I left my family was completely swept away. Nobody knew what had become of my family, and the people could hardly understand my sorrow and grief, having suffered so much themselves. I was told that nearly all the people of Cambria who inhabited that section where my house had stood perished. I am not going to remain in this country. Everything reminds me of the terrible loss I have sustained, and I will return to my native land."

One evening, soon after the arrival of the Red Cross workers, Mrs. Samuel Henrie, a refined, prepossessing lady, entered the society's headquarters and, in conversation with some of the ladies, gave the leading incidents in her flood experience. Her home was 114 Market street, near the market-house. All the morning the family had been watching the water, for many houses on the level were submerged several feet. Before noon it began to come in, so they took up the carpets and set up the piano. Mr. and Mrs. Henrie, with their widowed daughter, grandson and a Miss Green, comprised the household. As the water rose higher and higher, they were forced to go up-stairs. Expecting the water would soon lower, amid the excitement and fatigue, they did not think to take anything to eat. After a time they thought of this, and the

daughter waded in waist-deep and got a loaf of bread. This proved to be a wise forethought, for it was all they had until the next day, not being able to get down stairs again. They were watching and waiting for the water to lower, when, about three o'clock, Miss Green walked to the window and said: "Mrs. Henrie, I think the water is falling."

To quote Mrs. Henrie's own language:

"I looked, and thought it had fallen about three inches; but before I had turned away from the window I heard the roar and crash. Miss Green said, 'My God! what is that?' I cried, 'Close the window, it is the reservoir!' I knew instantly what it was. Then we both fell on our knees and asked God to tell us what to do. This took only a moment. We rushed to the sewing-room, where we found my husband, daughter Maggie and grandson standing. At that moment the compressed air knocked the top off the market-house. Falling on our house, it crushed it and everything around us and at that corner of the street. We ran for the hall, my daughter and myself much bruised. Miss Green and Maggie sprang to a table which stood near, and with their fists and feet knocked out the window. By that time the debris was piled nearly to the second-story window. They climbed out upon it and pulled me through after them. My daughter called to her father to come, but he could not, for he had his little grandson in his arms. The house tilted and he was pushed and crowded, he hardly knows how, but he got out and landed on the wreckage around us. It was only a step to the roof of our house and I was almost helpless with terror. Maggie tried to help me on the roof, but I slipped and went down in the water to my neck. Her courage and strength seemed superhuman, and she pulled me out and pushed me on the roof, I helping myself but little. In her efforts to help me she sank in the water to her arms; but she said there seemed to be some force under which raised her to the surface again. I fear that but for this brave girl we would all have been drowned or killed. Of course, we were all greatly excited, scarcely knowing what we were doing. Only those who saw that oncoming mountainous terror can know what destruction and death it meant. But no one had long to dread it, so quickly was it upon us, grinding, crushing and crumbling everything in its path.

"When we were on the roof we looked and saw that all Market Street had gone. Our house, a little out of the current, still stood on one side, crushed, but in its place. Directly the wire-mill came dashing down toward us. When my husband said it was only a part of it I could not believe it; it looked so immense as it jammed in just above us and crowded us out into the current, and away we went almost to the stone bridge. Here the jam was so great that the force of the current, was checked. The back-water sent us out along Kernville Hill. In this short time the horrible scenes we witnessed were unspeakable. At one moment we would see may-be a mother and children clinging to each other on a log, or roof, or house, when something would strike it, giving it a roll in the water which would send them under. Possibly one might rise to the surface, but more probably the mass of wreckage would close over them all forever. The next moment a monstrous tree, driven through the waters, would dash against another group, crushing them all. In passing along through this death and destruction, we looked across Napoleon Street and saw our other daughter, Mrs. Kate Clawson, who lived in Kernville, sitting with her three children on a part of the roof of their house. The kitchen and dining-room had been swept away. We soon lost sight of them, as we floated about a square above and drifted in near Morris Street. As nearly as we could tell, the distance we were whirled was more than a mile. Here we seemed to stop, but the water was not quiet enough for us to attempt to get off until about seven o'clock. Then we climbed over housetops, logs, broken cars and almost everything, some men holding boards for us to walk on, and landed in Dean Canan's attic, getting in through the narrow window. We found eighty-two persons who had got there before us. The water was not quite to the third-story in this house, and all night

we expected every moment that it too would go. But it was a large, substantial building and, not having been struck by any heavy body, the force of the back-water did not move it from its foundation. In all our perilous rides to this place there was not a scream from one of us, nor a loud word spoken, nor a tear shed. In fact, there have been no tears of any account shed since. It was too great a terror and shock for tears!

"After the agony we had passed through we hoped we were safe in this attic. Then the fire broke out and so fierce was it that by its light we could see and know one another's faces. We suffered from the added fear that it might spread over the entire town, not knowing who of our neighbors and friends were being consumed in its angry flames. I had my absent daughter and her children constantly in mind. Everybody was in a state of feverish excitement, aggravated by fatigue and want of food, for no one had had any supper, and no one thought of it until nearly midnight, when the children cried for bread. Our little boy cried so piteously that we told him if he would go to sleep, when he wakened there would be something for him to eat —not knowing how it would come, or that it would come. At last the poor child fell asleep; but for the rest of us it was a long, sleepless night.

"When daylight began to dawn Mr. Henrie looked out for some way to get us to the hills. He saw on the wreckage at some distance a man with a loaf of bread which he said was for an aged lady. When told that she had already gone to the hills, and Mr. Henrie asked him for the bread, he put it on the end of a long pole and reached it to him. This bread was broken into small bits and given to the people. A small piece was handed to my daughter and me. Remembering what we had told our little boy, we could not eat it, but kept it until he should waken.

"For all the blessings of a lifetime I was never so thankful as when we got into that attic. Although all my life I have taken an active part in church and Sunday-school, I always seemed to be afraid to pray in public. But when I got into that house, and Mrs. Canan came to me and said I must have dry clothing, our arms went around each other's necks, a right glad shout went up and I prayed loudly.

"About nine o'clock on Saturday morning we endeavored to get out of this crowded place. A plank was reached across from our window to the window of the large building next to us. We walked on the plank, through houses and over houses, until we got to the hill, when we went to the house of a German family named Wahl. Here food was offered us, but I had no appetite, thinking that my daughter and her children were drowned after we saw them sitting on the roof the night before. Soon word came that they had been rescued and were near us on the hill. I started to run down to find them, but fell from exhaustion and could get no farther for some time. Maggie, delighted to hear that her sister was alive, ran on. When she embraced her sister and told her we were all living, Kate sank in a dead faint. It was hours before we could restore her to consciousness. This meeting was near Mrs. Rose's. She called them in and showed every kindness, bringing the best she had in the house to put on Kate, who had lost everything but the wet clothes she had on. From fright, exposure and cold her jaws were set, and for a long time she could not speak understandingly.

"After my little grandson heard me pray that night, he said, 'Grandmother, don't be afraid, we won't be drowned!' I did not reply to the child at that time, but a few days afterward I asked him why he thought we would not be drowned when we were so near it. He said, 'You always told me if I said my prayers I would be saved'—not understanding that I meant his soul instead of his body. Perhaps such faith as that saved us."

Before noon Mr. Clawson's brother, from East Liberty, found the Henries, in searching over the Kernville hill. Had he gone around on the other side of the river, no one can tell how long it would have been before he could have reached them, as there was no way of crossing the creek, except far below.

Next morning Mr. Clawson started with part of the family and Miss Green for East Liberty. The nearest point where they could take the train was Sang Hollow. They found a man who let them ride to Morrellville. He was nearly crazy with grief, having been told that his wife and six children were lying dead. It was a frightfully mad ride. The man drove as fast as he could go, over almost everything. Several times, when they could endure it no longer, the ladies spoke to him, but he said he was not driving very fast. In his sorrow he could think of nothing but his eagerness to reach the scene of his former home, and on they dashed. When they reached Morrellville, more dead than alive, he found that the dread report was true. His wife and his children were lying side by side.

From Morrellville the girls had to walk in the rain and mud four miles to get the train, which was so crowded with dazed and half-crazed people that they were forced to be helped in through the window. Men actually climbed on top of the cars in their frantic haste to get away. The girls did not know they were without hats until they left the car, forty miles from home. It would have made no difference if they had known—there were no hats to be had.

After Kate and her children and Miss Green left them, Mr. and Mrs. Henrie and Maggie went back to Mrs. Wahl's and remained for two days. At that house they fed hundreds of people, going miles into the country for food. They were constantly cooking, and it was the same in every house left standing. Such willingness to feed everybody was never known before. The generosity displayed by those who had dry clothing, in giving to those who came out of the water destitute and barely alive, soon reduced their wardrobes to what they had on and established in the hearts of all an abiding faith in the goodness of humanity.

Some days later, when the water had gone out, the Henries looked around for the remnant of their home, hoping to recover something. They found only the daughter's watch fastened in a clump of mud, and one five-dollar bill out of $200 that had been put for safe-keeping in a trunk. Not even a part of the trunk was to be seen! For all their losses they did not grieve a moment. Their hearts were too full of thanksgiving that all the family had been saved, though a brother-in-law, Dr. Wagoner, and his entire family of nine were all lost. They lived on the same square and were one of fifteen families out of which only five persons were rescued. For eleven days Mrs. Henrie and her daughter assisted in the distributing rooms of the Grand Army Relief Corps, sent from Philadelphia. They lost every article they possessed and had to start life again. This was the second time Mrs. Henrie had been wrecked by cruel floods.

About noon on the day of the flood Alexander Adair and Richard Eyre left the Merchants' Hotel to note the water and inspect the stone bridge. They could not go directly to the bridge, owing to the depth of the water on

the flats, and went up Railroad street to Woodvale. Crossing the Conemaugh, they proceeded on the railroad track to Morrellville. The road-bed was all right that distance, except just above the freight station, where a new side-track was washed away and a freight train had already gone down. They stopped at Morrellville about ten minutes. The street-car station was closed and the business of the road suspended. At ten minutes after two o'clock they started back and at the lower end of Cambria met a freight train of four cars. The engineer called to Mr. Adair that he had just come from East Conemaugh and was told that the reservoir might break any minute. They went on to the street running parallel with the railroad and warned a number of people. Meeting the Burgess of Cambria they told him what the engineer had said. He replied that nearly all the people were out of their houses and that he would see that further warning was given. Near the bridge they met a man who said there had been two telegrams of warning received at East Conemaugh. It was now about a quarter after three o'clock. They remained half an hour at the bridge, watching people being taken out on rafts from second-story windows in Millville. Suddenly they heard a shout, and saw people running to Prospect. A moment later the big water came. They hastened down to where a train standing, and demanded that the cars be parted to let the people pass to the hill above Haws' Cement Mill. The train-men could not comply, and the people crawled over and under the cars.

Mr. Adair and Mr. Eyre looked up the river and saw the heavy iron bridge at the Point topple over like a straw. Houses began to come thick and fast. Within two or three minutes the arches were closed by the mass of wreckage, filled with people. As a house struck it would apparently shoot the occupants out at the top. There was very little shrieking. The people seemed to be stunned. Many men went to work to save the victims. The first person recognized, after probably a dozen women and children had been rescued, was Miss Carrie Higson, who walked off as deliberately as though going down the gang-plank of a steamboat. She was taken from her own house, which stood on Walnut street. Next to be saved and recognized were Miss Carrie McConaughy; Miss Gussie Potts, whose father, Judge Potts, was soon afterward saved; Mr. Kraft, the jeweler at the Lincoln Bridge; J. G. Ludlum, Miss Genevieve and Rus, daughter and son of Cyrus Elder; Miss Kate D. Jenkins, the school-teacher and elocutionist; Professor T. B. Johnston, Superintendent of Public Schools; Mrs. Anna M. Hay, James P. McConaughy, who has since died; Miss Maggie McConaughy, who was very badly hurt and was taken to Morrellville, and Miss Florence McConaughy, who would not leave the bank until her father, who was wedged in wreckage up to his armpits, was rescued. Several hours later the family of Robert Parsons, the tailor; the Higson family; a woman named Mrs. Williams, from the Point; Policeman John D. Jones, of

the Johnstown force, who floated down on a roof with thirteen others and was the only one rescued, the others having sank before the bridge was reached; a woman, who said she started from the second toll-gate in Hornerstown; Miss Marbourg, from Market street, and many others were taken out. Men, women and children came from all parts of the valley to the bridge.

The wounded and sick from the wreck were removed to the dry-kilns and boiler-houses at Haws' Cement Mill. Mr. Eyre crawled along the hillside clear to Kernville and secured some blackberry brandy from a Mrs. Davis for those who needed the stimulant. One entire family rescued from the wreck had the measles and were taken to Morrellville.

One incident of the night's experience was a woman's refusing to be removed from a very bad portion of the wreck until she had put up her hair! Another poor woman, who was taken out in safety and placed in the house of Mr. Haws' stable-boss, kept crawling around on the floor and pawing at the walls as if still trying to free herself. A husband and wife met on the road beside the wreck. Each thought the other had been lost, and at sight of each other they embraced, sinking on their knees and offering prayer of thanksgiving for their safety.

On Saturday morning Mr. Adair and Mr. Eyre made their way back to town. They could see people on the housetops everywhere. They hunted for a boat and found one. To it they hitched Stewart Osborne's horse, which was tied to a post at the upper end of Kernville, and hauled it over the hill and down to Akers & Baumer's slaughtery, where they made a pair of oars. Mr. Adair and a bricklayer named Painter went out in the boat and brought in three loads of people, when the boat gave out. E. B. Entwisle and a friend, from Moxham, came with two boats and rescued the people around there. On the hillside above the slaughtery Mr. Eyre met Mrs. R. H. Canan and daughter, of Main street, at whose house he roomed, and went with them to find their friends. Mr. Adair then acted as deputy under Sheriff Stineman. His first station was at a rope bridge which he helped build from the stone bridge to the Cambria Iron Company's ground near the steel works—the first bridge of any kind to be constructed. Over this bridge all coffins, supplies, workmen and sufferers passed up town.

Marie Dubenski, aged thirty-five, and her two children, seven and three years respectively, sailed from Hungary last June, landing in New York on July 2d. The poor woman's lot was a sad one. Three years ago her husband came to this country, as many of his countrymen do, to better his condition. He promised to send for his wife and children as soon as he had earned enough to pay their way hither. The last letter she received from him was dated April 30th. She grew tired waiting to hear from him again. With what little money he had sent her and through the assistance of relatives she set sail for this country. She was taken care of by the Emigration Commis-

sioners of Castle Garden and expected every day to hear from her husband. A letter sent to her mother in the old country, dated at Johnstown, came to her as she finished her breakfast on August 16th. It bore the sad news that her Johann was among those who lost their lives at the Johnstown flood. The cries of the poor woman and her children, as they realized the sad fact, could be heard away out in the Battery Park. Mrs. Dubenski was given aid by a Relief Committee and sent back to her Hungarian home.

Talking with me regarding the disaster, a few days after her arrival, Clara Barton took this view of things, which fortunately proved not to be sustained by the results:

"It is like a blow on the head. There are no tears; they are stunned: but, ah, sir! I tell you they will awake after awhile, and then the tears will flow down the hills of this valley from thousands of bleeding hearts, and there will be weeping and wailing such as never before. You see nothing but that dazed, sickly smile that calamity leaves, like the crazy man wears when you ask him, 'How came you here?' Something happened, he says; that he alone knows: all the rest is blank to him. Here they give you that smile, that look, and say, 'I lost my father, my mother, my sisters,' but they do not realize it yet. The Red Cross intends to be here in the Conemaugh Valley when the pestilence comes, and we are making ready with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our strength. The militia, the railroad, the relief committees, everybody is working for us. The railroad has completely barricaded us so that none of our cars can be taken away by mistake."

Could human sorrow fathom greater depths of misery than it sounded in thousands of cases at Johnstown?

Miss Mamie Fink.
" Minnie Bracken.
" Minnie Ogle.
" Cora Wagner.

Miss Annie White.
Mrs. T. Williams.
Miss Minnie Linton.
" Laura Hamilton.

Miss Mary White.
" Katie Bracken.
" Bertha Hoffman.
Mrs. Alexander Reck.

XXIV.

PATHETIC SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

HEART-BREAKING SEPARATIONS FROM LOVED ONES—A BROTHER'S AGONY—HOW A WIFE AND DAUGHTER WERE LOST—A DROWNING WIFE'S LAST KISS—A FAITHFUL LOVER'S VIGIL—AFFECTION THAT DEATH COULD NOT SUBDUE—RELICS OF THE MISSING AT ALMA HALL—WEIRD COLLECTION OF SOUVENIRS OF THE DISASTER—TERRIBLE GRIEF OF A SORROWING MAIDEN—FATE OF A YOUNG BRIDE—AN AGED CITIZEN'S SORE MISFORTUNES—DISTRESSING OCCURRENCES OF MANY KINDS.

"What tragic tears bedew the eye,
What deaths we suffer ere we die!"—JOHN LOGAN.

"DID YOU SEE THEM?"

H, THE PAGES of pathetic, soul-rending scenes and incidents, observed personally or gleaned from the trembling lips of pale survivors, that might be written! Everywhere could be heard tales of cruel partings, heart-breaking separations and bitter experiences. Shocking sights filled the mind with a nameless terror, producing impressions not to be dismissed lightly. Crowds of sufferers moved and acted as if dazed by their afflictions, staring at strangers vacantly and seldom recognizing intimate friends. One shuddered to hear a bereaved husband and father tell with stony calmness how his wife and children went down in the angry waters. Despair drove many a poor creature to the verge of insanity, inducing brain fever or nervous prostration. God alone knew the grief in homes still inhabited, from which light and joy and hope had fled forever. The uncomplaining, silent, crushing woe that drains the very life-blood was imprinted on a legion of pinched faces. The vain search for dear ones furrowed deep

lines in cheeks lately rounded and blooming. Men and women lived long years in one terrible week, aging prematurely. Homeless thousands wandered listlessly, with no soothing presence to soften the blow which had inflicted an incurable wound. Hundreds sat on the hills and gazed wistfully upon the desolated waste, all the while bemoaning their loved and lost. Earth had no solace for the gnawing ache which even Time, the great healer, can never efface. Heaven pity the icy, stolid, unnatural being whom the agonizing spectacles encountered on every hand did not move to tearful sympathy!

James Elgin came to Johnstown on Monday after the flood to attend the wedding of his sister, fixed for Wednesday, June 5th. He knew that a disaster had taken place, but had no idea that his family was involved. His agony may be imagined upon learning that his mother and three sisters had been drowned and that his father was demented over the calamity. The old gentleman was crying like a child, and asking those he met:

"Did you see them? Did you see them go down? They will come back for the wedding to-night. She is gone for her bridal wreath."

Cyrus Elder, solicitor of the Cambria Iron Company, returned from Chicago in the forenoon. Water surrounded his residence, hindering him from getting home. His wife and daughter stood on the porch, waving their handkerchiefs to welcome him. During the afternoon he procured a boat somebody had constructed of rough boards and endeavored to reach his family. The craft upset, spilling Mr. Elder into four feet of water. He waded back and entered his brother's house for a change of clothing. While he was putting on dry garments the flood overwhelmed Johnstown. His elegant home was utterly destroyed, Mrs. and Miss Elder going down with the wreck, to be seen no more. The husband and father was spared, his life blighted by a sorrow that can have no alleviation this side the grave. Death, inflexible and unrelenting, had stilled the voices whose sound was sweetest music and prevented the meeting so fondly anticipated. Both ladies were singularly amiable and accomplished. Miss Elder was a lovely girl, and her untimely fate, in the flower and beauty of winsome maidenhood, excited profound regret. Could the Scottish bard's elegy be applied better:

"The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart, how sunk, a prey to grief and care!
So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree;
So from it ravished, leaves it bleak and bare."

Policemen John Reese climbed on the roof of his house and was assisting his wife when the building fell, crushing the lady. She threw a kiss to her husband with her dying gasp, as the waters closed over the faithful heart whose last throb showed the quenchless, unselfish love that is Heaven's choicest gift to man.

Two of the fifty persons who died in the Hulbert House were Miss Carrie Diehl, of Shippensburg, and Miss Jennie Wells, of Tioga county, a teacher in

the Johnstown schools. The former was betrothed to William Ocher, of Philadelphia, a worthy young man who travels for a wholesale firm. The true lover set out for Johnstown immediately upon hearing of the disaster, coming to Harrisburg. Thence he went to Chambersburg, hoping to get through by the Baltimore & Ohio road. Travel was cut off and he walked across the country. Arriving at Johnstown on Tuesday morning, the second body he saw in the Fourth-ward school-building was Miss Diehl's. Near her was Miss Wells, an intimate friend, whose home was inaccessible. Mr. Ocher had the two girls put in coffins and carried to the track of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. They had to lie in the ditch by the side of the rails, where the mourning lover kept constant vigil for five hours, until a train would start for Rockwood. The tedious journey to Shippensburg with the two bodies ended on Wednesday afternoon. A crowd awaited the arrival of the remains at Shippensburg, and the interment took place on Thursday from the home of Miss Diehl's parents. Mr. Ocher's devotion evoked the warmest tributes of praise. It was a touching sight to see him sitting beside the coffins, guarding them as a trusty sentinel would watch the costliest treasures committed to his care.

A battered trunk on Main street, half the lid broken off, contained some photographs and a dozen love letters, each signed "Your Own Mary." Who sent or who received the missives could not be determined, as none bore a full name or address. On the wall of one building floated from East Conemaugh hung a few photographs, dumb tokens of affectionate regard that touched a gentle chord in the beholders.

A young bride was borne to the grave on the last Sunday in July under circumstances especially distressing. Several members of her father's family perished in the flood, which swept off all their property. The lover to whom this girl had plighted her troth asked that the marriage ceremony be performed. He wished to be with the household and do what he could for its support. A solemn wedding took place, but the bride did not recover her spirits. The shock to her delicate system was beyond mortal help and she became weaker day by day. A slow fever set in, which ended fatally. The gentle sufferer never complained, regretting only the grief her departure would cause the loved ones whose efforts to prolong a life so dear were unavailing. Thus died Mrs. John H. Thompson, one of the heart-broken victims of the dreadful calamity that overwhelmed the Conemaugh Valley. Is it any wonder that manly brows are seamed and loving hearts withered by corroding, cankering grief?

An esteemed resident of Johnstown was the venerable Judge Potts. Just fifty years ago he went to the little village on the Conemaugh, a place then of small pretensions and sparse population. The young stranger practiced law, filled many offices of trust and responsibility as the years rolled by, and was long a leading citizen. He occupied a pretty home, with nice grounds, flowers,

fruits and all the comforts a liberal taste required. There he hoped to pass his last years peacefully and close his eyes when the final message came. A beloved daughter was swept away with the pleasant home by the deluge, which left not a trace of the building or its contents. The only thing recovered was a silver spoon, the one relic of the hospitable dwelling known to every man, woman and child in the settlement. Among the lost treasurers were books, papers and original manuscripts which cannot be duplicated. They contained a vast amount of matter relative to the early days of Johnstown, the growth of its industries and the development of its varied resources. In them were embodied the results of a half-century of careful observation and research, from which to compile an accurate history of the district. How severely Judge Potts feels the loss of these invaluable documents may be inferred. He has gone to Oil City to live with his son. Such a case may well awaken pity for the misfortunes of an aged man, deprived at a stroke of the possessions long years of delightful association had rendered most precious.

A resident of Market street saw his wife safe on land, and thought his only daughter, a girl of twenty-one, was also saved. Just as he was making for the shore he saw her and went to rescue her. He succeeded in getting within about ten feet of land, when the girl said, "Good-bye, father," and expired in his arms before he reached the shore.

In the distribution of relief under military authority guards of soldiers would stand at short intervals to keep applicants in line and repel intruders. On one occasion a guard entered into conversation with a woman in the row. She was telling a story of distress, for the soldier looked about hastily to a spot where canned meats and bread were located and made a movement as if to obtain a supply for the woman. The eyes of brother soldiers and a superior officer were upon him and he had to resume his position. It was not unusual for the soldiers, under cover of dusk, to over-step their duty in order to serve some applicant who, through age or lack of physical strength, was poorly equipped to bear the strain. All sorts of provisions were asked for. One woman would ask boldly for ham, canned chicken, vegetables and flour. Another would approach timidly and be glad to have a loaf of bread and a little coffee.

The remains of Wallace McConaughy were blown out of the wreck at the stone bridge. The body was torn to pieces and would never have been identified but for a receipt from W. J. Rose & Son, which the young man had in his pocket. Other bodies were similarly lacerated by the dynamite, which was used to burst the logs so that the debris in the jam could be loosened and floated down the river. The dynamite was placed in holes bored into the timbers. When the log was broken a chain was attached to the parts; it was hoisted by a machine on the bridge and dropped into the current.

Surprise has been expressed at the nude condition in which many bodies of women were found in the ruins. They had their clothes torn from their

backs while struggling to free themselves from the wreckage of their homes. Their clothes would be caught between timbers and on splintered boards, and in their frenzy to escape they would plunge forward and leave the greater part, if not all of their raiment, clinging to that which held them prisoners. In that manner and state several escaped being numbered with the dead.

On one of the first houses that struck the bridge was a woman wearing a white shawl. When the house struck she threw up her hands, fell back into the water and was seen no more.

A man in Kernville the day of the flood had jet-black hair, moustache and beard. That evening he had a battle with the waters. On Saturday morning his hair and beard began to turn gray, and they were soon well streaked with white. The change is attributable to his awful experience on Friday night.

The wife of a man in Kernville told her neighbor next door on the fatal Friday morning that she dreamed the night before that Johnstown had been destroyed by a flood and—in a stage whisper—"John was drowned." The man was unkind to his wife and made life a burden to her, as all the neighbors knew, but she was very patient. When she told the story of her dream and its results she and the lady to whom she spoke both took a quiet laugh. But the dream came true before the sun went down. "John was drowned," while his wife was saved.

Joseph Eyrich, an aged citizen of Kernville, had two dwelling-houses wrecked, in one of which he resided with his son-in-law. He lost a trunk from this house and subsequently found it in the wreckage. Somebody had found it before him, broken it open, and abstracted $500 in cash, a gold watch-chain and other valuables from it. This left Mr. Eyrich penniless in his old age.

A searching party found a lady's hand-satchel containing $91 in cash, deeds for $26,000 in property and about $10,000 in insurance policies. Mrs. Lizzie Dignon was the owner. She and her husband perished in the flood.

Miss Rose Carroll, of Conemaugh Borough, her mother and brother Thomas were taken. Their bodies were recovered soon after. That of Miss Rose was near the site of the family residence, her piano lying on top of it. The water moved the residence of John Kirby, corner of Locust and Adam streets, out about four feet on the latter thoroughfare. It flooded the first floor of the house almost to the ceiling. The piano floated as the water rose, and when the flood subsided it settled down to the floor unharmed. It was tested and found to be in perfect condition. Not a drop of water found its way to the interior of the instrument. Scores of pianos were ruined.

The large bell from St. Mark's Episcopal Church, on Locust street, was found in a pile of wreckage at Napoleon and Haynes streets, Kernville, having been drifted across Stony Creek.

J. L. Smith, the marble-cutter, moved his wife and three children from his

home to the Hulbert House for safety, and all perished when the hotel went down. The Hepiasophs lost but two members—Drs. L. T. and W. C. Beam. William, son of Contractor Horn, Conemaugh Borough, was the only member of the City Guard who perished.

An orphan boy, nine years old, the last of a family of six, was one of the passengers on the train that ran to Somerset on Monday night, carrying away a multitude of sufferers. The boy's aunt was taking him to her house at Bethel. The poor child tried to tell of his escape, by clinging to a piece of timber, but hot tears would stop his sentences as he thought of how his mother and sisters went down.

The weird collection of relics in Alma Hall was the means of informing a young girl of her lover's doom. She was visiting friends near Johnstown, who brought her to see the destruction. The party visited the room stored with souvenirs of the dead. In one of them the fair maiden recognized the cuff buttons of her affianced husband, whom she believed to be in Blair County. He was a guest of the Hulbert House, having been sent to Johnstown unexpectedly. The girl fell in a faint and did not regain consciousness for hours.

The recognition of little articles that had belonged to loved ones was often distressing beyond description. Sometimes it was a picture, a bit of jewelry, a piece of writing, a fragment of clothing. More than once N. C. Shepherd's touching lines might have been used:

"There is the hat
With the blue veil thrown 'round it, just as they found it,
Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled—
Do you recognize that?

"The gloves, too, lie there,
And in them still lingers the shape of her fingers,
That some one has pressed, perhaps, and caressed,
So slender and fair.

"There are the shoes,
With their long silken laces, still bearing traces,
To the toe's dainty tip, of the mud of the slip,
The slime and the ooze.

"There is the dress,
Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored and drabbled—
This you should know without doubt, and, if so,
All else you may guess.

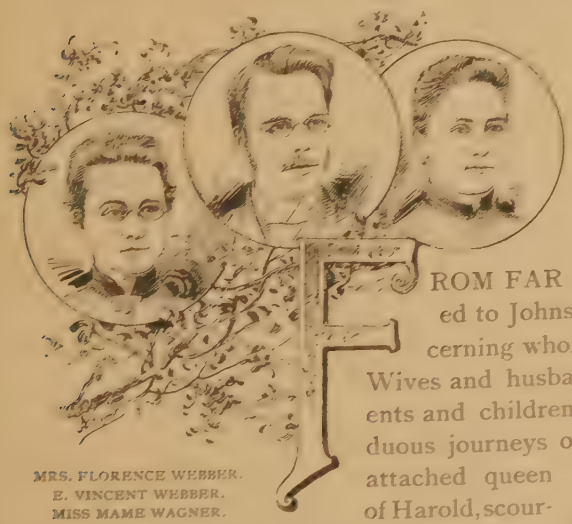
"There is the shawl,
With the striped border, hung next in order,
Soiled hardly less than the white muslin dress,
And—that is all.

"Ah, here is a ring
We were forgetting, with a pearl setting,
There was only this one—name or date?—none?
A frail, pretty thing."

XXV.

SEEKING FOR LOVED ONES.

Anxious Friends in Quest of Near and Dear Relatives Whom Death Had Claimed—Weeks and Months of Patient Search for Bodies—Haunting the Heaps of Debris and the Morgues—A Devoted Sister and a Faithful Brother—Coming Great Distances on Mournful Errands—How Some Were Rewarded and Others Disappointed—A Feature of the Flood Which Developed Many Painful Surprises—Hopes and Fears of Earnest Watchers, Who Never Flagged.



MRS. FLORENCE WEBBER.
E. VINCENT WEBBER.
MISS MAME WAGNER.

"Why seeks he with unwearied toil
Thro' death's dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil
And lead oblivion into day?"
—Langhorne.

FROM FAR and near anxious friends flocked to Johnstown to seek for lost ones concerning whom no tidings could be learned. Wives and husbands, sisters and brothers, parents and children undertook long, fatiguing, arduous journeys on this mournful mission. The attached queen of Harold, scouring the battle-field of Hastings for the fallen King of England, was not more strongly imbued with a lofty resolve. One of the objective points to which the visitors wended their steps was the room in Alma Hall devoted to the reception of articles found on the bodies of the dead or picked up in the wreck. Something

HARRY BISCHOFF. MRS. SWINEFORD.

there might furnish a clue which would lead to the discovery of the missing. Few spots were so suggestive of the saddest features of the flood as that apartment. Hundreds of articles were identified and claimed by agonized relatives, but hundreds vainly awaited recognition and ownership. The collection embraced watches, jewelry, pieces of silverware, emblems, paper, clothing and scores of odds and ends. Many old pictures—ambrotypes, card photographs and daguerreotypes—lay on the table, water-soaked and badly faded. Beads, trinkets and trifles of every sort abounded. In one corner was a trunk filled with spectacles and eye-glasses, the property of an oculist who perished in the Hulbert House. A life-size crayon portrait of a young man could not be identified positively, although thousands looked at it. Of course, the owners of much of the pile of sundries lost their lives. This display of unclaimed goods was an affecting proof of whole households missing, with none remaining to ask for the mementoes which friends of departed ones would value beyond price. A world of touching history was involved in that remarkable accumulation, the variety and extent of which might well recall fancies of "The Old Curiosity Shop." Here are some entries from the record :

$25 found in black silk stocking with foot of female, high button shoe.

Blank book, W. K. Endley, found on light-complexioned boy.

Three band rings, one with initals "F. M."; ear-ring in left ear, right ear-ring torn out.

$6.25 in money on female 47 to 50 years of age, auburn hair.

Watch chain and breastpin and plain gold ring marked "H. B. to M. S. McD.." on female 20 to 25 years of age, supposed to have been a passenger on east-bound train.

$7.04 found on male, light hair, weight about 150 pounds.

$200 in gold in purse, $30 in greenbacks and breastpin found on female 65 years of age, gray hair.

Pocket-book containing $11.61 and buttons and plain gold ring found on female, fair complexion, 45 years of age, black hair, dark blue eyes.

Three rings on female, weight 185, five feet eight inches.

The inspection of these relics frequently brought painful surprises. One day in June a bright, refined girl visited the apartment, in company with her brother, a slight youth of seventeen. He looked deathly white, did not speak and sank exhausted into a chair. The appearance of the girl was at variance with the place. Her countenance, sunburnt from exposure searching in the ruins, was hopeful and animated. None looking at her would have supposed that the twofold effort of sustaining her brother and concealing her own worst fears could be so supported. In a low voice she said :

"We have been looking for mother and cannot find her. Perhaps we can learn something here. She had a ring—her wedding ring—with letters in it—her own, F. M. ; my father's, L. H. Can you tell me anything ?"

Her voice had been very firm. It was a wonderful display of fortitude. An attendant replied, as he opened a trunk of cigar boxes full of them :

"Wedding ring ; initials—that anything like it, Miss ?"

He handed it to her with the callous carelessness that seems to accompany familiarity with the dead and the belongings of the grave. Attached to the ring was a little tag with the memorandum, "woman about fifty-five, hair partly gray, dress black." That was all. A glance at the ring and its tag, and the girl trembled from head to foot with a convulsive cry, as if all her pent-up anxiety found vent in a wail that must reach to heaven. She threw up her hands and fell upon her knees, praying and sobbing hysterically.

The affecting fate of Mr. and Mrs. E. Vincent Webber was rendered still more memorable by the long search for their bodies. Mr. Webber came from England to Philadelphia, spent six months in Harrisburg, and went to Johnstown in the fall of 1887 to fill the position of assistant superintendent of the Gautier Works. He was a young man of fine ability and character, highly educated and a master of his profession. One month before the flood he married Miss Florence Wagner, of Harrisburg. The lady was a finished scholar, teacher in a business college, and deservedly esteemed for her moral and social excellencies. The loving pair commenced housekeeping in Woodvale, and had just taken up a carpet, the water having touched the floor, when the great deluge overwhelmed them. The last seen of them they were standing at their rear door with hands clasped. Letters and a few trinkets were all that the untiring search of affectionate friends could discover of the young husband and his bride for many weeks. Miss Mame Wagner, sister of the dead wife, and Mr. Webber's brother, urged by the warmest desire to find the remains, personally inspected every quarter of the flooded district. Miss Wagner visited the Pittsburgh hospitals, frequented the morgues, scrutinized hundreds of bodies and displayed such devotion as to win universal admiration. Her brother-in-law was found in Johnstown, a mile from his home, the middle of July, buried temporarily and finally interred in Harrisburg. Four days later Mrs. Webber was dug from between two freight cars lodged in the acres of ruins back of the lower end of Main street. Her sister brought the body to Harrisburg to be laid beside her husband's. Miss Wagner tells the story of her faithful search modestly, disclaiming any praise for doing what she knew was her duty. It is as follows:

"In April I first went to Johnstown to arrange the home of my sister. Everything that love and money could do was done by Mr. Webber to make his home a paradise for the one he had chosen to be his for life. With what satisfaction and pleasure we eyed the home before our departure for Harrisburg, little dreaming that such a terrible cloud was then hanging over the peaceful horizon of their happiness! April 30th was their wedding day, just in the spring of the year, when the whole creation is clad in sunshine, the forest smiles and hearts are joyous. With every prospect for a happy future, they bade us farewell. Could we have seen what was then lurking in the skies, we would not to-day be mourning their loss. Alas! we frail creatures of the dust cannot tell what a day will bring forth. Our hearts that have been made to ache by the Johnstown flood no earthly power can cure. Like thousands of others, the ache will go on and on until the veil is lifted and we shall know the meaning of what was dark here.

"On May 31st, one month from their wedding day, they were swept away in that terrible

flood. When we retired on that awful Friday night we thought of them as happy and far from harm, not knowing that before the sun had set they were in Our Father's home above. I shall never forget the next morning, June 1st, when we first heard the news. Though I was told that thousands had been lost, that Woodvale, their home, had been swept as completely off the face of the earth as if it had never existed, I had hopes that our loved ones were saved. We sent message after message, but received no answer. We kept up hope, thinking they could not send us word because the telegraph wires were down. In a few days others received communications, but not so with us. At last a message came saying they were lost. Those words will ever ring in our ears. The agony they caused is inexpressible. Yet are they lost? They are absent from us, but present with the Lord. They are lost in joy unspeakable, whilst we are left to suffer. As soon as I heard the news I wanted to go to Johnstown, but could not on account of travel being suspended. Long, weary days and nights we spent waiting for the first train to bear us to the scene of so much distress. On June 7th, accompanied by Frank Webber, brother of E. V., we started for Johnstown by the Baltimore & Ohio route. Ours was one of the first trains that went over the road after the flood.

"I will not speak of the delays along the road, and what we experienced. After traveling for almost two days, we came in sight of what was once Johnstown. We had to walk some distance until we came in the town proper. Words cannot convey to any one that did not see it the condition of that once prosperous town. Pen or picture at its worst cannot describe the awfulness of it all. When I looked about me I felt as if I should sink. Having been there only five weeks before, I knew something of the place; but now I was lost and knew not whither to go. The rain came pelting down upon us, so that we were almost blinded by its force. After realizing our situation and giving vent to our feelings, we decided to wend our way to headquarters, which we reached after a great deal of difficulty. We met General Hastings, who had been informed of our coming. His genial manner and willingness to help us sent a little hope to our bleeding hearts. There were also others at headquarters always ready to assist us, whose kindness I shall never forget. Still hoping against hope, we expected to find our sister and brother on the hills, and yet when I saw the extent of the destruction I wondered that even a few were left to tell the tale.

"We had supplied ourselves with food and such things as we thought our friends would need. I soon saw that, without a guide, it would be impossible to get around. General Hastings kindly gave us a guide, who remained with us until we knew the way ourselves. Our search had then begun. We started first for Woodvale, walking along the railroad until we came to the spot that had once been the home of my sister. It was now a bed of sand. I knew the spot from a path opposite, on the hill. Nothing else was left to mark the once beautiful Maple Avenue. The only houses left were those skirted about on the hills, without which it would have been a barren waste. We climbed the hills and inquired in the houses, but they could tell us nothing. We then went back to Johnstown, visited the six morgues, read over the list of those found, but there were no descriptions of Mr. and Mrs. Webber on the walls. Then we looked at the bodies in each morgue. I thought, as I looked upon them, 'Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?' I cannot dwell upon the sight of those bodies. My wish is to forget. If our lost ones had been among the victims brought in each day, we might have passed them by unrecognized, only for the clothing or something about their persons that would be a clue to their identification. Without that those we were seeking might have been buried unknown before our eyes, and we not have known it.

"I made inquiry and found that Mr. Jones, who lived next door to my sister, was the only one saved out of his family. He was sick at Morrellville, two miles below Johnstown. Anxious to hear what he had to say, and hoping he could tell us where to find the Webbers, we started for Morrellville on foot—no other way to travel then. We reached there in the evening and found Mr. Jones. He told us that Mr. and Mrs. Webber were in the house when the flood

came. My hope sank at this report. It was late, and our guide reminded us that we had better find a place for the night. Rest never entered our minds, but for him we would have wandered about all night as if dazed. We found a place in Morrellville for that night, the best we could expect under the circumstances. We had eaten nothing the whole day, but were only hungry for the sight of those we were seeking, Such was the first day in Johnstown. We had walked at least fifteen miles. Next morning early we went back to Johnstown in the heavy rain. We sought everywhere, leaving no stone unturned to find them. From one morgue to the other, times without number each day, we went.

"Every day brought with it new experiences and horrifying sights. We dismissed our guide and traveled about ourselves. In Kernville we found part of their house, a mile from where it had stood, all broken to splinters. Under the ruins we found the letters that were written by my sister to Mr. Webber before their marriage. Later I found his letters to her in Johnstown, near Morrell Institute. So we went on and on until night overtook us. Then we realized that we had no place of shelter. I thought we would be more apt to find a place in Kernville, so we decided to go thither. We went from house to house and asked for lodging, but they said no in every instance but one. Mr. Rhinebolt, of Napoleon Street, said we could stay there. After ten days of fruitless search we returned home. I was home only three days when word came that Florence was in Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, sick. We went on immediately and searched every hospital in and around the city, but all in vain. Our hopes were again crushed and we once more left for home, stopping off at Johnstown, searching everywhere.

"On Sunday we left for Harrisburg, as Mr. Webber expected to sail for England the following Thursday, owing to his mother's serious illness from the shock of Vincent's death. She was preparing to visit this country when the news of his fate prostrated her. The next day I received a message saying Mr. Webber's body was found. I went on alone, identified his remains and had him buried temporarily, thinking I would surely find my sister and then take them home together. For five long weeks I traversed mountains, went to Nineveh, New Florence and everywhere I thought I might find some clue. From one night to the next I did not know whither to go, until Mr. Longaker, in Kernville, kindly offered me room in his house. I followed every report, never giving up hope. At the end of five weeks I began to feel ill and thought I better go home for a few days. Some of my Johnstown friends said they would interest themselves in my case until I returned. My daily prayer was that I might find my sister's remains. One day, while looking out of the Millville morgue window, thinking and feeling so ill, the thought suddenly came to me that, in the pile of debris opposite, close by the armory, I would find the body of my sister. I acted upon the thought and told Mr. Henderson, the undertaker. He advised me to speak to Captain Hamilton, who had then charge of the town. I did so. At first he declined, saying that the force of men had been reduced and other places had to be cleaned before the one I suggested to him. I told him that I felt my sister was there. I insisted and finally he promised to put a force of men on that spot. I watched until I was scarcely able to stand, so on Friday, August 7th, I came home with Mr. Webber's remains. I had made arrangements to return the following Wednesday and had some one stationed at my post.

"The following Wednesday I did return. But the evening before I received a message, 'Mrs. Webber found,' and just where I thought she would be. With what satisfaction I returned to Johnstown, knowing we could at least have her precious form to lay in a grave we could visit and keep fragrant. On August 9th I brought her body home for burial in the Harrisburg Cemetery. Thus ended my Johnstown experience. The trials, hardships and privations I counted nothing. Love for our dear ones helped me bear all, and I only did what a true sister should do. My efforts were not in vain, for we have the sad satisfaction of knowing where their bodies are, whilst many will never be found. They now lie side by side until the resurrection morn shall wake them, and we shall then realize the glad re-union our hearts are longing for."

A day or two before the flood Mrs. Mary A. Swineford and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ed. Swineford, left St. Louis for New Berlin, Juniata county, Pa., the elder lady's home. They were on the ill-fated Day Express, which was caught at East Conemaugh, and both ladies perished. They would have been safe, as it turned out, had they remained in their car, which was not injured, but in a moment of great fright they fled from the train and were engulfed by the torrent. The first news the family received was the following dispatch to the St. Louis *Republic:*

SALTSBURG, Pa., June 2.—The agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to-day obtained possession of a large trunk which was found in the drift-pile about a mile east of this place. The trunk contained a large quantity of women's clothing of fine quality and several letters addressed to Mrs. Swineford, St. Louis, Mo. From their tenor they would indicate that it was Mrs. Swineford's intention to visit relatives in Juniata county, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Ed. Swineford hastened to Johnstown at once, spending days of fruitless toil seeking for the bodies of the wife and mother he fondly loved. The strain prostrated him and he was taken home in a critical state. Ex-Governor Swineford, a near relative, telegraphed to spare neither pains nor expense in the quest. Harry Bischof, the younger lady's brother, arrived under instructions to stay until every nook had been explored if necessary. He haunted the morgues like a spectre, hoping to identify his sister in one of the bodies daily brought to light. "Old Mortality" was not more persevering in his visits to the graveyards. Days lengthened into weeks without any sign of the missing women. One evening in July a blast at the stone bridge brought up the remains of the elder lady, which were identified by her watch, breastpin and other articles. Mrs. Swineford was the mother of Mr. Ed. Swineford, Secretary of the St. Louis Bridge & Tunnel Railroad Company, and of Howard Swineford, a prominent citizen of Richmond, Va. She was an active worker in the W. C. T. U. and frequently delivered lectures. On Friday morning, September 27th, workmen cleaning out a cellar in Millville borough, five rods from the school-house and two miles from East Conemaugh, found a body. The feet lay on the wall between Morgan Rees' and J. McGough's cellars, the head and trunk hanging down in the former. At the morgue Mr. Bischof recognized the features of Mrs. Swineford, the sand and mud having preserved the remains wonderfully for fifteen weeks. Besides, he readily identified two rings, on one of which was the inscription, "E. S. to A. W., 1888," and the clothing and its trimmings, especially some gold braid on the front of the dress. He at once started with the body for St. Louis. The protracted search of fifteen weeks had succeeded at last. The young brother gives this account of his sojourn in Johnstown:

"My brother-in-law, Ed. Swineford, arrived in Johnstown on June 4th and wired for me to come on at once. I arrived on June 7th. At that time there were morgues at Kernville, Millville, the Fourth-Ward School-house, the Presbyterian Church and at Morrellville. Mr. Swineford instructed me to keep strict watch on all these morgues, to walk from one to another

all day and not get discouraged. On June 16th I got very homesick and left for St. Louis. My family took it so hard because of my leaving Johnstown that they started me right back with orders to stay until the last ray of hope was gone. On June 27th I went to New Florence to examine the morgue records there. I found nothing that would correspond to my sister. On Thursday, July 11th, about 7:15 P. M., I was at Millville Morgue chatting with the men. Two ladies passing by stopped and told the men they thought there was a body in the river at the Point. Three of the men and myself went to the place the ladies directed. It was where the two streams connect, Conemaugh and Stony Creek. On the opposite bank, under a flooring, we found the body of a heavy lady. The men had quite a time getting it loose, as a lot of wire was entangled about the limbs. After hard work they got it loose, pulled off the flooring and turned the face up. I recognized it as that of Mrs. Mary A. Swineford, my brother-in-law's mother. Nearly every bone had been broken, the cause of which was that Major Phillips, about six o'clock that evening, let off 500 pounds of dynamite within fifty yards of where she was found.

"Her open-faced gold watch was found in a very peculiar position. It was imbedded in the flesh of her bosom, one-fourth of an inch deep. The hands showed twelve minutes past four o'clock. No matter in what position the body was placed the watch would not fall out.

"I had the body washed and then wired her son, Howard Swineford, of Richmond, Va., who in turn wired for me to have his mother buried until fall. I wrote, telling him the advantage of having it shipped at once, and received a telegram to have the body embalmed and enclosed in a metallic casket.

"I left Johnstown with the body on July 16th, arriving in Richmond next afternoon, and returned on July 20th. On July 22nd I went to Baker's Furnace, eight miles west of Johnstown, walking three miles over mountains and ravines to find a family named Griffiths, reported to have found a peculiar buckle ring. The story was untrue, as Mrs. Griffiths had no such article. On July 27th the Johnstown *Tribune* published a description of all the bodies found at Nineveh. One description led me to think the person might be my sister, and I had the body exhumed. When the man got the coffin out of the grave and opened the lid, I could not see any resemblance to my sister. On July 30th all the morgues were concentrated into one, with headquarters at Mr. Henderson's. At this morgue I took full descriptions of all bodies. All money, jewelry and valuables I turned over to the committee.

"On Tuesday evening, August 6th, the report was brought in that two bodies were found down on Main and Union streets. The morgue man and myself got on the wagon and drove down to the place mentioned, back of Colonel Linton's brick mansion. A flat car had lodged there, and under this car two bodies were found covered with rubbish and mud. The men got them out, put them in the wagon and drove to the morgue. It was now after six o'clock and we went to supper.

"I came back to the morgue and proceeded to take a description of them. The first thing was to have the hands carefully washed for rings. Two rings were taken off one body. I took them to where I could see, and to my surprise they proved to be Mrs. E. V. Webber's. I knew of the search her sister had made for weeks and was happy to know the body was found. No one was about but the morgue man and myself, with five unfortunate dead. It was as dark as pitch, with only a small oil lamp for light. This was the most hideous night I ever passed in my life. Of the dead, one was murdered, one died of typhoid fever and three were flood victims. The size of the morgue was about 8x10 feet. The other body was that of Miss Minnie Bracken, of Woodvale

"I wired Miss Wagner at Harrisburg, and she arrived in Johnstown on August 7th. I paid a farewell visit to Commissioner Marshall, of New Florence, on August 8th, and on August 22d I left for Long Branch for my health, as I was breaking down. I returned to Johnstown on September 1st to once more search for my lost sister. From July 30th to September 24th

we had found 115 bodies, which I have taken descriptions of myself. I was continually around the morgue from eight in the morning to six at night. Every day in the week people used to hold their noses as they passed the morgue, but I could never smell anything. I would eat a hearty meal, get up, stand over a corpse and take descriptions. I had never done anything like it before, and how I did it surprised myself.

"On September 27th, at two o'clock, my poor sister was found on Iron street, Millville Borough. Her head was hanging down in one cellar and her feet in another. The body was in remarkably good condition, except that the feet were off. We found them near by. I recognized her forehead, teeth and dress. Four months of weary searching had ended, and I had the body put in a casket to take it with me to St. Louis. My sister was laid in her last resting-place, on October 2d.

"The Johnstown flood has changed the whole course of my life. I was in such a position that I could study human nature to perfection. I saw sights that would turn any man with ordinary sense or feeling. A young man of nineteen; whose family were swept away, when his father's body was found came to the morgue. He did not make any pretense of claiming the remains, but asked what had been done with the valuables. He wanted to know what the father had in his pockets. The morgue man told him $400 and a gold watch. You should have seen how he opened his eyes because the morgue-keeper would not turn over the money to him. Such language as he used! He swore and carried on terribly, but was compelled to bring some one who could identify him. When he did they turned over the money and watch to him. He never thought of his poor father. This is but one instance. I have seen a dozen girls, who had lost all—mother, brother, sister, father—hanging around the depot "mashing" and being out all hours of the night with the soldiers. It was enough to disgust anyone. The kindness of many people in Johnstown I shall gratefully remember to the close of my life."

The sad news of the disaster brought back to the old home Johnstowners from every point of the compass. Most of these came to seek those who were lost from among their friends, and to succor those who were saved. Among the early arrivals of former citizens were A. C. Dibert, of South Carolina; Frank Dibert, of Kansas, and Marshall R. Rose, of California. Mr. Alison, a railroad engineer, came from Texas to look for the body of his little daughter, who had been visiting friends in Woodvale. He remained for weeks, finally returning home without finding his darling child's remains. There were scores of anxious friends from neighboring towns and counties in search of missing relatives. Bodies were found as late as December 24th, with indications that more will come to light when Stony Creek is cleaned thoroughly. The suspense of these mourning visitors, whose pleading faces were never absent from the morgues until hope expired, was one of the most painful features of the calamity.

XXVI.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

HOSTS OF BOGUS SUFFERERS MAKING CAPITAL OUT OF THE CALAMITY — IMPOSTORS AND PRETENDERS UNMASKED — TWO RASCALS RECEIVE THEIR JUST DESERT — EXAGGERATIONS EXPLODED — A MEAN SPECIMEN OF MANKIND — THREE SISTERS CHEATED — SILVER LINING TO THE CLOUD — NOBLE CONDUCT — AFTERMATH OF THE DELUGE — BITS OF DRIFTWOOD THAT REFLECT VARIOUS QUALITIES OF CHARACTER — A VARIETY OF ODDS AND ENDS RESCUED FROM THE WRECK FOR THE PUBLIC BENEFIT.

"I was at Johnstown," said the tramp—
Said the lady, "say no more,
Just come right in out of the damp,
For here is food galore."
And when the hot, abundant meal
Had warmed the fellow's blood,
"I was at Johnstown," he remarked,
"Six months before the flood!"

"I WAS AT JOHNSTOWN."

OUT OF THE calamity hosts of pretenders, impostors and knaves of every stripe endeavored to make capital. Ragged tramps assumed a woe-begone expression as they solicited alms, claiming they had suffered at Johnstown. Beggars told piteous tales of families swallowed up and property wiped out by the flood. Fellows were often encountered in traveling who, according to their blood-curdling version, had seen more people go down to death than would constitute the entire population of the Conemaugh Valley. Others posed as life-savers to a degree that rendered it marvelous how anybody could have been lost. The thrilling recitals poured into the ears of ready listeners, eager for information of the disaster, would discount the Arabian Nights and relegate Baron Munchausen to obscurity. Ananias was a tyro in deception, contrasted with these wholesale dealers in unadulterated falsehoods. Human nature displayed all imaginable phases, presenting the strangest and strongest contradictions. Deeds

of heroism stood side by side with despicable acts which disgraced the race. Generosity the grandest and most ennobling found itself confronted by selfishness that might shame the meanest wretch on God's footstool. Virtue of the highest excellence had to contend with crime of the lowest type. Yet the balance is largely on the right side of the account, showing a splendid surplus in favor of the good, the true and the elevating.

Two weeks after the flood, on a train from Philadelphia to New York, a portly man in shabby attire treated the passengers to a vivid narrative of his exploits and adventures at Johnstown. Men gathered around him as he told of people he had rescued at imminent risk. Sobs choked his utterance when he described how his wife and child slipped from his grasp and perished at the railroad bridge. The hearers admired his bravery and lamented his afflictions. Like Desdemona with Othello, the ladies "loved him for the dangers he had passed." He said he had received a suit of clothes and a ticket from South Fork to New York, where a brother lived. Someone proposed a collection for the sufferer's benefit, and hands dived into pockets instantly. It occurred to me to test his acquaintance with the locality. The fellow knew not a person or place in Johnstown, and was obliged to confess himself a base pretender. The haste he exhibited in getting out of the car was not equalled by any of the passengers in their hurried exit from the fatal Day Express at East Conemaugh. The climax spoiled a dramatic tale, but it convinced the amused spectators that strangers are not always angels or—"Johnstown sufferers."

A sprightly youth wandered to the home of the Misses Kilgore, three aged sisters near Greensburg, and told a harrowing story of his sufferings during the flood. He had to climb from roof to roof and saved himself at last by catching hold of a tree. "Sonny," as the spinsters called him, was hired to be the chore-boy about the place. They rigged him out in a new suit and he was getting along swimmingly. He had the promise that when school commenced they would furnish him with books and a good home. But "Sonny" did not appreciate these kindnesses. He awaited an opportunity to get hold of their pocket-book and appropriate at least the loose change. One night he stole $125 and decamped, without leaving either his name or address.

A woman at Lansing, Mich., created a stir last October by declaring her mother was the notorious Mrs. Bender, the Kansas murderess. This fairy story led to the arrest of both women, who were taken to Kansas as prisoners. There it was shown that the daughter, who wanted free transportation westward, had been duping Ohio people by claiming to be a Johnstown widow, whose husband perished in the flood!

On the fatal evening a young lady, who was rescued and taken into the Club House, removed her drenched clothing and attired herself in a pair of pants belonging to a male guest. The owner of the trowsers hunted every place for the garments, finally learning what had become of them. He de-

manded exorbitant payment for the pants, and the young lady forwarded him the amount. The name of this mean libel on humanity deserves unstinted execration.

One day in June a stranger entered the Pennsylvania Railroad station at Harrisburg, walked up to the news-stand and engaged the agent in conversation. Photographs of the wrecked district lay on the counter. Pointing to one, a view on Main street, in which two residents of Harrisburg figured, he remarked that the gentleman in the fore-ground was his brother and the other

VIEW ON MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, BETWEEN CLINTON AND FRANKLIN

was a friend. Both had been lost with their families and homes. Then he rehearsed his own hardships and sorrows, presenting a statue of despair as he told of his children's doom. The agent smiled blandly and answered that he was astonished to hear of the demise of the two citizens in the view, as they were his own neighbors and he had talked with one that day! The abrupt departure of the cheeky hypocrite from the premises would have discounted Mahomet's hegria!

Notwithstanding the destruction wrought by the flood, Cupid was not daunted. Harry Swank and Miss Sarah E. Hartzell had set Wednesday, June 5th, as the day on which they would be married. Mr. Swank was at the house of his prospective bride's parents on Friday, attending to preliminaries

for the wedding. The water rose so that he could not leave and the house was moved away. The bride's wardrobe was badly damaged and the groom's was destroyed by the wrecking of his father's house. When Wednesday, the wedding-day, arrived, they went to Somerset, were married, and returned in the afternoon. The town still had heart enough in it to congratulate Miss Angie Fockler and John Henry Levy on their marriage. Long before the flood Miss Fockler and Mr. Levy were friends, if not lovers. Something separated them. After knocking about for a time Mr. Levy settled in the West, while Miss Fockler lived on alone. Then came the flood. Mr. Levy was in the East at the time. What more natural than that, under such conditions, he should offer his protecting care? To be sure! And what did he do but just tuck her under his arm, march her off to the City of Brotherly and Sisterly Love, and marry her almost before she knew it! The marriage of Edward C. Creager, of Hancock, to Miss Adele Webster, of Philadelphia, took place in that city on Dec. 15th. There was a little romance connected with this happy union. Mr. Creager met his bride for the first time when he rescued her from drowning in the mad waters on the ill-fated 31st of May.

"Whistle for land! Whistle for land!" was the half-delirious cry of a girl on a roof floating down Stony Creek. The impromptu raft sailed back again with its screaming passenger, who landed at Kernville in a very limp condition.

A dozen sheep on a barn-floor got almost to the stone bridge safely, when the grinding mass destroyed their frail support and the bleating voyagers sank in the dark waters.

A resident of the Point, obliged on Friday forenoon to seek a higher latitude, had to swim some distance. A rat floated near him on a bit of board. His first impulse was to upset the rodent into the current, but he concluded to give it a chance for life and the animal drifted along unmolested.

No object inspired so much terror as the Unique Rink. This building, about 150 by 75 feet, moved from its foundation on Somerset street, Kernville, ploughed its way through other buildings to Grubtown, then returned in the current to repeat its work, and finally was wrecked itself.

It is a noticeable fact that the only sections of the Cambria Iron Company's railway that could be found along the banks of the Conemaugh below Morrellville were those in which iron ties had been substituted for the old wooden ones.

Scott Dibert's horse was found two days after the flood up to his neck in mud behind Lambert & Kress' ale brewery. The animal was dug out, cleaned up, and returned to his owner unharmed.

In many parts of the flooded districts where the water scattered oats there appeared blades measuring four to five inches in length. In the Sunday-school room of the English Lutheran Church so much earth and seed

had been deposited that a green bed sprouted. A South Side gentleman, who rescued his wife's hat from a wash-stand, stated that the young crop of oats above the mud was its prettiest adornment.

A citizen who survived the flood has two fine puppies, born on a mass of floating stuff the day of the calamity and rescued with their mother. The animals are highly valued for their remarkable experience, which is not a common one with canine animals.

Harry W. Slick has an interesting relic—the machinery of a large music-box, which can be wound up, and will play a number of tunes.

Foster Walter, an engineer on the Cambria and Somerset branch, had a unique and tough experience. He was in the American House and succeeded in getting on the roof, where he stayed all night. A mule came floating down and lodged on the roof beside him. The animal stayed with Walter all night and both were rescued in the morning.

Two brothers from Clearfield county were among the first to respond to the appeal for help from afflicted Johnstown. They worked upon the streets, but had not helped much when it struck them that they would help themselves a little. They appropriated a large amount of clothing and returned home, where they built up a trade in that line. A customer informed the Johnstown officials that the brothers were selling clothing that had been sent to the sufferers. A constable arrested them and they went to jail.

A few days after General Hastings assumed charge, a boy of five summers appeared at his headquarters. The urchin was hatless, coatless, ragged and extremely dirty. He told a melting tale of parents, brothers, sisters and home lost. The General ordered him to be scrubbed and attired in a new suit, fed him and put him to sleep in his own cot. The little waif said he had slept three nights under the freight-shed in a pile of old straw. In his new outfit he looked bright and became a favorite. Going to the relief station, he walked around consequentially and bossed the job generally. A woman in the line of applicants caught sight of him and screamed:

"Sam, you young rascal, come out of that this blessed minute!"

The officers were paralyzed by this demand, and the woman explained that Sam was her nephew, who had run off a week before and was believed to have fallen into the river and drowned. The crest-fallen boy was marched home at a two-ten pace, but the curtain will be drawn on the subsequent proceedings.

A huge cylinder of compressed tanbark from Rosensteel's Woodvale tannery, about eight feet high and ten feet in diameter, was carried to the corner of Vine and Franklin streets. The iron hoops burst and the wooden staves fell away, but the cylinder was an impressive monument to the power and eccentricities of the great flood.

The woolen factory of Bryon & Son, Kernville, came out of the flood with-

out any material injury, only to be destroyed by fire the next Tuesday. Sparks from a neighboring bonfire ignited some inflammable material on the upper floor, which kindled a blaze that was not subdued until the interior of the factory was completely burned out.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company was caught severely. Its cars cropped out from beneath many piles of wreckage in the streets, and others dotted the bed of Stony Creek from the Sandyvale Cemetery to the Point. Some of them were recovered in a demoralized condition, but the majority were fit only for the bonfire. A loaded box-car was deposited on the sidewalk in front of the Parke Opera House, Main street. This building was the scene of a terrible tragedy on the evening of December 9th. While "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was in progress an alarm of fire was shouted. The audience struggled to the narrow stairway which afforded the sole means of egress, and ten persons were killed in the mad crush.

The railroad bridge, which held back the flood, is a massive piece of masonry. In a general way it is built of cut sandstone blocks of unusual size, the whole nearly four hundred feet long, forty feet wide, and averaging about forty feet deep. Seven arches of about fifty feet span are pierced through it, rising within a few feet of the top from solid piers down to the rock beneath. As the bridge crosses the stream diagonally, the arches pierce the mass in a slanting direction, which adds to the heavy appearance of the structure. There has been some disposition to find fault with the bridge for being so strong, the idea being that if it had gone out there would have been no heaping up of buildings behind it, no fire and fewer deaths. There were hundreds of persons saved when their houses were stopped against the bridge by climbing out or being helped out. If the bridge had gone the flood would have taken the whole instead of only one-third of Cambria City.

John F. Griffith, one of the trustees of the Welsh Baptist Church, and T. E. Morgan searched among the ruins of the edifice, which had been carried from its site on Main street to the rear of Colonel Linton's residence. They found the communion set whole and uninjured, together with two bottles of communion wine; also the Sunday-school contribution-box with the money in it, and a large Welsh Bible in good order. The Sunday-school books were wet but clean, and in a state so that they could be preserved.

In the rubbish near the stone bridge was a freight car, banged and shattered, with a hole stove in its side. One of the workmen got into the car and found a framed and glazed picture of the Saviour. It was resting against the side of the car, right side up, and neither frame nor glass injured. When the incident was noised about the workmen dropped their pickaxes and ran to look at the picture, reverently taking off their hats.

William Poulson, a member of the opera house orchestra, lost his slide trombone when his house on Water street went with the flood. The house

floated to the back of Dibert street, where Mr. Poulson found the trombone secure and uninjured in its leather case. All other property in the house was destroyed.

On the body of Mr. Kimple, the furniture dealer, of whose store not a brick remained, a roll of bills was found containing $3,100.

Much sympathy was expended on "the Paul Revere of Johnstown," as the papers styled a young man whom they called Daniel Periton. He was represented as a hero who rode through the streets warning people that the dam had burst and to fly for their lives, until the flood overtook him. Horse and rider were buried under a mass of rubbish. The story was rehearsed in this fashion:

"A Paul Revere lies somewhere among the dead. Who he is is now known, and his ride will be famous in history. Mounted on a grand, big bay horse, he came riding down the pike which passes through Conemaugh to Johnstown, like some angel of wrath of old, shouting his warning: 'Run for your lives to the hills! Run to the hills!' The people crowded out of their houses along the thickly settled streets, awestruck and wondering. No one knew the man, and some thought he was a maniac, and laughed. On and on, at a deadly pace, he rode, and shrilly rang out his awful cry. In a few moments, however, there came a cloud of ruin down the broad streets, down the narrow alleys, grinding, twisting, hurling, overturning, crashing—annihilating both weak and strong. It was the charge of the flood, rearing its coronet of ruin and devastation, which grew at every instant of its progress. Forty feet high, some say, thirty according to others, was this sea; it traveled with a swiftness like that which lay in the heels of Mercury. On and on raced the rider, on and on rushed the waters. Dozens of people took heed of the warning and ran up to the hills. Poor, faithful rider, it was an unequal contest! Just as he turned across the railroad bridge the mighty wall fell upon him, and horse, rider and bridge all went out into chaos together. A few feet further on several cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad train from Pittsburgh were caught up and hurried into the caldron, and the heart of the town was reached. The hero had turned neither to right nor left for himself, but rode on to death for his townsmen. He was overwhelmed by the current at the bridge, and drowned. A party of searchers found the body of this man and his horse. He was still in the saddle. In a short time the man was identified as Daniel Periton, son of a merchant of Johnstown, a young man of remarkable courage. He is no longer the unknown hero, for the name of Daniel Periton will live in fame as long as the history of the Johnstown disaster is remembered."

No such event took place, no person named Periton ever lived in or near Johnstown, no dead rider was found "still in the saddle" and the incident is as pure a fiction as Sinbad's voyage through the air on the back of the monstrous roc! A Chicago divine was one of the army of poetasters who sought to embalm the alleged ride in glowing hexameters. His production was published in a Chicago paper and attracted favorable notice from its intrinsic merit and the nature of the subject. The author enclosed a copy in a letter to Mrs. John A. Logan, widow of the noted soldier and statesman, asking her to send it to the Governor of Pennsylvania with a request for him to secure its insertion in a history of the flood he had learned a citizen of Harrisburg was writing. Mrs. Logan kindly forwarded the clergyman's letter and poem, stating how they had been sent to her, and the Governor informed me

of the correspondence. The funniest part of the transaction was a postcript to the letter in these words:

"Since printing the poem I have been told that the incident on which it is founded did not occur at all!"

The ten letter-carriers on July 10th received the first contribution of money sent them by their fellow carriers. It was from the carriers in Omaha, Nebraska, in the shape of a letter with $50 enclosed. The carriers lost their uniforms and personal property and some of them their families. Each man wrote a sketch of his personal experience in the flood while delivering mail matter, and sent it to the Omaha brethren as a memento.

On Market street, south of Lincoln, the tank of Pennsylvania Railroad engine No. 229 was dumped. It was one of the destructive forces of the flood, having been seen demolishing the frame house of Henry Pritchard and the brick residence of Eben James, while it also wrecked the house of Mr. Reese, beside which it stranded. So close to it that they at first sight appeared to be coupled was a freight car, and a little farther another. The contractor who cleared up Market street burned five cars. This lead to the conclusion that all these constituted part of a freight train that was washed away from East Conemaugh, the parts of which detached by coming in contact with buildings on the street.

The flood carried a cow down from some point above Moxham and she struck against a pier of the dislodged Poplar street bridge. Securing a foothold on the pier, she stood there a while, but finally made a mis-step, fell into the current and was drowned.

The lights were well-nigh lost in the dense cloud of shadows!

General View of Johnstown after the Flood, from Green Hill, Looking Westward.

XXVII.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

THE DESTRUCTION BY THE FLOOD DOES NOT MEAN PERPETUAL RUIN — THE FIRST SIGNS OF RENOVATION — STARTING THE IRON WORKS AND STEEL MILLS — INVINCIBLE DETERMINATION OF THE CITIZENS — MEN OF RESOLUTE WILL WHO WOULD NOT DESERT THE OLD HOME — CONSOLIDATING THE BOROUGHS INTO A CITY — AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY — SPREADING OVER THE HILLS — THE NEW JOHNSTOWN WILL BE GRANDER AND GREATER THAN THE ONE BLOTTED OUT BY THE DELUGE IN 1889.

"But he looked upon the city, every side
Favored wide;
All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades
Colonnades,
All the causeways, bridges, aqueducts—and then
All the men."—BROWNING.

FIRST BUILDING AFTER THE FLOOD.

WITH NO FOOD, no shelter, no clothing, no railroad or telegraphic communication, the outlook for Johnstown immediately after the flood was indeed gloomy. But those who knew the character of the community did not despair of its future. The flood had made sad breaks in the ranks of enterprising citizens, yet enough substantial men remained to guarantee the speedy resurrection of the town. Chicago is greater and richer than before the fire, Charleston did not abide in the ruins of the earthquake, Jacksonville has recovered from the effects of the pestilence and Johnstown will rise again. Though stunned and shaken, the industrial center possessed amazing vitality. The people soon began to advance courageously towards entire restoration. Leaving the dead past, freighted with ex-

periences that will be of infinite value as a guide hereafter, the survivors rose to deal with the living present and face manfully a future which their own exertions would crown with promise and beauty.

The assurance of a new era of prosperity was to be found most of all in the continuation of the great industries that had been the main-springs of growth and success in the past. The Cambria Iron Company bent its energies to get the works in condition to resume operations at the earliest moment. The services of every man remaining who had been in its employ were demanded. It announced its intention to replace the Gautier mill and put up new houses for the employés who had lost theirs. Progressive residents proposed to incorporate a number of the boroughs into one city, thus doing away with a half-dozen different municipal organizations, managed by councils which often conflicted with each other. This decided improvement has been carried out and a charter granted for a city of sixteen wards. Excepting a very small number of drones, who wanted the outside world to do everything for them, the people showed an admirable spirit of determination and self-reliance. They felt keenly their terrible misfortune, yet did not propose to sit idly by and subsist on the charity that poured in so lavishly from every quarter. The true "get-up-and-get" quality was manifested almost universally, than which no surer indication could be desired of the successful revival of business and complete rebuilding of the wasted boroughs. Dr. Andrew Yeagley, whose house was taken away, standing on its ruins, voiced the general sentiment in saying:

"I lived here happily for twenty-five years. God willing, I'll live here twenty-five years more, or till I die!"

The first building—if such it may be termed—put up after the deluge was a cigar-stand on the corner of Main and Jackson streets. The proprietor skirmished among the debris for pieces of boards, out of which he constructed a shed the dimensions of a hen-coop. This was on Monday, June 3rd. Standing on a barrel in the ruins of his old store, another dealer had a brand-new nickel-plated show-case full of the ten-cents-a-half-dozen "stogies." It was funny, right in the wreckage, without any front to his building and the building itself on one side, to see one of the barbers, who had fished out and put together one of his chairs and brightened a razor and pair of shears found in the wreck. He was hard at work on Monday cutting the hair and shaving some of the inconsolable widowers of the place. Hardly was he out of the water himself before he was at the morgue shaving the male corpses as they arrived. Work in shaving the dead becoming a trifle dull, he started to try his hand again on the living. Close at hand the *Freie Presse* people were trying to get their type out of "pi." Williams & Specht and five or six other firms in the same square were propping things up and making repairs. Almost every man who had not deserted the place, and who had the heart to do it, got hold of a

hatchet and started to knock away the ragged edges or dismantled portions of his ruined home and put up a temporary shelter. The ring of the hammer and nails was soon heard on every side. In different parts of the town pieces of paper and cards were fastened on broomsticks and stuck in the dirt piles, telling that this was the site of somebody's store who meant to rebuild and go on again. Very often the nature of the business formerly carried on might be learned at a glance by the character of the rubbish. Occasionally some one became facetious in defying fate, and one man had on his placard:

"On top. Floods don't stop me!"

People imbued with such a spirit can no more be kept down than steam will stop rising because the safety-valve is weighted. The work of clearing the town went on. Everybody not chronically lazy was busy. Wagons full of mud rumbled over the streets towards the river, and tired men with picks in their hands stood aside and wiped their faces as they made room for them to pass. Faces had a more cheerful expression and the tone of the conversation was less despondent than at first. A determination to make the best of everything predominated. The sky brightened and the dark clouds dispersed as each day witnessed some addition in the direction of solid progress. The Cambria Iron Works were running as usual by June 24th, and an army of men were restoring the Gautier Mills. The Johnson Company, which employed one thousand men or more making steel and steel rails, rebuilt its Woodvale branch at Moxham, giving steady employment to all the force who survived. On June 14th all members of the Council of Woodvale who did not perish met President George B. Roberts to ask him about connecting them by rail with the rebuilt portion of the Pennsylvania Railroad. There was a tiny bit of a street railway, a little patch of paved street and a curbstone. Around this curbstone they met. Of what was once a thriving and populous town of three thousand souls, with factories, tanneries, halls, stores and snug dwellings, the curbstone was the only remnant left, and around this they proposed to build. With absolutely nothing in sight these men were providing for the future exigencies of the restored manufacturing center that in their minds they had already located on the ruined waste. Mr. S. S. Marvin, of the Flood Commission, outlined the situation on July 22d, when he remarked to a newspaper correspondent:

"The whole town is once more upon its feet, and it is certainly a matter for congratulation. There has not been a hitch of any kind between the members of the various relief committees, and the wisdom of conservative management of the relief funds has become so clearly apparent that there is no complaint to be heard anywhere Another indication of the approach of self-reliance of the people is in the matter of bread. At one time we were sending from twenty thousand to thirty thousand pounds of bread daily to Johnstown. To-day we sent one thousand pounds, and to-night I received a telegram stating that to-morrow, for the first time since the flood, no bread would be required, but to send one thousand pounds on Wednesday This indicates that five hundred pounds of bread per diem is now considered ample as the outside

supply. In every other respect there is as much progress to be noted, and the city of Johnstown is as nearly as possible once more upon its feet."

The number of men who owned their homes was surprisingly large. They had a direct financial interest in the speedy restoration of the district, which the liberality of the world outside assisted greatly in promoting. Mankind knows what Johnstown had been. In the relics of the panorama of industrial enterprise and domestic prosperity the toiling laborers worked with dogged persistence to clear the way for the rebuilding of the newer, better town that must come eventually. The pretty park, where trees bloomed and the grass was fresh and green as the Emerald Isle, was converted into a lodging-place for as many frames as could be crowded along its four sides. They were occupied at once—stores and shops down-stairs, offices on the second floor—and the cry was "more." The distribution of the relief funds by the Flood Commission helped hundreds to resume the thread of trade which the flood had snapped off. Already the street-car system is in process of transition to a motor line, with electricity for its propelling force. The town is bustling with projects looking towards growth and improvement. An inclined railroad will run from a point opposite the mouth of Conemaugh Creek to the plateau five hundred feet above, which will be covered with workingmen's homes before the snow flies next autumn. Fine hotels have been planned and will be put up in the spring. The newspapers—these infallible indexes of the intelligence and thought of a community—are brighter than ever, and their columns teem with advertisements. The huge works are running full-handed, three turns every twenty-four hours, and wages paid in cash twice a month. For six months Johnstown has had more ready money than any place of equal size in Pennsylvania. There are scores of sufferers who will need permanent assistance, but the grand work of the nations for the Conemaugh Valley is substantially over. The wondrous beneficence, the grandest justification of the philosophy of modern life, has practically ended. With the flames of ceaseless industry lighting her sky, the fires of her furnaces burning continually, Johnstown looks forward hopefully.

Estimating the property loss at $10,000,000, besides one-third as much for the railroads and the Cambria Iron Company, the recuperative power of the sufferers is certainly remarkable. Consolidating the boroughs into a city will introduce changes that must prove highly beneficial. The deluge has drowned sectional animosities and local jealousies, which had engendered wranglings and retarded progress for many years. Now every man is more of a cosmopolitan, who appreciates the value of concentrated effort to advance the public welfare. Visitors like Congressmen McKinley, of Ohio, and the Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, did not fail to observe and commend the kindly, spirited feeling animating men and women whom the flood had beggared. They understood its significance and knew that it meant Johns-

town was not to be buried perpetually. True, there were blighted hopes, wrecked fortunes and ruined homes, yet over all might be written the inspiring *Resurgam* that foretells a speedy resurrection.

Look ahead a decade, to the beginning of the twentieth century. Ten years have done wonders in transforming the blasted, wasted, desolate remnants of a half-dozen boroughs into a busy and beautiful city. Congress acted liberally in 1890, granting an appropriation which widened and deepened the streams sufficiently to render floods a tradition only. The low grounds have been raised and on them stores and factories have a solid habitation. Paved streets are lined with rows of stately business blocks, heated by steam and lit by electricity. Along Conemaugh Creek runs a broad thoroughfare, the favorite drive and promenade of the citizens, who seek its shaded sidewalks and asphalt pavement for delightful sauntering and carriage-rides. Electric cars convey passengers to every quarter of the city and suburbs. The great Iron Works have doubled their capacity and new industries have trebled the wealth and trade and population of a dozen years before. Inclined railroads bring the hills within easy reach, enabling the merchants and the workmen, the laborers and the shop-girls, to reach the highest spot in a few moments. The flats have been given over wholly to business, the homes going up on the plateaus where the air is pure as the smile of an infant when the angels whisper to it in its slumber. Children play in pleasant parks, and unsightly buildings are nowhere visible. The sharpest eye can detect no sign of the flood of 1889, save the graves and monuments in the cemetery, the granite shaft in the public square and the tablets on buildings at the high-water mark. The dream of Joseph Johns has been richly, grandly realized, for a court-house adorns the lot designed for such a structure at the birth of the humble settlement which has become a lordly city.

Enter one of the homes that look so cosy and inviting. It is the tenth anniversary of the flood. The day has been observed as one of religious solemnity. Visits have been made to the cemetery and flowers scattered on the graves of those whose lives went out amid the wreck and ruin of May 31st, 1889. The family whose threshold we cross has had a part in this pious duty. The children cling to their sire and ask questions which bring back a host of recollections. Their serious faces express the interest they feel in the words that fall from the father's lips. There is a tremor in his voice and a tear glistens in his eye as he repeats the names of kindred and acquaintances who perished on that unforgotten Friday afternoon. The twilight deepens and the shades of evening gather. He had rescued some of the listeners from the deluge, while yet too young to understand what had occurred, but some had sunk beneath the dark waters. Memory is busy picturing it all over again. The scene is as real as the shadows cast by the flickering embers in the grate. The young brood draw yet closer to the fond parent, who tells once more the

tale of sorrow that has left deep scars in his soul. Visions of the disaster float through his brain, recalling the perils and struggles of the dreadful hour which, like Banquo's ghost, "will not down." Before him rise the forms of friends and neighbors over whom the grass has grown and the snows of many winters have drifted. Voices wont to thrill him with ecstacy, whose slightest murmur was sweet music to his ears, he hears as in the days gone by. Hands long turned to dust clasp his as they did ere these wrinkles were on his brow, these streaks of silver in his hair, these cankering wounds in his heart. How vivid and life-like it all seems as he leans back in his chair and gives free rein to remembrances of the flood!

"For the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Then he goes to his well-stocked library, selects a book that he treasures next to his dead wife's Bible—somehow it was saved when his house moved off—and reads to the little assemblage clustering around his knee a chapter from "THE STORY OF JOHNSTOWN."

APPENDIX.

NAMES OF VICTIMS OF THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD OF MAY 31, 1889, WHOSE BODIES WERE FOUND AND IDENTIFIED, AS COMPILED FROM THE OFFICIAL RECORDS OF THE DIFFERENT MORGUES.

A

Anderson, John.
Adams, Henry Clay.
Alexander, John G.
Alexander, Mrs. John G.
Alexander, Auralia.
Akers, Alvar.
Arthur, Mrs. William.
Albetter, Miss.
Atkinson, John.
Aubrey, Thomas.
Andrews, John, Sr.
Abler, August.
Abler, Miss Louisa.
Abler, George.
Abler, Louis.
Abler, Lulu.
Abler, Lena.
Anderson, Samuel.
Aubley, Kate.
Alberter, Mrs. Teresa.
Alberter, Annie.
Alt, George.
Alt, Mrs. George.
Allison, Florence.
Amps, Mr.
Amps, Mrs.
Amps, Mary.
Aaron, Mrs. H. B.
Aaron, son of Mrs. H. B.

B

Brinkey, Elmer.
Burns, John.
Baldwin, George.
Barbor, Harry S.
Brown, Peter.
Brown, Sadie.
Brown, Emma.
Butler, Sarah A.
Bogus, William.
Bending, Jessie.
Bending, Elizabeth.
Barrett, James.
Benford, Mrs. E. E.
Benford, son of Mrs. E. E.
Benford, Jennie or Jessie.
Brown, Mrs. (colored.)
Bruhm, Claus.
Bryan, Elizabeth M.
Burkhart, Mrs. Mollie.
Boyer, Solomon.
Blough, Emanuel.
Buchanan, John S.
Buchanan, R. L.
Beam, Charles.
Beam, Dr. L. T.
Bishof, Charles.
Barley, Viola.
Bowman, ——.
Baker, Mrs. Nelson.
Brennan, Mrs. Edward.
Brennan, Mary.
Brennan, ——.
Brennan, ——.
Brennan, ——.
Bowman, Nellie.
Brady, John.
Bantly, William.
Bryan, William.
Barnes, Lizzie.
Brinker, Miss.
Bricker, Henry.
Bickley, D. E.
Brinkey, Dr. G. C.
Benshoff, Arthur.
Benshoff, J. Q. A.
Blair, Mrs.
Behuke, Charles.
Beam, Dr. W. C.
Beam, Mrs. W. C.
Butler, Charles F.
Benford, Maria.
Benford, May.
Bates, Mrs. Annie.
Beck, Mrs. William.
Bracken, Kate.
Bracken, Minnie.
Bopp, Mamie.
Bitner, A. B.
Bowers, George.
Bair, Rosa.
Bridges, Emma.
Boyle, Charles.
Brawley, John.
Benson, son of Reuben.
Boyle, Thomas.
Bishop, Julius.
Bagley, William.
Bradley, Thomas.
Baumer, Littie.
Benshoff, Adam.
Bantly, Mrs. William.
Bantly, child of William.
Bowman, Charles.
Brindle, Mollie.
Byrne, Ella.
Brawley, Maggie.
Brawley, George.
Brawley, Jacob.
Buchanan, Kate J.
Bending, Mrs.
Byers, Catherine.
Burket, Frank.
Brown, Peter.
Barley, Mrs.
Bradly, Mrs. Eliza.
Beam, Roscoe.
Bopp, Jacob.
Bloch, Louisa.
Benigh, John C.
Bairg, Charles.
Boehler, Annie.
Barker, Mrs. Ed.
Brady, Mrs. J.
Bopp, Monacia.
Bunting, Mrs.

C

Constable, Phillip.
Clark, Mrs. J. B.
Cronin, Daniel.
Cox, James G.
Carlin, Jonathan.
Carroll, Thomas.
Campbell, Peter.
Christman, Mrs. A. C.
Christie, A. C.
Conmors, Mrs. Mary.
Craig, J. J.
Craig, Mrs. J. J.
Cooper, Otho.
Cunz, Robbie.
Cunz, Lydia.
Coad, John.
Coad, Mrs. John.
Coad, Willie.
Carroll, Rosie.
Cullen, Annie.
Clark, Thomas.
Cornielson, Maggie.
Constable, Mrs.
Clark, Mrs. Owen.
Craig, Mrs. Catharine.
Corr, Mrs. Sarah P.
Creed, David.
Cope, Mrs. Margaret.
Coleman, Jessie.
Craig, Christopher.
Craig, Annie.
Culliton, Mrs. Frank.
Cooper, Mrs. (colored.)
Cush, Mrs. P.
Cush, P., Sr.
Couthamer, Mr.
Cush, Joseph.
Cush, J. Daniel.
Curry, Robert B.
Coby, Mrs. Eliza.
Chinaman.
Chinaman.
Casey, William.
Custer, W. H.
Clark, J. H.
Creed, Eliza.
Cadugan. Mrs. William.
Cadugan, Annie.
Cole, John.

D

Devlin, Lizzie.
Degnan, Mrs. John.
Davis, Thomas.
Driscoll, Jessie.
Delancy, Mrs.
Dougherty, Mary.
Davis, Mrs. Aaron.
Davis, Mrs. Phillip.
Dobbins, Mrs. J. R.
Davis, M. L.
Davis, Mary.
Dimond, Frank.
De France, Mrs. H. T.
Dunn, Mary.
Diehl, Carrie.
Dillon, James.
Dibert, John.
Dibert, Blanche.
Downey, Mrs. Mary.
Davis, Frank.
Drew, Mrs. Mary.
Downs, Teresa.
Dixon, Mrs. R.
Dyer, Mrs.
Davis, Mrs. Walter.
Davis, Miss Della.
Dernia, August.
Davis, William L.
Davis, Clara.
De Wald, Charles.
Dimond, Mrs. Ann.
Diller, Rev. A. P.
Diller, Isaac
Diller, Mrs. Marion.
Dinant, Lola.
Daley, F. J.
Davis, Frederick.
Dowling, Mrs. M.
Dowling, Catharine.
Diller, Julia.
Duncan, Mrs Dr.
Downs, Thomas.
Downs, Mrs. Catharine.
Dailey, Mrs. Ann.
Dolan, Michael.
Doyle, Maggie.
Downs, Kate.
Downs, Teresa.
Dorris, August.
Duerk, John.
Dow, W. F.
Day, John R.
Day, daughter of John R.
Dorsey, John D.
Dougherty, Maggie.
Dougherty, Mary.
Davis, Mrs. Thomas.
Davis, Reese.

E

Ellsaessor, ——.
Evans, Mrs. Noah.
English, John.
Eager, Annie.
Eldridge, Abram.
Eldridge, Samuel.
Eldridge, Pennell.
Eskdal, James.
Evans, Kate.
Evans, Lizzie.
Evans, Mrs.
Evans, Maggie.
Eck, Lillie.
Etchison, John.
Evans, Luke.
Evans, Daisy.
Evans, Herbert.
Edwards, Ann R.
Eck, Mary Ann.
Eck, Mrs. Mary.

F

Fitzharris, John.
Fitzharris, Christopher.
Fitzharris, Mrs. Margaret.
Fitzharris, Sallie.
Fitzharris, Katie.
Fitzharris, Christopher, Sr.
Fitzharris, Mary.
Fitzharris, daughter of Chris.
Faloon, Anne.
Fronheiser, Mrs. J. J.
Fronheiser, Bessie.
Fleagle, Annie.
Fischer, Wolfgang.
Fagan, Patrick.
Fagan, Mrs. P.
Fagan, daughter of Patrick.
Fagan, daughter of Patrick.
Fitzner, Annie.
Fisher, Noah.
Fisher, ——.
Fisher, George.
Fisher, Mrs. J. G.
Fisher, John H.
Forbes, Rachael

Fradler, Elmira.
Findley, Elvira.
Fox, Martin.
Flynn, Mary.
Ferris, Francis.
Fritz, Katie.
Fritz, Maggie.
Frederick, Mrs.
Fitzpatrick, Anna.

Garman, Grace.
Groff, Mellie Clark.
Geddes, Paul.
Geddes, Marion.
Geddes, George.
Gill, Willie.
Greenwood, Gee.
Given, Jane.
Given, Benjamin.
Golde, Mrs. H.
Greenwood, Jennie.
Geis, Mrs.

Horton, Peter.
Hamilton, child of A. H.
Hamilton, Alex., Jr.
Hamilton, Luther.
Horan, W. B.
Howells, Mrs.
Hirsch, Eddie.
Hoopes, W. E.
Howard, James.
Hughes, Mary.
Hughes, Maggie.
Hurst, Nathaniel.
Hess, W. B.
Howells, Wm.
Hester, Mrs.
Hammer, Mr.
Hankey, Mrs.
Hamilton, Laura.
Henry, Wm. (colored.)
Halleran, Mrs.
Halleran, May.
Harris, Frank.
Holfgard, Conrad
Holmes, Julia.
Haynes, W. B.
Hennekamp, Oscar.
Hennekamp, Reuben.
Hennekamp, Samuel.
Howe, Mrs. Thomas.
Howe, Thomas.
Howe, son of Thomas.
Howe, Mrs. B.
Howe, Gertrude.
Howe, Miss.
Hornick, John P.
Hipp, Jessie.
Howe, W. F.
Harriss, Mrs. Marg't T.

Fediman, W. M.
Forgosch, child.
Fink, Mary.
Fisher, Ignatius.
Frank, Katie.
Fogarty, Thomas.
Fitzgerald, Mrs.
Fenn, John.
Fenn, Geneveive.

G

Gageby, Sarah.
Greenwald, Rosa.
Gordon, Miss.
Gallagher, Mrs. Lizzie.
Gallagher, Prof.
Gageby, Mrs. Robt.
Gromley, Lillie.
Gerber, Mrs. John.
Grady, Mrs. John.
Griffin, Miss.
Gallagher, Thomas.
Gardner, Mrs. John.

H

Harriss, Maggie.
Harriss, Sarah.
Harriss, W. L.
Hoffman, Charles B.
Holmes, Mrs. (colored.)
Hite, Samuel.
House, Mollie.
Hellrigle, Mr.
Hellrigle, Elizabeth.
Heffley, Edward.
Hocker, Mrs.
Hamilton, Jessie.
Hite, Mrs. Laura.
Humphrey, William.
Halstead, Phea.
Hoffman, Benjamin.
Hoffman, Minnie.
Hoffman, Helen.
Hughes, Emma.
Haines, W. B.
Hoffman, Bertha.
Hoffman, Marion.
Hoffman, Florence.
Hoffman, Frederick.
Hoffman, Joseph.
Hoffman, Mary.
Hoffman, Julius.
Hornick, Mrs. John G.
Harrigan, Ella.
Heckman, Frances.
Harriss, Winnie.
Hamilton, Jacob.
Heister, Mrs.
Hammer, Daniel.
Hurchman, H. C.
Hoffman, Harry.
Hoffman, Gottfried.
Hill, child of B. F.

Fenn, Bismark.
Fish, Lena.
Frank, Mrs. John.
Fleck, Leroy.
Forest, Frank.
Foils, Francis.
Frank, John, Sr.
Fredericks, Mrs.

Gard, A., Sr.
Gilmore, Anthony.
Gilmore, Abram L.
Gilmore, Ella.
Gillen, Laura.
Goldenburg, Henry.
Gardner, Rose.
Goughenour, Frank.
Gillas, David.
Gaither, Harry.
Gardner, Mrs. John.
Grady, Mrs. John.

Hughes, Eben.
Hoffman, Willie.
Howells, Mrs. M. J.
Hamilton, Mrs. Alexander.
Harnish, Blanche.
Hessler, Andrew.
Heiny, August.
Heiny, Mrs. August.
Harris, Mrs. N.
Holtzman, Joseph.
Henning, Mary.
Henning, John.
Hayes, child.
Hass, Mrs.
Herman, E.
Hellenberger, Mrs. E.
Hicks, Ella.
Haines, Mrs. W. B.
Heidenthal, Harry.
Heislein, Harry.
Horner, Mrs. Anna.
Howard, Edward.
Hannan, Eugene.
Hager, Mrs. George.
Heiny, child.
Harris, Mrs. Charles.
Harriss, Fanny.
Haines, Laura C.
Himes, C. C.
Himes, Mrs. C. C.
Hust, Charles.
Hoffman, Will.
Humm, George C.
Houston, Miss.
Hecker, Mrs.
Hassler, Andrew.

I

Irwin, Maggie.

Illiss, Daniel.

J

James, Mrs. John.
Jones, Thomas.
Jones, Mrs. E. W.
Jones, Mrs. W. W.
Jones, Mrs. Shad.
Jones, Eliza.
Jones, Annie.
Jones, Richard G.
Jones, Thomas.
Jones, James.
Jones, Edgar.
Jones, Thomas (2).
Jones, Mrs. S. M.
James, Mollie.
James, Mrs. John W.
Jacobs, Lewis.
Jacoby, Tiney.

Just, Mrs. Paul.
Just, child of Paul.
Johnson, John.
Johnson, Mrs. John.
Johilt, Joseph.
Jagler, Annie.
Johnson, David.
James, Benjamin.
Jenkins, Thomas.
James, Lena.
James, Maggie.
Jenkins, Mrs. Susan.
Johnson, David (2).
Jones, Rachael.
Jones, Alice.
Jones, Emma.
Jones, Abner.

Jones, Ida.
Jackson, Mr.
James, John K.
Johnson, Geraldine.
Johnson, Ella.
Johnson, Lulu.
Johnson, Dollie.
Johnson, Lottie.
Johnson, Lillie.
Johnson, Frederick.
Johnson, George.
Johnson, Gertrude.
Jack, Mrs. Jennie.
Janoski, Mrs. Lena.
Just, Eddie.
Jones, Tommy.
Jones, Annie.

K

Kies, Charles A.
Kunkle, Lizzie.
Knox, Mrs. Thomas.
Kirlin, Thomas.
Kirlin, Eddie.
Kirlin, Frank.
Keedy, Mrs. Mary.
Keedy, Howard.
Knorr, Mrs.
Knorr, Bertha.
Kreiger, Katie.
Katzenstein, Mrs.
Knee, George D.
Keifline, Mrs. Catharine.
Keifline, Mary.
Keifer, Mrs. John A.
Kirkbride, Lydia.
Kenna, Mrs. Alice.

Kinney, Mrs.
Kinney, daughter of Mrs.
Kroger, Mr.
Kimpel, Christian.
Kelley, Mrs. H.
Kirkbride, Ida.
Kegg, W. E.
Knorr, Emma.
Kidd, Joshua.
King, Laura.
Keelan, Mrs.
Kintz, Mrs. John.
Kennedy, M. J.
Kelly, Mrs. Ann.
Katzenstein (child).
Kintz, Mary.
Keelan, Frank.
Kinney, Lizzie.

Kintz, Catharine.
Knable, Leonard.
Knable, John.
Kelley, Charles.
Kirlin, Mrs. Thomas.
Kane, John.
Kirby, William.
Kirby, Mrs. William.
Kratzer, Mrs. Henry.
Kilgore, Alexander.
Kilgore, Alexander, Jr.
Kinney, Agnes.
Kast, Clara.
Keincstul, Samuel.
Keene, Kate.
Karns, Joseph.
Kidd, Mrs. Sarah.
Kane, John.

L

Leitenberger, Mrs. Mary.
Lynch, Mary.
Lynch, John.
Lambreski, John.
Lambreski, Mrs.
Lambreski, Mary.
Little, A.
Luckhart, Mrs.
Layton, Ella.
Layton, William.
Layton, May.
Layton, David.
Long, Samuel.
Lewis, James.
Lenhart, Mrs. Samuel.
Lenhart, Emma.
Lenhart, Annie.

Ludwig, Mrs. Kate G.
Ludwig, Henry.
Larmer, James.
Lichtenberger, James.
Llewellyn, Mrs. J. J.
Lyden, Mary.
Lamber, Miss.
Lewis, Orrie P.
Leech, Mrs.
Lucas, Maria (colored).
Levergood, Lucy.
Lavely, Sallie.
Levergood, Jane.
Leslie, J. S.
Luther, Minnie.
Lenhart, Annie.
Lee, Dr. J. K.

Luther, Mrs.
Levi, Edward.
Lightner, Mrs. James.
Luhtenberg, Mrs. Rev.
Lindle, Mary.
Lotz, Conrad.
Luckhart, Louis.
Litz, John.
Leitenberger, Miss.
Lenhart, Samuel.
Linton, Minnie.
Leech, Alice.
Leitenberger, Nancy.
Leitenberger, Leah.
Lavelle, Michael.
Lewis, Ananath.

M

Murtha, James, Sr.
Murtha, James, Jr.
Murtha, Mrs. James.
Murtha, Frank.
Murtha, Mary.
Murtha, Lilly.
McGee, John.
McKee, John.
Mullin, Peter.
Murray, James.
Merle, child of J. C.
McHugh, Gertrude.
McHugh, Mrs. D. A.
McHugh, John L.
Mayhew, Jennie.
Mayhew, Harry.
Mayhew, Ernest.
Mayhew, Annie.
McDivitt, Mattie.
Miller, Mrs.
Murphy, M. J.
Murphy, J. J.
Murphy, Bessie.
Murphy, Miss.
Murphy, Willie.
Murphy, Rose.
Murphy, Kate.
Macka, August.
Monteverdo (child).
Monteverdo (child).
Majers, M.
Myers, Elizabeth.
Myers, Phillip, Jr.

Murr, Charles.
Morgan, Mr.
Manges, Mrs.
Marbourg, Dr. H. W.
Malzi, Jacob.
Montgomery, Alex.
Marshall, Charles.
McCoy, Mr.
Murray, Nellie.
Marshall, William.
Meisel, Christ.
Madden, Mrs. P.
Monteverdo, ——.
Monteverdo, ——.
Meredith, Mr.
Malcom, Cora.
Mosser, Mrs.
Morrell, John.
Masters, Margaret.
Masterton, Miss.
Maloy, M. S.
Miller, Robert.
Miller, Jessie.
Maurer, John.
Morrow, Captain.
Mingle, Sarah.
Marks, William.
Myers, Bernhard.
McGuire, Kate.
McAuliffe, Laura.
Mayhew, Joseph.
Matthew, Joseph.
McKinstry, Annie.

McKinstry, Mrs.
McKeever, Mrs.
McNally, Patrick.
McGinly, James.
McDowell, Mrs.
McDowell, George.
McDowell, Agnes.
McDowell, ——.
Murley, Mr.
Musser, Charles.
McClelland, George.
McAuley, P.
McConaughy, Wallace.
Moore, Mrs. C. B.
McClarren, Samuel.
McAnemy, Mrs.
McGlaughlin, Julia.
Mann, Michael.
Maloy, Ann.
McConaghy, J. P.
McAnemy, Neal.
Matthews, Thomas.
McCam, J. J.
McCam, Mrs. J.
McConaghy, Mrs. J. P.
Murr, Maggie.
Mullin, James.
McAnemy (seven of family).
McClain, John.
Moze, Thomas.
Mullin, Mrs. Margaret.
Maley, Henry.

N

Nixon, Mrs. R.
Nixon, Emma.
Nixon, Eddie.
Nathan, Adolph.
Neary, Kate.
Neary, Mary Ellen.

Nuse, Conrad.
Nich, Frank.
Nich, Mary.
Noblespeice, Maggie.
Nixon, Miss.
Nainbaugh, Henry.

Newell, August.
Nice, Eleanor.
Nadi, Frank.
Nightly, John.
Nugent, Mary Jane.

O

O'Connell, Captain P.
O'Connell, Mary.
O'Connell, Ellen.
O'Connor, Rosie.
O'Donnell, Frank.
O'Donnell, Julia.
O'Donnell (child).
Overbeck, William.
O'Neal, John.
Oswald, Mrs.

Oswald, Charles.
O'Neal (child).
Overdorf, Jacob.
Overdorf, Isaac.
Owens, William, Sr.
Owens, Willie.
Owens, Tommy.
Owens, Ann.
Owens, Mary Ann.
Oesterman, Joseph.

Oyler, George R.
Owens, David.
Owens, Mrs. Noah.
Owens, Daisy.
Oberlander, Robert.
O'Neal, Mrs. E. E.
O'Neal (child).
Oyler, Mary.
Ott, Mrs.

P

Prosser, Fannie.
Prosser, Bessie.
Paulson, Jennie.

Phillips, Jane.
Potts, Jane.
Powell, child of H. P.

Powell, child of H. P.
Poland, son of Dr. P.
Poland, daughter of Dr. P.

Phillips, Mrs. E.
Parsons, Eva May.
Potter, Joseph, Sr.
Potter, Mrs. Joseph, Sr.
Potter, Nora.
Pike, W. W.
Pike, W. W., Jr.
Pike, Stewart.
Pike, Fannie.
Phillips, Mrs. Robert.
Phillips, John.
Penrod, William.
Pritchard, Henry.
Park, William.
Park, Mrs.
Park, Miss.
Park, Miss.
Palmer, Mrs.
Peydon, Campbell.
Peydon, John W.
Peydon, Julia.
Peydon, Georgiana
Polk, Mrs. John.
Polk, John.
Polk (child).
Powell, son of H. P.
Pringle, Mary.
Plummer, Alvin.
Peninger, Mrs.
Purse, Mary.
Peppler, Mrs.

Q

Quinn, Ellen.
Quinn, Vincent.
Quinn, Mrs. Francis.

R

Rogers, Mrs. David.
Robinson, Thomas.
Rowland, Rose.
Rowland, Emma.
Rubritz, Peter.
Rubritz, Maggie.
Reilly, Kate.
Richards, J. B.
Robb, Lizzie.
Robb, Amelia.
Robb, Norma.
Robb, George.
Robb, Mrs. G. B.
Randolph, George, Jr.
Roth, John.
Reidel, John C.
Riddle, John G.
Roth, Mrs. Emil.
Ripple, Jackson.
Recke, Alexander.
Recke, Mrs. Alexander.
Rosensteel, Mrs. J. M.
Rose, Harry G.
Rogers, Mrs. Mary.
Ross, Joseph.
Roberts, Mrs. Millard.
Ream, Mrs. Adolph.
Reese, Annie.
Roebrick, G.
Rhodes, Link.
Rhodes, Mrs. Link.
Rhuse, Mrs.
Ryan, Mrs. John.
Ryan, John.
Roland, Louis.
Roland, Mrs. Louis.
Rubritz, Teney.
Rapp, George.
Roberts, Howard.
Ranney, Mrs. J. A.
Reese, John.
Ripple, Maggie.
Ross, John A.
Reese, Sarah.
Riley, Frank.
Riley, Mary.
Rodgers, Patrick.
Rodgers, Mrs. P.
Ryan, Bessie.
Robine (child).
Robine (child).
Ressler, John R.
Reese, Gertie.
Ross, John D.
Rosenfelt, Solomon.
Ryan, Sadie.
Ryan, Maggie.
Ryan, Lizzie.
Rich, Mrs. William.
Ritter, Mr.
Rausch, John.

S

Swank, Mrs. Morrell.
Snell, Mary.
Stophel, Earl.
Schatz, Mrs. E.
Schatz, Annie.
Stuft, John W.
Stuft, Mrs. John W.
Spareline, John.
Schatz, J.
Suder, Homer.
Shellhamer, Patrick.
Statler, Mrs. George.
Seibert, Henry.
Stincly, Mrs.
Streum, John.
Strause, Moses.
St. John, C. P.
Schaller, Mrs.
Schaller, Rose.
Spoller, Lee.
Spoller, Mrs.
Shomaker, John S.
Shomaker, Edith M.
Shomaker, Irene.
Shomaker, Walter S.
Schnable, John.
Schnable, Conrad.
Schnable, Mrs. C.
Swineford, Mrs. Edward.
Swineford, Mary A.
Schick, Cyrus H.
Stinson, Eliza.
Stahn, Frederick.
Sharkey, Mary.
Sentz, Mary.
Stophel, Margaret C.
Surany, David.
Spitz, Walter D.
Swank, Mrs. N.
Swank, Jacob.
Swank, ——.
Swank, ——.
Swank, ——.
Speer, Mrs. L. E.
Strayer, Mrs. J. B.
Strayer, Myrtle.
Statler, Frank.
Snyder, Mary.
Swank, Frederick.
Schmitz, Gustave.
Schutz, Jacob.
Saylor, Henry.
Schonviski, Miss.
Schittenhelm, Antony.
Schittenhelm, Antony, Jr.
Schry, William.
Schubert, C. T.
Steives, Lewis.
Slick, Josephine.
Strauss, Charles.
Stern, Bella.
Skinner, John.
Skeebaugh, Mrs.

Schaffer, Jacob.
Snell, Mr.
Schifthaur, John.
Schiver, George.
Schriver, Neal.
Stinsman, James.
Spareline, Jacob.
Sharpler, Jacob, Sr.
Scharpler, Jacob.
Salunty, E.
Shellhamner, Lawrence.
Schnorr, Charles.
Stophel, Bertha.
Statler, Amelia.
Statler, May.
Stremel, Julius R.
Strayer, Cora.
Stick, Nancy.
Sweeny, Ann.
Shaffer, Howard.
Smith, Ralph.
Schultica, Henry.
Silverman, Moses.
Sarlouis, Grace.
Sarlouis, Barbara.
Singer, Mrs. E. H.
Strauss (child).
Stitt, Mr.
Shelley, H.
Smith, Arthur.
Smith, Mrs. J. L.
Smith, Hettie H.
Smith, Mrs. Thomas.
Smith, Mrs. John.
Smith, John.
Smith, Miss.
Smith, William.
Smith, Mrs. H. K.
Smith, Robert.
Smith, child of J. L.
Smith, child of J. L.
Smith, child of J. L.
Smith, Mrs. Martin.
Schrantz, John.
Smith, Mrs. Philip.
Schultz, Joseph.
Schonviski, ——.
Schonviski, ——.

T

Thomas, Edward.
Thomas, Lydia.
Tittle, Cyrus P.
Thoburn, Thomas.
Thoburn, Jennie.
Tross, Mrs. M.
Tucker, Lillian G.
Trindle, John W.
Tacy, Peter L.
Thomas, Sylvester.
Thomas, John.
Thurn, Levi.
Temple, Leroy.
Tucker, Reuben.
Tucker, Mrs.
Thomas, Mrs. Edward.
Thomas, Miss.
Trawatha, Mrs.
Tyler, John.
Thomas, Jenkin.
Tarbell, Mrs. Forney.
Turner, Mary.

U

Unverzaght, George.
Unverzaght, George, Jr.
Unverzaght, Daniel.
Unverzaght, John.
Unmoen, Karl.
Updegraf, James.

V

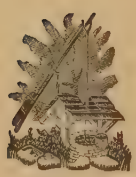
Viering, Lizzie.
Viering, Mrs. Henry.
Viering, Herman.
Vonalt, Henry.
Vonalt, Mrs.
Vinton, Margaret.
Voeghtly, Mrs.

W

White, Mary P.
Worthington, Mary.
Wehn, Mrs. Rachael.
Wehn, Mrs. William.
Wehm, Annie.
Wehm, Annie Q.
Wehm, Johnnie.
Wagoner, Frankie.
Wagoner, Dr. John.
Wagoner, Cora.
Wells, Jennie.
Wild, Mrs. Jacob.
Wheat, Frank.
Weakland, John.
Werry, Albert.
Wolf, Jennie.
Werberger, William.
Weaver, Mrs. Sue.
Weaver, John D.
Williams, Joseph.
Wener, Carl.
Wener, Mrs. Carl.
Wener, Mary.
Williams, D. J.
Williams, ——.
Wilson, Dr. J. C.
Winser, ——.
White, Ella.
White, Maggie.
White, Minnie.
Will, Mrs. Elizabeth.
Will, Casper.
Williams, Carrie.
Wertz, Luther.
Woolf, Mrs. Morris.
Webber, E. Vincent.
Webber, Mrs. E. V.
Wagoner, Mrs. Mary.
Wagoner, Henry.
Wolford, Frank.
Wien, Frank.
Workestein, ——.
Wolford, A.
Wagner, Lizzie.
Welsh, James.
Welsh, Thomas.
Worthington, Mrs.
Worthington (child).
Warren, Willie.
Williams, W. J.
Wise, Mrs. Morton.
Wilson, Charles H.
Willower, Bertha.
Wissinger, J. C.
Weinzerl, Mr.
Weinzerl, Mrs.
Weinzerl, Martha.
Weinzerl, Sarah.
Weinzerl, Mollie.
Warsing, Jennie.
Warkeston, Miss.

Y

Young, Katie.
Young, Augustus.
Young, A. C.
Young, Samuel.
Yost, Lottie.
Young, Emil.
Young, Frank.
Youst, Edward.
Yocum, Samuel.

Z

Zimmerman, Morgan.
Zimmerman, Theodore F.
Zimmerman, Miss.
Zeller, Rose.
Ziegler, J. B.
Zern, Miss.